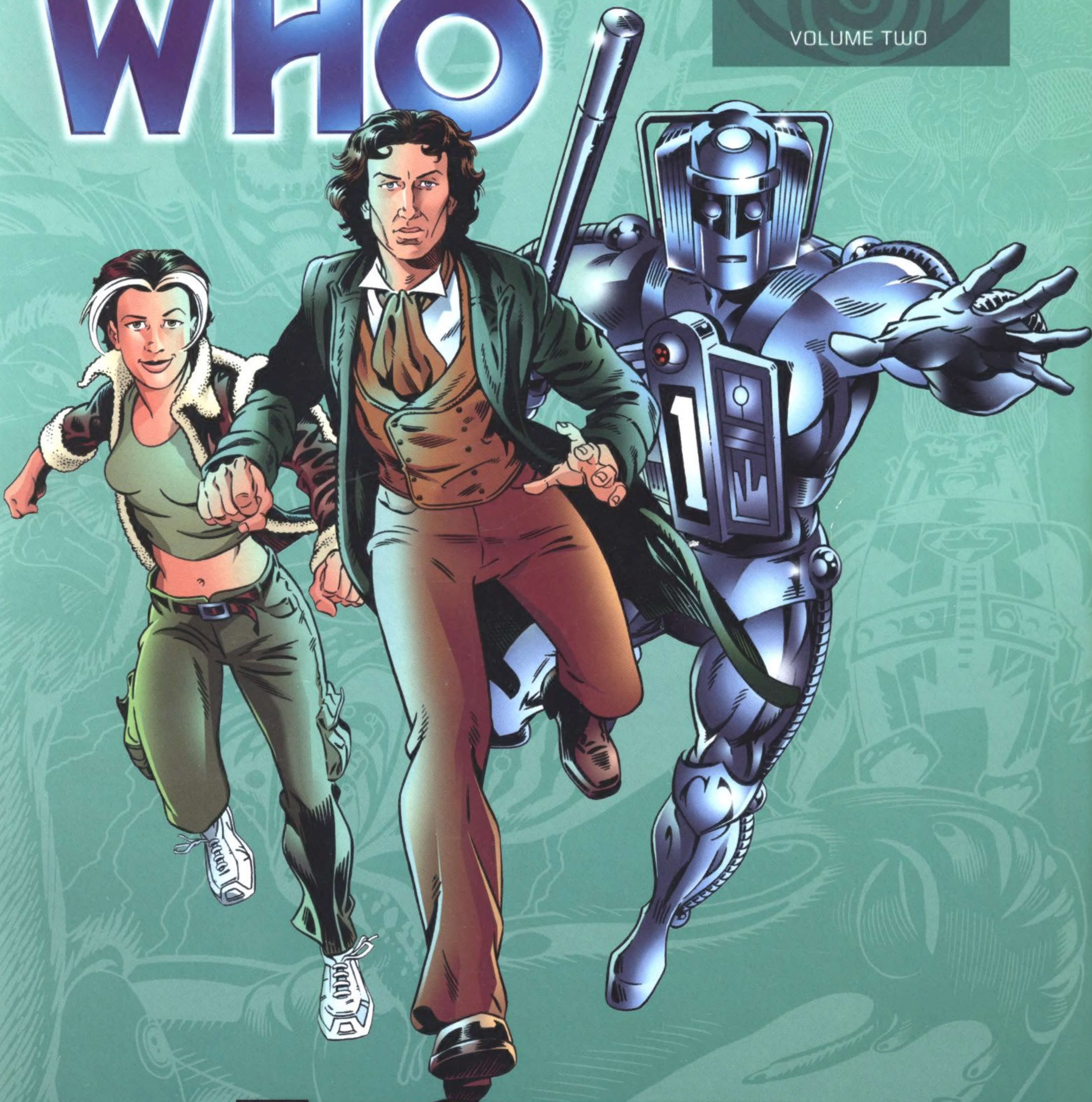


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VOLUME TWO



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A **panini** BOOKS GRAPHIC NOVEL



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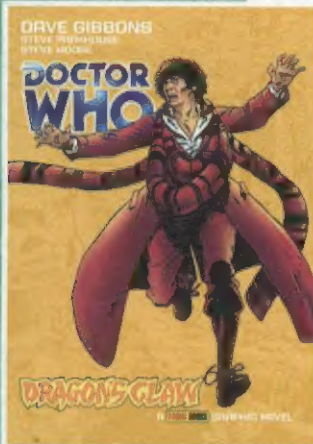
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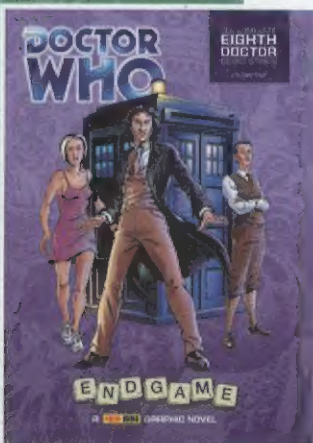
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# **THE GLORIOUS DEAD**

**COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS  
FROM THE PAGES OF**

# **DOCTOR WHO**

**M A G A Z I N E**

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# DOCTOR WHO

## THE GLORIOUS DEAD

A **PANINI BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

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**CLAYTON HICKMAN**

Scanning, digital cleanup & design  
**PERI GODBOLD**

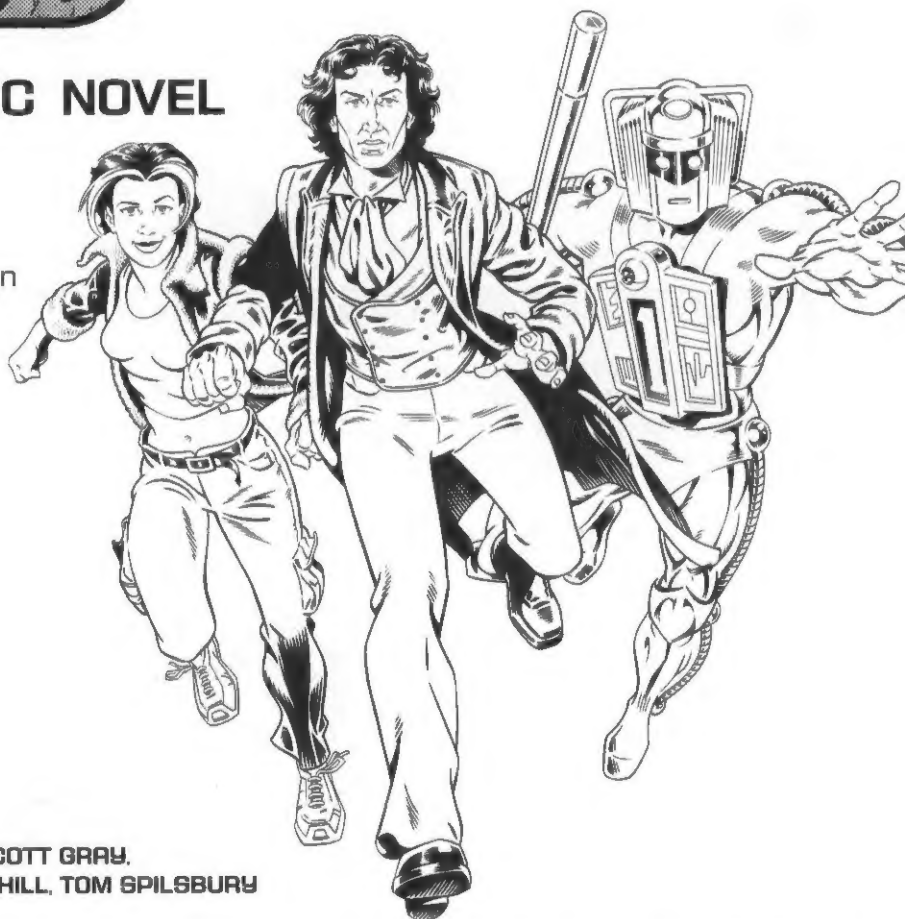
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## THE **FALLEN**

7

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**  
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**  
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**  
Originally printed in **DWM #273 - 276**

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37

Story & Art **ADRIAN SALMON** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**  
Editors **GARY GILLATT**, **ALAN BARNES**  
and **SCOTT GRAY**  
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## THE ROAD TO **HELL**

44

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**  
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**ALAN BARNES** Originally printed in **DWM #278 - 282**

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80

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **ADRIAN SALMON**  
Inks **FAREED CHOUDHURY**  
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## THE **GLORIOUS DEAD**

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Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**  
Additional Pencils **ROGER LANGRIDGE** (5)  
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ROGER LANGRIDGE**  
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**  
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Editor **ALAN BARNES**  
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Originally printed in **DWM #272**

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#1

William Hartnell



#5

Peter Davison



#2:

PATRICK TROUGHTON



#6

COLIN BAKER



#3

JON PERTWEE



Roger Langridge's  
original roughs of the  
eight Doctors for  
Happy Deathday.

#7 SILVER  
MCCOY



#4

TOM BAKER



#8

PAUL MCGANN







IT'S JUST LIKE  
A PARK, Y'KNOW? NOTHING  
SPECIAL. BUNCHA TREES...  
NICE AND QUIET...

JUST  
THE TWO OF  
US...

PARKS DON'T HAVE  
TOMBSTONES, KENNY. IT'S  
DISRESPECTFUL. WE SHOULDN'T  
BE HERE...

DOESN'T IT  
BOTHER YOU? ALL THOSE  
BODIES UNDERNEATH  
US?



DOESN'T  
BOTHER THEM,  
DOES IT?

YO, HOW Y'DOIN?  
ANY OF YOU FINE WEST  
NORWOOD CORPSES MIND  
IF ME AND DIANE TAKE A  
WANDER THROUGH  
YOUR PATCH?

KENNY,  
DON'T...

C'MON,  
SHOUT OUT! WE  
KEEPING ANYONE UP  
TONIGHT?



NO ANSWER,  
SEE? THERE'S NO LIFE AFTER  
DEATH, GIRL. ONCE YOU KICK, YOU  
KICK. THERE'S NO-ONE HERE TO  
OFFEND.

WORMFOOD,  
THAT'S ALL THEY  
ARE NOW...

MY GRAN'S  
BURIED  
HERE!

WASTA SPACE.  
EVERYONE SHOULD GET  
CREMATED. SHOULD  
BE THE LAW.



YOU  
CREEP...

SHARON  
WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU,  
KENNY. YOU'VE GOT A  
ROCK WHERE YOUR HEART  
SHOULD BE...

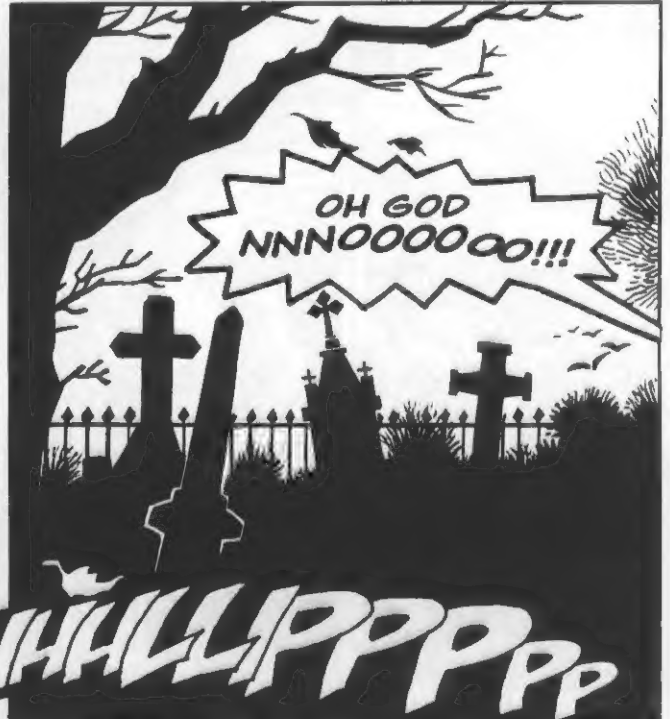
WELL,  
GET OUTTA HERE,  
THEN, YOU LITTLE COW!  
IT'S YOUR SISTER I  
FANCY, ANYWAY!



HUH.  
WASTA TIME. WASTA  
SPACE. I NEED A  
GOOD -

KKKLANG!

EH?  
WASSAT?



OH GOD  
NNNOOOO!!!

SHHHLLIPPPPP



SIN WEARS MANY FACES... BUT THE FOULEST IS PRIDE.

MAN'S GREATEST ARROGANCE IS HIS BELIEF THAT HE CAN CLAIM GOD'S ROLE FOR HIS OWN...

TO CREATE LIFE, NOT FROM MAN AND WOMAN, BUT FROM THE STERILE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE FINAL DAYS ARE APPROACHING... THE WRATH OF GOD WILL BE FELT BY YOU ALL... THE STORM WILL COME AGAIN, THE GREAT FLOOD WILL ONCE MORE RISE...

AND THE SINNERS WILL BE DAMNED.

## PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERASHTY  
INKING: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

SO WHAT YEAR IS IT, ANYWAY?

2001. SOMEWHERE IN NOVEMBER, JUDGING BY THE TEMPERATURE...

WE'RE IN 2001? THAT'S BRILLIANT!

WHY?

TCHH! YOU'RE REALLY CLUELESS ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION, AREN'T YOU?

HEY! I WAS THE TECHNICAL ADVISOR ON GEORGE MELIES' "A TRIP TO THE MOON"...

OR WAS IT "FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS"?

YOU!

WHO, ME?

HAVE YOU REPENTED? HAVE YOU FALLEN TO YOUR KNEES AND BEGGED THE LORD FOR FORGIVENESS?

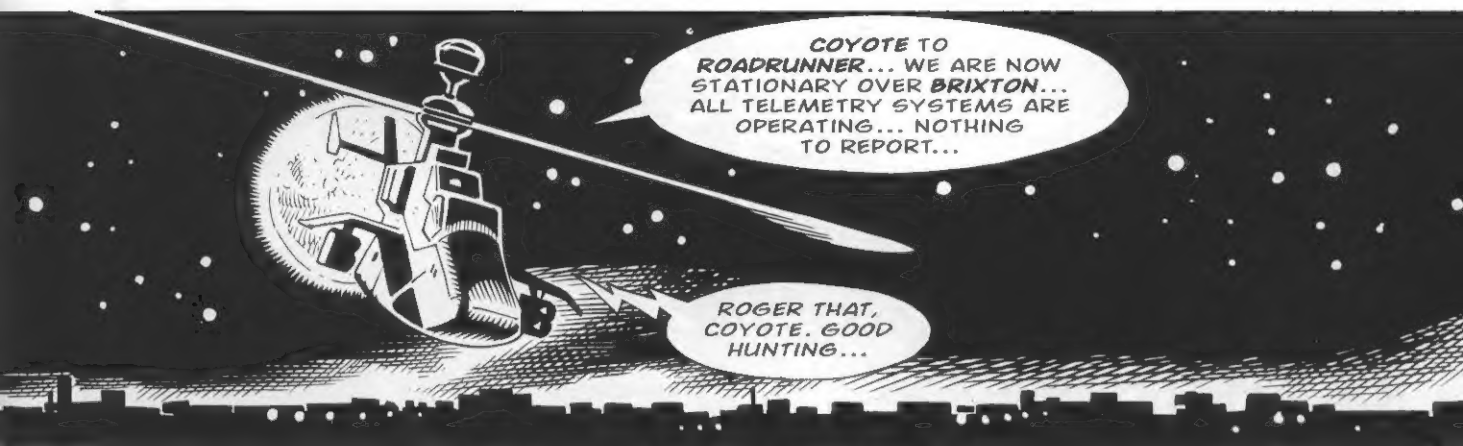
OH... WELL, THAT'S A DIFFICULT QUESTION...

YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE JUDGEMENT, SINNER! YOUR PRIDE WILL DESTROY YOU IN THE END!

AHEM... COME ALONG, IZZY, MUSTN'T DAWDLE...

WHY? IS LOITERING A SIN TOO, DOCTOR..?





COYOTE TO  
ROADRUNNER... WE ARE NOW  
STATIONARY OVER BRIXTON...  
ALL TELEMETRY SYSTEMS ARE  
OPERATING... NOTHING  
TO REPORT...

ROGER THAT,  
COYOTE. GOOD  
HUNTING...



...YOU  
SPOT ANYTHING,  
JUST GIVE US A  
BELL.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS  
HELICOPTER... IT'S LIKE  
RIDING IN A ROLLS  
ROYCE, IT'S SO  
QUIET...

STEALTH'S THE NAME OF THE  
GAME, DOCTOR. THIS BABY'S  
PACKED WITH THE MOST  
ADVANCED SURVEILLANCE ARRAY  
MONEY CAN BUY...

DIGITAL ENHANCEMENT  
CAMERAS... PERSONALISED BODY  
HEAT TRACERS... SONIC RELAY  
FILTERS...

WELCOME  
TO BIG BROTHER  
COUNTRY.



'COURSE,  
IT'D HELP IF WE  
KNEW WHAT WE  
WERE LOOKING  
FOR...

SOMETHING  
WEIRD, DUNCAN.  
SOMETHING WE  
CAN'T EXPLAIN.  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT...



...BUT  
I'VE GOT A BAD  
FEELING WE'LL  
KNOW IT WHEN  
WE SEE IT.



...SO WHAT  
ACTUALLY  
HAPPENS IN  
THIS FILM?

WELL... THERE'S  
THIS BIG STONE BLOCK, SEE,  
AND SOME GORILLAS, AND A  
NUTTY COMPUTER...

LOADS OF  
OLD MUSIC TOO,  
YOU'LL LOVE IT!





I'LL BET IT'S ON ALL OVER TOWN...

OH, PANTS. LEFT MY GLASSES BACK IN THE TARDIS...



I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW SECS... YOU JUST SIT THERE AND COUNT UP ALL YOUR SINS...

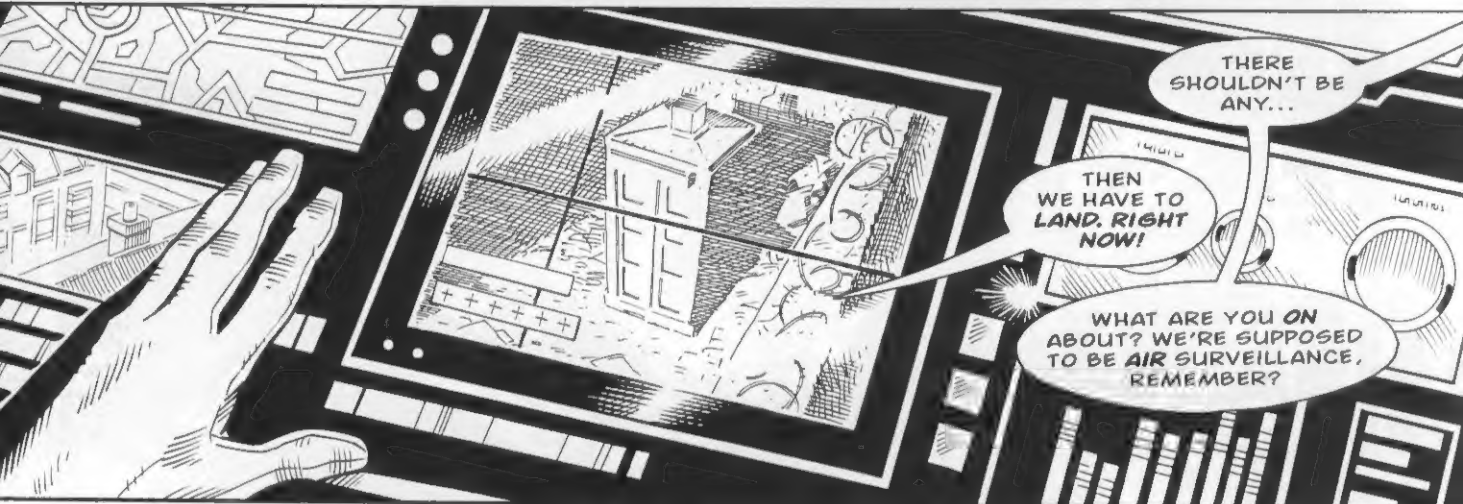
GOOD IDEA, OR PERHAPS I'LL LIST ALL YOUR VIRTUES. IT'LL BE QUICKER...



SEEN ONE ALLEY, SEEN 'EM ALL. MOVE US A COUPLE OF STREETS EAST...

OH MY GOD...

DUNCAN, HOW MANY POLICE BOXES ARE IN BRIXTON?



THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY...

THEN WE HAVE TO LAND. RIGHT NOW!

WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AIR SURVEILLANCE, REMEMBER?



I... LOOK, IT'D TAKE TOO LONG TO EXPLAIN! PLEASE TRUST ME, IT'S VITAL!

WE'VE GOT A MISSION PLAN, DOCTOR, AND WE'RE STICKING TO-

COYOTE...



...THIS IS PORKY PIG. I'VE BEEN MONITORING YOUR DISCUSSION.

DO AS THE GOOD DOCTOR ASKS, WILL YOU? FIND A SECURE DROP-IN POINT, BUT TELL ROAD-RUNNER TO MOVE IN IMMEDIATELY...

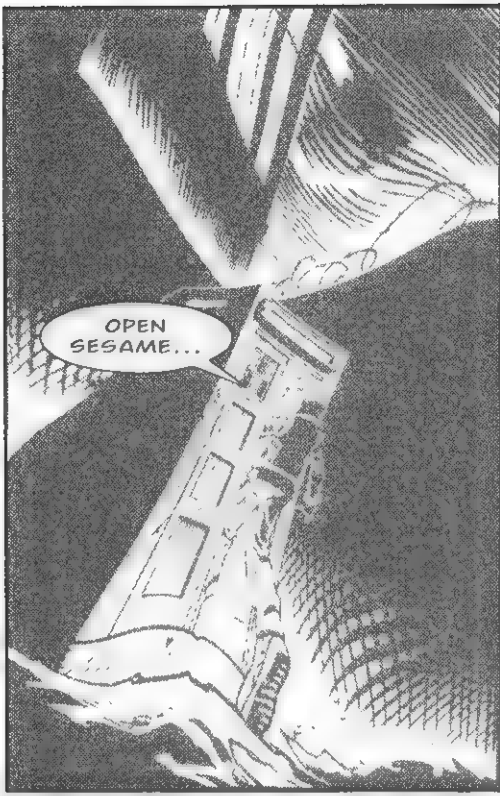
I SUSPECT SPEED MAY BE OF THE ESSENCE.



OH, PLEASE DON'T LET ME HAVE LEFT MY KEY IN THERE, TOO... I CAN'T GO BACK AND FACE THAT SMIRK...

AH-HA!









**BRAKKA  
BRAKKA  
BRAKKA**









...HE'S A  
FRIEND.

GRACE..?

TO BE CONTINUED...



THIS IS  
A LOCKHEED  
F-40 STEALTH  
HELICOPTER, ISN'T  
IT? FINE PIECE OF  
ENGINEERING.



HOW DID  
YOU KNOW THAT?  
THIS MODEL'S STILL  
CLASSIFIED!

OH, I SAW ONE  
HANGING IN THE IMPERIAL  
WAR MUSEUM ONCE...



YOU UNIT BOYS ARE PLAYING  
THINGS CLOSE TO THE CHEST  
THESE DAYS. THERE WAS A TIME  
WHEN I'D HAVE BEEN WELCOMED  
WITH A BRASS BAND...



THEY'RE NOT  
UNIT, DOCTOR. THEY'RE  
FROM M16.



REALLY,  
GRACE?  
THAT'S...  
INTRIG-  
UING.



I...I'VE BEEN  
WORKING  
WITH-

THAT'S  
ENOUGH,  
DOCTOR HOLLOWAY.  
JUST STAY QUIET  
FOR THE REST OF  
THE JOURNEY.

I SEE YOUR FRIEND DUNCAN  
DOESN'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL.  
COME ON, FILL ME IN: WHAT'S  
HAPPENING HERE? WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING IN ENGLAND, ANYWAY?

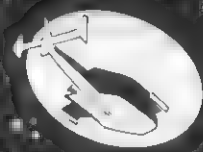


GRACE?

GRACE?

FINE. I'LL  
JUST SIT TIGHT AND READ  
THE IN-FLIGHT MAGAZINE,  
THEN...

BUT  
IF IT DOESN'T HAVE A  
CROSSWORD, THERE'LL  
BE TROUBLE.

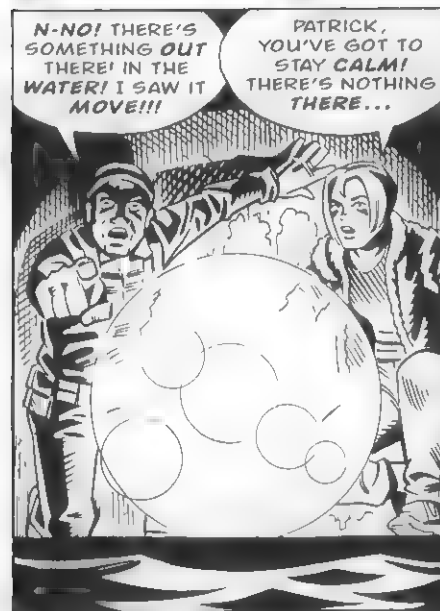


# THE FALLEN

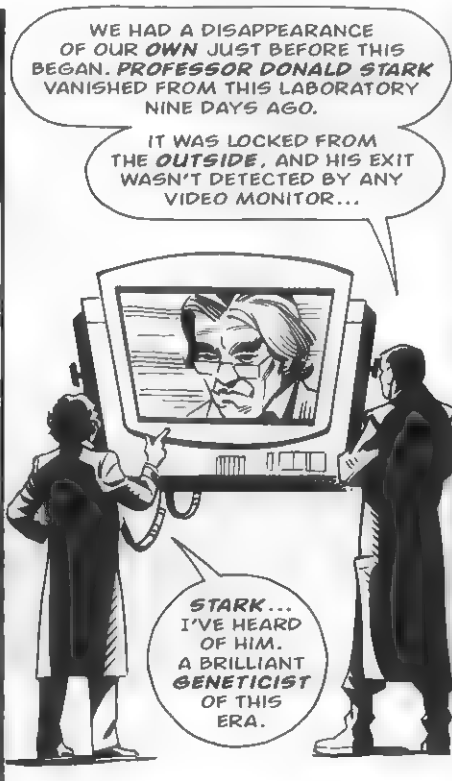
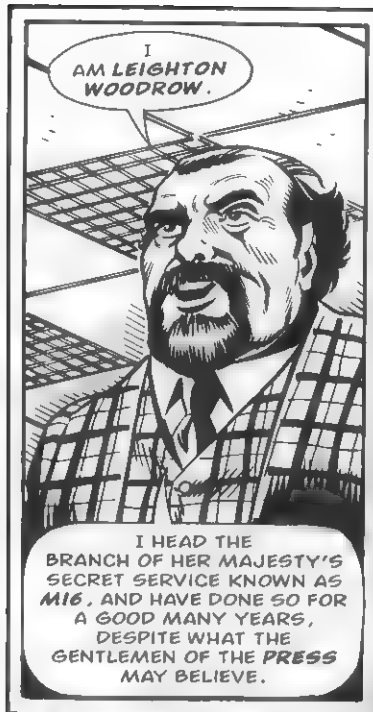
PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKING: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES











WHY DON'T YOU TWO HAVE A CHAT IN PRIVATE, HMM? I'M SURE DOCTOR HOLLOWAY CAN FILL IN THE REST OF THE GORY DETAILS ON HER OWN. COME ALONG, DUNCAN...

BUT...

COME ALONG.

WELL?

I'M NOT SURE WHERE TO START.

NO. THAT'S NOT TRUE. WE BOTH KNOW WHERE THIS STARTED. THAT NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO...

"WHEN I GOT HOME I DISCOVERED THAT THE SUBSTANCE THE MASTER HAD SPAT ONTO ME HADN'T COMPLETELY DISSOLVED.

"I COLLECTED THE REMAINING TISSUE AND PRESERVED IT. IT CONTAINED A COMPLEX DNA SEQUENCING PATTERN, APPARENTLY UNSTABLE..."

"I DIDN'T HAVE THE BACKGROUND TO RESEARCH IT PROPERLY, BUT NO-ONE WOULD HELP ME. FEW GENETICISTS EVEN ACKNOWLEDGED THAT THE SAMPLE WAS LIVING TISSUE.

"FINALLY I WAS APPROACHED BY A GENETICS CENTRE IN LONDON. I LEAPED AT THE CHANCE, EVEN THOUGH STARK MADE IT CLEAR HE'D BE RUNNING THE PROJECT."

IT WAS A FEW MONTHS BEFORE I LEARNED WHO MY REAL EMPLOYERS WERE, BUT IN THE END... I JUST DIDN'T CARE. I HAD TO SEE THIS THROUGH...

BUT... WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO?

OUR ULTIMATE GOAL WAS TO FIND A WAY TO SPLICE TIME LORD DNA WITH A HUMAN'S GENETIC TEMPLATE...

WITH THE RESULT THAT HUMAN BEINGS WOULD BECOME CAPABLE OF REGENERATION.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. OF ALL THE INSANE...

YOU MUST STILL HAVE SOME OF THE ORIGINAL SAMPLE. SHOW IT TO ME.

JUST AS I FEARED.

CONGRATULATIONS, GRACE. YOU MAY HAVE MADE THE BIGGEST BLUNDER IN YOUR WORLD'S SCIENTIFIC HISTORY...

THIS ISN'T TIME LORD TISSUE.





WHAT?  
BUT IT'S  
FROM THE  
MASTER...

GRACE,  
THE MASTER WAS  
NOTHING MORE THAN A  
CONSCIOUSNESS BY THEN  
- AN ESSENCE OF EVIL. HE  
HAD NO BODY! WHAT YOU'VE  
SAMPLED IS SOMETHING  
ELSE ENTIRELY...



HOW COULD YOU  
DO THIS?!

YOU'VE BECOME JUST  
THE TYPE OF SCIENTIST  
I ABHOR: OBSESSED,  
BLINKERED AND TOTALLY  
UNWILLING TO PREDICT THE  
CONSEQUENCES OF  
YOUR ACTIONS!

YOU'VE  
MEDDLED WITH A  
SCIENCE YOU COULDN'T  
HOPE TO UNDERSTAND,  
AND THE RESULTS HAVE  
BEEN CATASTROPHIC!



YOU'VE GUESSED  
WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE,  
HAVEN'T YOU? NO WONDER  
YOU'RE LETTING WOODROW  
PUSH YOU AROUND! YOUR  
GUILT MUST BE OFF THE  
SCALE -

SHUT  
UP!

YOU ARROGANT,  
SELF-RIGHTEOUS...  
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO  
JUDGE ME! I DIDN'T  
START THIS,  
DOCTOR...

YOU DID!



YOU PROBABLY  
HAVEN'T GIVEN THAT NIGHT  
A MOMENT'S THOUGHT.  
BUT I WENT OVER EVERY  
SINGLE WORD YOU SAID  
TO ME, AGAIN AND  
AGAIN.

YOU KEPT GIVING ME  
THESE SMUG HINTS THAT  
YOU ALREADY KNEW ME -  
THAT I WAS SOMEONE  
IMPORTANT, SOME  
HISTORICAL FIGURE!

"DON'T WORRY, GRACE,  
YOU'LL DO GREAT  
THINGS." REMEMBER?

YOU KNEW ABOUT ME,  
YOU EVEN KNEW ABOUT  
MY DREAM...



TO  
HOLD BACK  
DEATH.

YEAH,  
"TO HOLD BACK  
DEATH". YOU MADE  
A BIG THING ABOUT  
THAT...

AND I STARTED  
TO WONDER: "WHY DID  
HE TELL ME SO MUCH  
ABOUT REGENERATION?  
WHY DID HE TELL ME I HAD  
SOME GREAT DESTINY IN  
FRONT OF ME?"



"WHY DID HE  
TELL ME HE WAS  
HALF-HUMAN?"



THE GENE-  
SPlicing WAS MY IDEA.  
YOU WERE LIVING PROOF  
IT COULD WORK. I THOUGHT  
THAT THIS WAS IT - MY BIG  
ACHIEVEMENT, THE THING  
I WAS SUPPOSED  
TO DO...

...THE  
THING YOU WERE  
EXPECTING ME  
TO DO.



SO I GOT IT  
WRONG, AND YOU'RE  
CALLING ME A MEDDLER.  
WELL, DOCTOR, YOU'RE  
RIGHT, I AM.

BUT IF I'M  
A MEDDLER, THEN  
WHAT THE HELL DOES  
THAT MAKE  
YOU?





OH GOD,  
I CAN HEAR IT  
BREATHING! IT'S  
COMING... I KNOW  
IT IS...

PATRICK,  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO KEEP IT  
TOGETHER! WE  
CAN-



NNNOOOOOO!!!

PATRICK!

SSSHLLIPPP



WHY BRING  
US OUTSIDE,  
DOCTOR?

THERE'S  
SOMETHING I  
WANTED TO  
CHECK.

THOSE POINTS ON THE  
MAP: THERE'S A CONNECTION  
BETWEEN THEM. WHAT'S  
NEEDED IS AN HISTORICAL  
PERSPECTIVE...



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN OBVIOUS  
IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.  
A RIVER RAN THROUGH SOUTH  
LONDON THEN.

NOW IT  
FLOWS BENEATH  
IT.



DONALD STARK ISN'T  
A HUMAN BEING ANYMORE,  
WOODROW.

WALKING IS NO LONGER AN  
OPTION FOR HIM. BY NOW HE WON'T  
EVEN HAVE ANY LIMBS. BUT I CAN  
GUARANTEE YOU ONE THING...

HE'LL BE ABLE TO SWIM  
LIKE A MORAY EEL.

OH, IZZY...



"...I'M SO  
VERY SORRY."

YOU LOOK  
HORRIFIED, LITTLE  
GIRL, BUT YOU  
SHOULDN'T...

IT'S JUST THAT I'M  
SO HUNGRY... I EAT AND  
I EAT AND I EAT BUT IT'S  
NEVER ENOUGH...





...YOU SEE,  
I'M A GROWING  
BOY.

THEY ALL  
DROWN WITHIN ME  
-THEIR TINY MINDS  
CAN'T KEEP THEM  
AFLOAT...

ONLY MY INTELLECT  
CAN SURVIVE. I'M  
SOMETHING UNFORESEEN  
- A NIMBLE *SIDE-STEP* IN  
HUMAN EVOLUTION...

BUT YOU  
DON'T UNDERSTAND A  
WORD I'M SAYING,  
DO YOU?



I'M SURE YOUR  
LIFE HAS BEEN AS  
WORTHLESS AS ALL  
THE OTHERS...

SO YOU FEED  
ME TOO, CHILD--  
IT'LL BE THE MOST  
IMPORTANT THING  
YOU EVER DO...

N-NO!!!



...AND  
THE LAST.

TO BE CONTINUED...



I'M DROWNING...

OH GOD, THE CLICHÉS  
ARE ALL TRUE... MY  
WHOLE LIFE'S REWINDING  
IN FRONT OF ME...

SANDRA... LES... I'M SORRY  
...SHOULD'VE CALLED YOU  
MUM AND DAD...

CARRIE... YOU  
WERE MY BEST  
FRIEND, AND I  
NEVER ONCE  
TOLD YOU HOW  
I REALLY FELT...

MAX... YOU OPENED  
MY EYES... TAUGHT ME  
HOW TO READ BETWEEN  
THE LINES...

# THE FALLEN

## PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKING: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: PERI GODBOLD  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

AND DOCTOR...

YOU SHOWED ME THAT  
LIFE WAS BETTER  
THAN ANY MOVIE.

GOODBYE

DOCTOR?

WHO IS THIS  
"DOCTOR", GIRL?  
I'VE TOUCHED YOUR  
MIND... HE IS...

**SSPLUTCH!**

HE IS NOT  
HUMAN!

HOLLOWAY SPOKE OF HIM,  
AND YOU TRAVEL WITH HIM?

M-MAYBE.  
WHY... WHY ARE YOU  
SO INTERESTED?

I APOLOGISE...  
"IZZY"? YOU AREN'T  
WORTHLESS AT ALL.

NO INDEED, I  
THINK YOU'RE GOING  
TO BE INVALUABLE...





...SO YOU'RE SAYING DONALD STARK'S BECOME SOME KIND OF MONSTER?

STARK HAS INJECTED HIMSELF WITH A DNA COMPOUND DERIVED FROM A LIFEFORM NATIVE TO THE PLANET SKARO...

IT'S CALLED A "MORPHANT".

HE'S REWRITTEN HIS OWN GENETIC CODE AND DUPLICATED ALL OF THE CREATURE'S ABILITIES.



HOW DID HE LEAVE THIS LAB?

A MORPHANT CAN EXERCISE TOTAL MOLECULAR CONTROL. IT CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH A KEYHOLE IF IT HAS TO...

STARK PROBABLY JUST SLID THROUGH THE PLUMBING SYSTEM INTO THE RIVER EFFRA.



MY, MY, AND I THOUGHT WE HAD TROUBLE WITH SECURITY AT MAZE PRISON...

WHY STAY IN THE EFFRA? WHY NOT ESCAPE INTO THE THAMES?

IT'S MORE CONVENIENT. AN UNDERGROUND RIVER OFFERS STARK MORE PLACES TO HIDE AND ATTACK HIS PREY. HE'S CLAIMED TWELVE LIVES SO FAR...

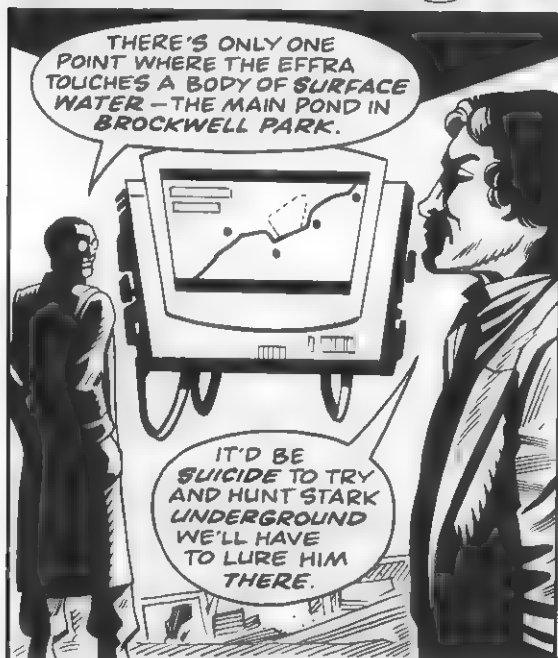
INCLUDING A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE.



I'M SORRY, DOCTOR. YOU AND IZZY... YOU WERE... CLOSE?

SHE TRUSTED ME, GRACE...

AND RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T THINK WHY.



THERE'S ONLY ONE POINT WHERE THE EFFRA TOUCHES A BODY OF SURFACE WATER - THE MAIN POND IN BROCKWELL PARK.

IT'D BE SUICIDE TO TRY AND HUNT STARK UNDERGROUND. WE'LL HAVE TO LURE HIM THERE.



WITH WHAT?

HE'LL BE TRYING TO INCREASE HIS MASS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING HE NEEDS NOW... PROTEIN.



BROCKWELL PARK  
IT IS, THEN..."

IF EVERYONE CAN  
PLEASE REMAIN CALM...LEAVE  
ALL YOUR BELONGINGS AND  
MOVE TO THE END OF  
THE STREET...

WHAT'S  
GOING ON? DO  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
TIME IT IS?



WE'VE RECEIVED A BOMB  
ANNOUNCEMENT, SIR. STANDARD  
PROCEDURE, WE HAVE TO EVACU-  
ATE THIS ENTIRE AREA...

WHEN BROTHER  
SLAYS BROTHER...  
WHEN NATIONS KNOW  
NO PEACE WITHIN  
THEIR BORDERS...



...WHEN  
MAN TURNS ON  
HIS OWN KIND LIKE  
UNTO A JACKAL,  
THEN SHALL THE  
LAST DAYS BE  
UPON US!

HALLELUJAH...



YOU WILL ALL SEE! THE  
DAY OF JUDGEMENT  
IS NIGH!

YEAH,  
YEAH...YOU'RE  
PROBABLY  
RIGHT, CHUM...

NOW  
MOVE IT!

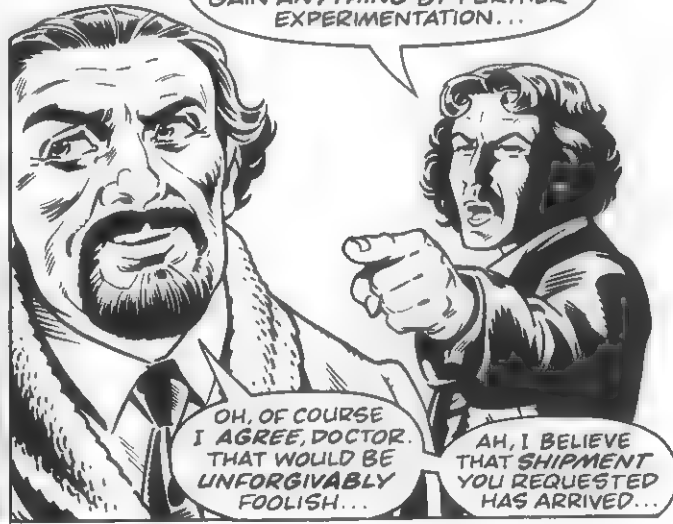


WHY DID M16 FUND  
THIS DISASTER IN THE FIRST  
PLACE, WOODROW?



DO YOU HAVE TO ASK,  
DOCTOR? IMAGINE A TEAM OF  
OPERATIVES WHO COULD COMPLETELY  
REGENERATE THEIR APPEARANCES  
AT WILL. THE POSSIBILITIES  
ARE ENDLESS...

START TALKING IN  
THE PAST TENSE, WOODROW.  
THIS IS A DEAD-END-YOU WON'T  
GAIN ANYTHING BY FURTHER  
EXPERIMENTATION...



OH, OF COURSE  
I AGREE, DOCTOR.  
THAT WOULD BE  
UNFORGIVABLY  
FOOLISH...

AH, I BELIEVE  
THAT SHIPMENT  
YOU REQUESTED  
HAS ARRIVED...



...THIRTY PRIME SPECIMENS OF BRITISH BOVINE EXCELLENCE, ALL GENETICALLY MODIFIED FOR A HIGHER PROTEIN YIELD, I MIGHT ADD...

DID I MENTION I TURNED VEGETARIAN?

WHEN?

JUST NOW.



THE CO<sub>2</sub> CANNISTERS ARE ARRIVING VIA HELICOPTER.

CO<sub>2</sub>?

REMEMBER THE AMBULANCE IN SAN FRANCISCO?



YEAH... OF COURSE! YOU USED A FIRE EXTINGUISHER ON THE MASTER...

CARBON DIOXIDE INHIBITS A MORPHANT'S BIO-MANIPULATIVE FUNCTIONS. ENOUGH OF THE GAS WILL KILL IT.



TELL ME, GRACE, WHAT WAS STARK LIKE?

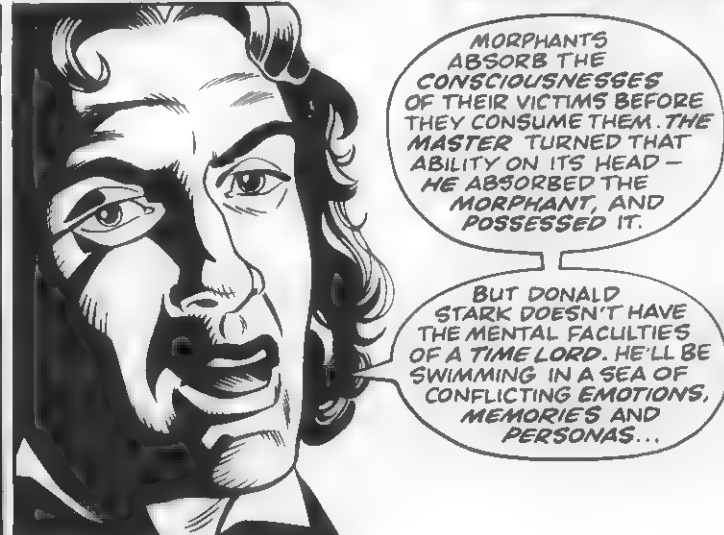
A GENIUS, BUT A TOTAL EGOMANIAC. HE KEPT TELLING ME THAT THIS WAS HIS BREAKTHROUGH, HIS TRIUMPH. I WAS JUST THERE TO WASH THE TEST TUBES.



THEN THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT. HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT THE COMPOUND WOULD DO TO HIM. WHAT ASTONISHING ARROGANCE...

BUT HE'S DOOMED HIMSELF.

HOW?



MORPHANTS ABSORB THE CONSCIOUSNESSES OF THEIR VICTIMS BEFORE THEY CONSUME THEM. THE MASTER TURNED THAT ABILITY ON ITS HEAD - HE ABSORBED THE MORPHANT, AND POSSESSED IT.

BUT DONALD STARK DOESN'T HAVE THE MENTAL FACULTIES OF A TIME LORD. HE'LL BE SWIMMING IN A SEA OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS, MEMORIES AND PERSONAS...



"...HE'LL BE QUITE INSANE."

LISTEN, YOU CAN KEEP ME HERE 'TIL DOOMSDAY, BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'M HELPING YOU GRAB THE DOCTOR...

WELL, GET OUTTA HERE, THEN, YOU LITTLE COW! IT'S YOUR SISTER I FANCY, ANYWAY!

I...I DON'T HAVE A SISTER...

OH, GOD... I CAN HEAR IT BREATHING...

BE...BE RIGHT BACK, KEV, I JUST NEED SOME CIGGIES...

ROADRUNNER TO COYOTE, TARGET SECURED...

NO!

STARK...I AM STARK...

Y-YOU'RE ALL JUST ECHOES NOW...

IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS, DOCTOR... DAWN'S BREAKING...

I DON'T THINK HE'S COMING.

HE'LL COME. HE'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL THE CARCASSES FROM TEN MILES AWAY. THEY JUST NEED TO THAW OUT...

LOOK... ABOUT WHAT I SAID EARLIER...

THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR RECRIMINATIONS, GRACE. WE CAN HURL SOME MORE ABUSE AT EACH OTHER WHEN THIS IS OVER.

DEAL?

GREAT CAN'T WAIT...

HOW ABOUT YOU, DUNCAN? HOW MUCH OF THIS HAVE YOU DECIDED TO BELIEVE?

Y'KNOW, USUALLY WHEN I GO HOME AND LIE TO MY WIFE ABOUT WHAT I DID DURING THE DAY, I MAKE UP SOMETHING MUNDANE...









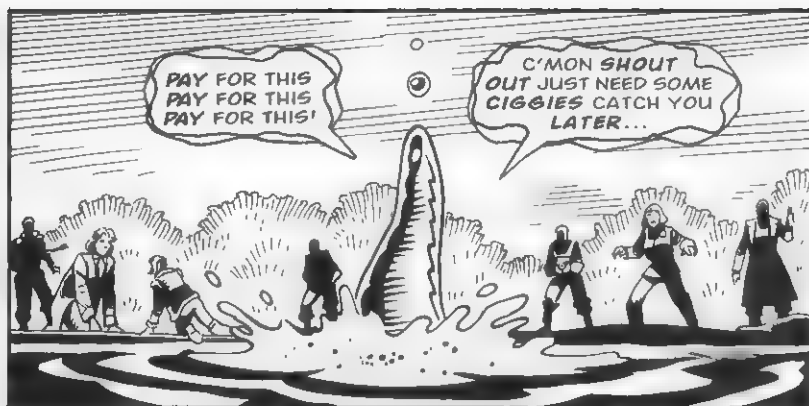
STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY C & ALAN B

# THE FALLEN

PART FOUR









LISTEN UP, WOODROW - GRACE HAD THE RIGHT IDEA - CARBON DIOXIDE CAN DESTROY STARK, BUT IT HAS TO BE A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED DOSE...

WITH ANY LUCK, THERE'S ENOUGH ON BOARD TO DO THE JOB.

AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO DETONATE IT, DOCTOR?



THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY. I'M GOING TO CRASH THE HELICOPTER RIGHT INTO STARK...



NO! JUST LISTEN TO ME, YOU IDIOT. DON'T YOU DARE THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY LIKE THIS! WE CAN -

GRACE, IF STARK GETS AWAY WE MAY NEVER FIND HIM. IF I STARTED THIS, I HAVE TO END IT...



SHUT UP I CAN'T SEE SINK YOUR TEETH LOOK AT THE SKY ALL OF YOU SHUT UP!!!

**SH-CHOOOM!**



ONLY THERE'S MY NO INTELLECT LIFE CAN AFTER SURVIVE DEATH...

HERE GOES NOTHING. GRACE... IZZY...



TAKE CARE.



DOCTOR, WHILE I'M QUITE MOVED BY THIS DISPLAY OF NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE, MAY I SUGGEST YOU LOOK TO YOUR UPPER LEFT..?











...THANKS FOR THE RIDE BACK, GRACE. IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU.

AND YOU, IZZY. GOODBYE.

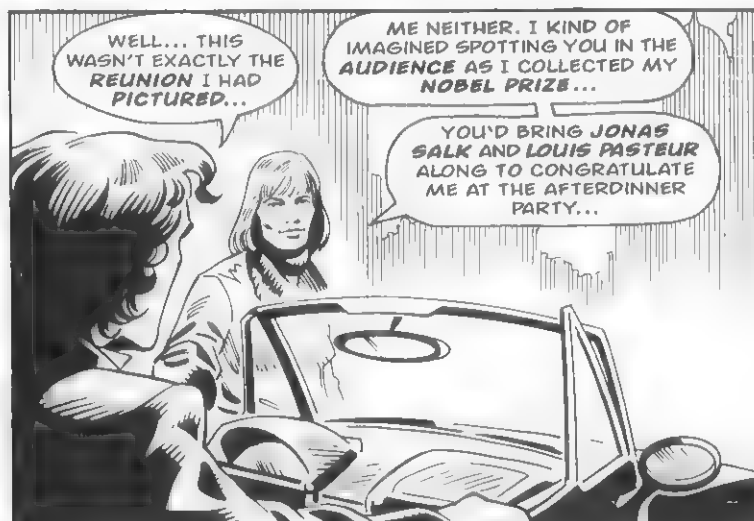
UMM... I GUESS I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT THE TARDIS, DOCTOR...



DON'T WORRY... AS SOON AS I GET BACK, I'LL TORCH WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MORPHANT SAMPLE. IF WOODROW'S EVER TEMPTED TO REPEAT THIS DISASTER, HE'LL BE IN FOR A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT.

THAT COULD BUY YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE, GRACE.

HEY, I'M GETTING USED TO IT!



WELL... THIS WASN'T EXACTLY THE REUNION I HAD PICTURED...

ME NEITHER. I KIND OF IMAGINED SPOTTING YOU IN THE AUDIENCE AS I COLLECTED MY NOBEL PRIZE...

YOU'D BRING JONAS SALK AND LOUIS PASTEUR ALONG TO CONGRATULATE ME AT THE AFTERDINNER PARTY...



THEN YOU'D WHISK ME OFF TO MARS FOR A LOONING VACATION...

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME. MAYBE IT'LL STILL HAPPEN.

YEAH. MAYBE.



I'M SORRY, GRACE. YOU WERE RIGHT, I AM A MEDDLER. I NEED TO BE REMINDED OF THAT FACT FROM TIME TO TIME.

EVERY LIFE FOLLOWS A PATH. I DIVERTED YOU FROM YOURS.

IF I'D KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT THAT NIGHT, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED...

I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T. YOU HAVE A NICE MOUTH.









THE SOUND OF LASER FIRE SNAPS ME AWAKE, BUT I RISE SLOWLY. MY SOLAR REGENERATION CYCLE ONLY HALF-COMPLETE.

THIS IS NOT A GOOD START TO THE DAY. A SONTARAN WILD PACK ARE GRINDING THE VILLAGERS BENEATH THEIR JACKBOOTS.

THE MONSTERS ARE OUT TO TEST THEIR MANHOOD...

# UNNATURAL BORN KILLERS



STORY & ART: ADRIAN SALMON  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY G., ALAN B & SCOTT G

THEIR FIELD MAJOR WANTS THE LOCAL CHAMPION.

MY FRIEND KAHLOR OFFERS THE HAND OF PEACE INSTEAD.

YEAH, RIGHT.

THE EFFORT'S WASTED ON THESE BUTCHERS.



THE MAJOR GOES BALLISTIC.

GENOCIDE.

BUT I'M FULLY REVIVED NOW, MISTER. SO IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT...



HE WANTS A WAR, BUT IF HE CAN'T GET ONE, HE'LL SETTLE FOR THE CONSOLATION PRIZE...



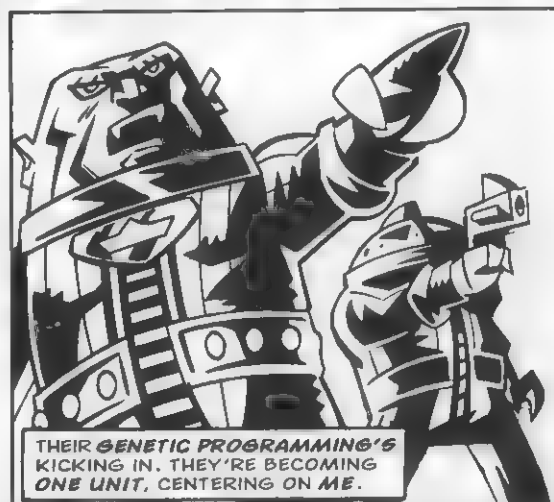




... I'LL BE HAPPY  
TO OBLIGE.



THEY LOOK  
SURPRISED.  
GOOD.



THEIR GENETIC PROGRAMMING'S  
KICKING IN. THEY'RE BECOMING  
ONE UNIT, CENTERING ON ME.



YOU THINK I'LL BE JUST  
LIKE THE REST OF MY KIND,  
DON'T YOU? LUMBERING...  
UNFEELING...

GUESS AGAIN. I'M ONE OF  
A KIND. I'VE GOT A SOUL.  
AND I'VE SEEN THIS KIND OF  
SLAUGHTER BEFORE.

HELL, I'VE BEEN  
RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

NEVER  
AGAIN.



AS THE SAYING  
GOES...



... RESISTANCE  
IS USELESS.

AS LONG AS THEY STAY  
FOCUSED ON ME, THE  
VILLAGERS ARE SAFE...



...SO I MAKE SURE I HAVE THEIR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION.

FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS, IT'S ALMOST FUN.



THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM, APART FROM THEIR LEADER. WHERE'D HE GO?



OH, THE MAJOR'S GRABBED A HOSTAGE. WHAT A WAR HERO.

BUT THE KID KNOWS THE MOVES. WE'VE PRACTICED THEM ENOUGH.



THE MAJOR'S LOST ANY CONTROL HE MIGHT HAVE HAD.

HE JUST WANTS MY SHINY HEAD ON A PLATE.



BIG MAN...



BIG WORDS...



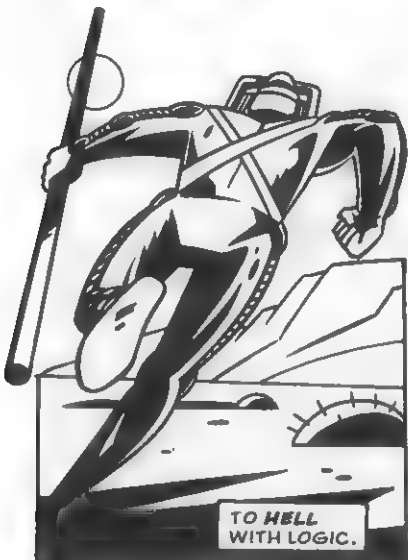
SMALL VENT.



BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE HE CAME FROM...



LOGICALLY, THEIR SHIP  
SHOULD BE CLOSE BY...



TO HELL  
WITH LOGIC.

I'VE GOT A HUNCH  
THEY'RE HOLED UP  
ON HIGH GROUND.



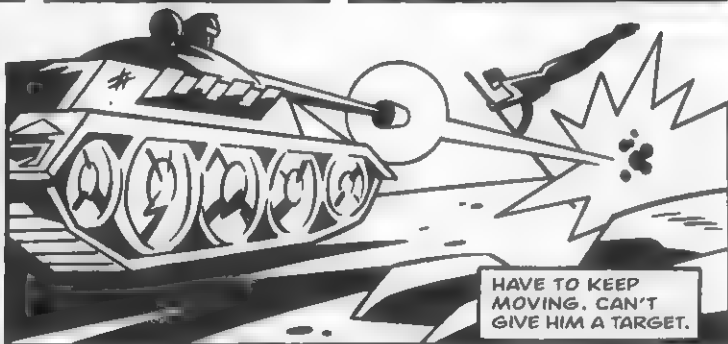
I MAKE THE TOP OF  
THE CLIFF IN UNDER  
THREE MINUTES.

MAYBE I SHOULD  
HAVE TAKEN THE  
SCENIC ROUTE.



CHRISTMAS!

THAT  
THING'S  
BIG!



HAVE TO KEEP  
MOVING. CAN'T  
GIVE HIM A TARGET.

FIND SOME  
LEVERAGE...



THE TANK'S A  
GOOD PIECE OF  
TECHNOLOGY...

TOO BAD THERE'S  
A MONKEY AT  
THE WHEEL.



YEAH, THIS IS TURNING OUT  
TO BE A REALLY BAD DAY...

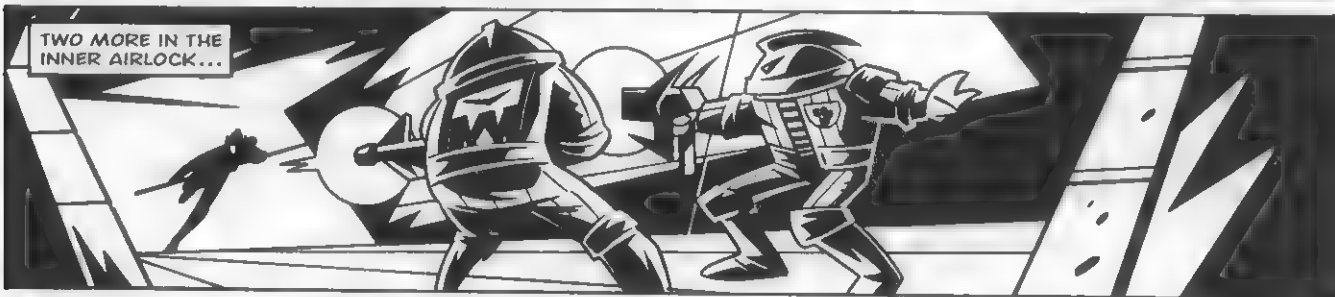


THAT'S NO SCOUT SHIP - THEY MUST BE  
PLANNING A COLONISATION. MAYBE THE  
CONTINENT. MAYBE THE WHOLE PLANET.

A COUPLE OF GRUNTS AT  
THE FRONT DOOR TRY TO  
PERSUADE ME TO STOP.



TWO MORE IN THE  
INNER AIRLOCK...



I CAN SEE LIGHT  
UP AHEAD...





NOW THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR...

THERE'S GOT TO BE A **FULL-SCALE INVASION FORCE OF CLONES** SLEEPING IN THESE TANKS. **THOUSANDS OF THE SUCKERS.**

BUT UNTIL THEY WAKE UP, THEY'RE **HELPLESS.**



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCESS THE **MAIN COMPUTER CORE** FROM THIS CONSOLE.



I SENSE THEM BEFORE I EVEN SEE THEIR UGLY MUGS. LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GUESSED WHAT I'M UP TO.



TOO LATE.

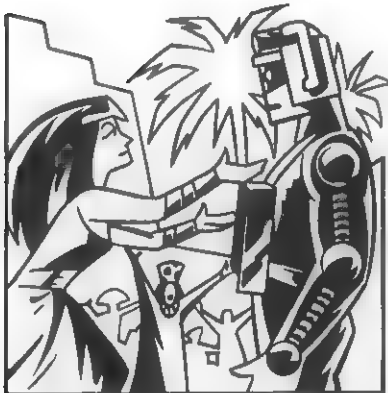


**SELF-DESTRUCT** IN SIXTY SECONDS AND COUNTING...





BUT I CAN'T SHARE IT.







HO! OPEN  
THE MAIN GATE, AND STEP  
QUICKLY, YOU LOW-BORN  
MONKEYS...

KATSURA SATO  
HAS RETURNED!

# THE ROAD TO HELL

## PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERASHTY  
INKING: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



WELCOME,  
KATSURA! WE  
WEREN'T  
EXPECTING YOU  
BACK FOR  
ANOTHER TWO  
DAYS!

OUR NOBLE  
SHOGUN GRANTED ME  
THE MERCY OF LEAVING EDO  
EARLY, GOSEKI. EVEN HE  
COULD SEE THAT MY MIND  
WAS CLOSE TO  
SHATTERING...



...ONE MORE  
DAY-LONG TEA  
CEREMONY WITH SOME  
BLOATED BUREAUCRAT AND  
I WOULD HAVE SENT HALF THE  
CIVIL SERVICE TO MEET  
THEIR ANCESTORS...

THE  
PRICE WE PAY  
FOR PEACE, OLD  
FRIEND!

A WORLD  
WHERE SAMURAI MUST  
BECOME DIPLOMATS? THERE  
ARE NIGHTS WHEN I DREAM OF  
WAR AND WAKE WEeping  
WITH LONGING...



HOW IS  
LORD  
MAKOTO?

RESTLESS  
WITHOUT HIS  
FAVOURSED SERVANT.  
YOU SHOULD GO  
TO HIM...

NO, HE NEEDS  
HIS REST. TIME ENOUGH  
IN THE MORNING TO BORE  
HIM WITH MY TALES OF THE  
IMPERIAL COURT...



LET HIM  
SL-

AAIEEE!!



HEH. SUCH A WIZENED OLD THING... BUT WHAT A PAIR OF HEALTHY LUNGS THE LORD MAKOTO OWNS...

SHALL WE SEE WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE?

ONE MOMENT, BROTHER. IT SEEMS THE AGED ONE HAS A CHAMPION...







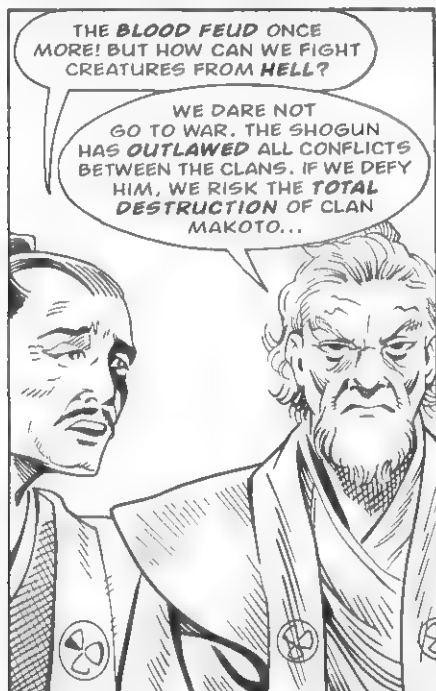


KATSURA SATO... THE ELDERS OF CLAN MAKOTO HAVE HEARD YOUR WORDS OF THE DEATH OF OUR LORD. YOU SPEAK OF DEMONS THAT BREATHE FIRE AND THEN BECOME INSECTS...

GOSEKI SAW THEM ALSO. OR DO YOU THINK HE SHARES MY MADNESS?

THE DEMONS WERE REAL. AND THEY WERE IN THE SERVICE OF OUR OLDEST ENEMIES...

THEY WORE THE CREST OF CLAN RIKUSHIRA!



THE BLOOD FEUD ONCE MORE! BUT HOW CAN WE FIGHT CREATURES FROM HELL?

WE DARE NOT GO TO WAR. THE SHOGUN HAS OUTLAWED ALL CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE CLANS. IF WE DEFEY HIM, WE RISK THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF CLAN MAKOTO...



LISTEN TO YOURSELVES!

OUR LORD IS DEAD AND YOU THINK ONLY OF KEEPING YOUR BELLIES FULL! DID OUR MASTER MEAN NOTHING TO YOU?!

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, SATO. A QUESTION: YOU ARE SAMURAI, PLEDGED TO GIVE YOUR LIFE TO PROTECT YOUR MASTER. YOU FAILED...



...WHY IS IT YOU STILL BREATHE?

I WILL GLADLY COMMIT SEPPUKU - BUT ONLY AFTER LORD RIKUSHIRA'S NECK HAS GREETED MY SWORD.

HIS LIFE WILL BE MINE.



SATO! WE HAVE NOT GIVEN YOU LEAVE TO DEPART THIS COURT!

GO TO EDO. PETITION THE SHOGUN. SEEK HIS 'PERMISSION' TO BECOME WARRIORS AGAIN...

BUT I WILL NOT WAIT A SECOND LONGER FOR MY VENGEANCE!



HE WILL DOOM US ALL!

NO, THIS IS PERFECT...

WE CAN DISAVOW HIM NOW. LET SATO ACT ON HIS OWN, WITH NO SUPPORT FROM THE CLAN...



"...FOR ALL HIS SKILL, HE IS BUT ONE MAN. HE WILL ACCOMPLISH NOTHING."





WELL, I'LL  
BE A SORCERER'S  
APPRENTICE...

IT'S SHOKI  
THE DEMON  
QUELLER!

BEAUTIFUL WORK!  
THESE ARE PROTECTIVE  
BANNERS, IZZY, DESIGNED  
TO WARD OFF EVIL  
SPIRITS...

IT MUST BE THE  
FIFTH OF MAY--"TANGO NO  
SEKKU". IT'S A JAPANESE HOLIDAY IN  
YOUR CENTURY, BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S  
THE TIME WHEN CREATURES FROM THE  
DARK REALMS ARE BELIEVED TO  
ROAM THE LAND, CLAIMING  
MALE CHILDREN...

IS THAT  
WHY THE VILLAGERS  
ARE TREATING US  
LIKE THE ASIAN  
FLU?

EVERYONE'S  
RUNNING LIKE THE  
CLAPPERS AS SOON  
AS THEY SEE  
US!



IT IS A LITTLE  
ODD - THE HEIAN PERIOD'S  
USUALLY A VERY HOSPITABLE  
TIME... I'M FAIRLY SURE I'VE  
SET US DOWN IN THE TENTH  
CENTURY...

LET'S  
GET SOME  
DIRECTIONS  
AT THE LOCAL  
TAVERN...



GOOD  
AFTERNOON! I  
WAS WONDERING  
IF YOU COULD  
TELL US WHEN WE  
ARE...?

BUDDHA  
PROTECT US!  
SAIJIN!

GET  
OUT! WE - WE  
DON'T WANT  
ANY TROUBLE  
HERE!

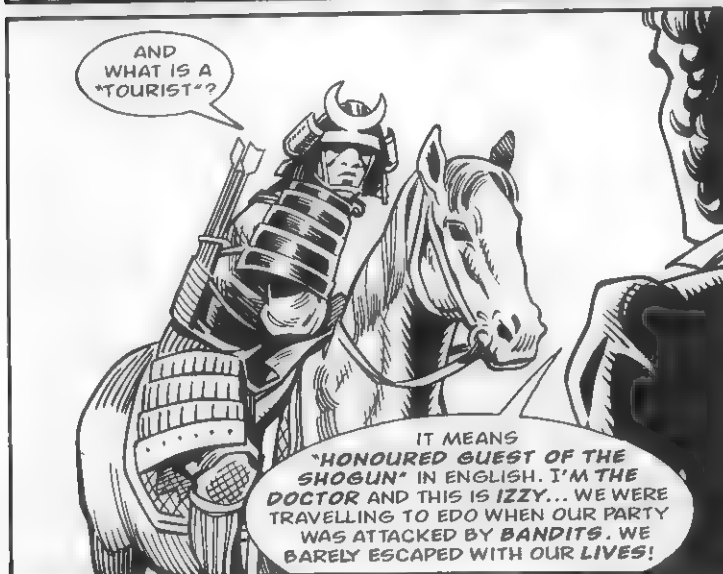


OH, FINE!  
BE THAT WAY! I'VE  
BEEN THROWN OUT  
OF BETTER PUBS  
THAN THIS ONE,  
YOU KNOW!

DOCTOR...

NOT THAT I  
MAKE A HABIT OF IT,  
YOU UNDERSTAND,  
BUT I HAVE!

DOCTOR...









ROOAAAARRR!

AAAGGHHHH!!!

...THIS IS  
MADNESS!

TO BE CONTINUED...





# THE ROAD TO HELL

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKING: ROBIN SMITH  
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EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES





THE DRAGON... DISSOLVES?!

LIKE A SWARM OF FLIES - OR A SCHOOL OF MINNOMS...

WHAT?

THEY'RE TINY - BUT BY SWIMMING CLOSE TOGETHER, MINNOMS CAN SOMETIMES GIVE THE ILLUSION OF BEING A SINGLE LARGE SEA CREATURE...

OH, FREQUENTLY.

THAT WAS NO ILLUSION! TWO OF MY MEN LIE DEAD! YOU SPEAK NONSENSE!

GREETINGS...



...WE ARE THE HONOUR GUARD OF LORD RIKUSHIRA, HE WHO RULES THIS PROVINCE. WE CAME TO INVESTIGATE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN THIS FOREST.

WE OFFER YOU SANCTUARY AT OUR LORD'S CASTLE.

WELL, THANK YOU...

YOUR TIMING'S VERY CONVENIENT.

WE SHOULD LEAVE AT ONCE. MY MEN WILL COLLECT THE BODIES FOR BURIAL...

WAIT A MINUTE, WE CAN'T GO YET! ONE OF OUR PARTY'S STILL OUT THERE...

ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO HELP MY FRIEND?!

HORSE, STOP! WHOA!

I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SLOW DOWN!

HORSE, COME ON, PLEASE...

LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!!!







HELLO? YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME, RIGHT? THE DOCTOR PROMISED ME THERE'D BE NO LANGUAGE GAP...

LOOK, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY ANYTHING? I MEAN, I APPRECIATED THE INDIANA JONES BIT BACK THERE, BUT IF YOU'D JUST GET ME OUT OF THESE ROPES I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE...

WHERE ARE WE GOING ANYWAY?

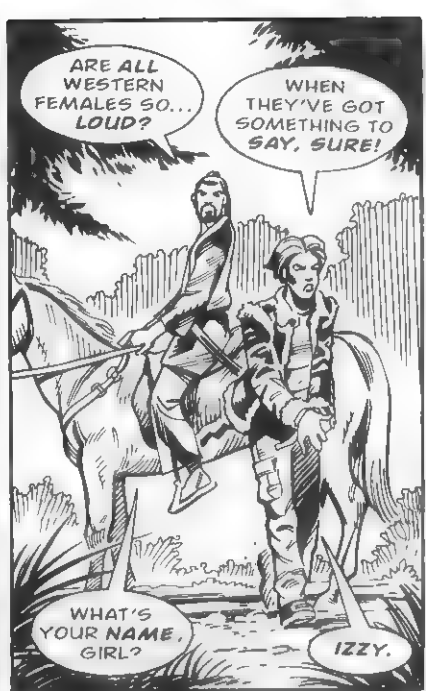


QUIET, BOY, I'M THINKING.

"BOY"? "BOY"?!

DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MY GLASSES, MR MAGOO? I'M A GIRL, OKAY?!

STOP THE BUS, I'M GETTING OFF!



ARE ALL WESTERN FEMALES SO... LOUD?

WHEN THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SURE!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, GIRL?

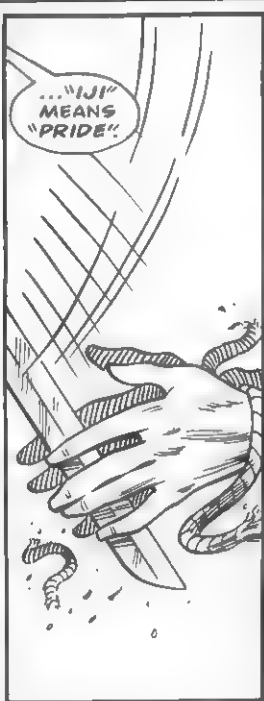
IZZY.



"IZZY"? HAH-HAH-HAH!

NO, IT'S I-Z-Z... OH, FORGET IT. WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

GIRL, YOU ARE WELL-NAMED...



...IZZY MEANS "PRIDE"



MY NAME IS KATSURA SATO. YOUR FRIEND HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE CASTLE OF LORD RIKUSHIRA, A MAN I INTEND TO KILL.

THE ROADS WE ARE FATED TO FOLLOW RUN SIDE-BY-SIDE. YOUNG IZI...

PRAY THEY DO NOT HAVE THE SAME DESTINATION.



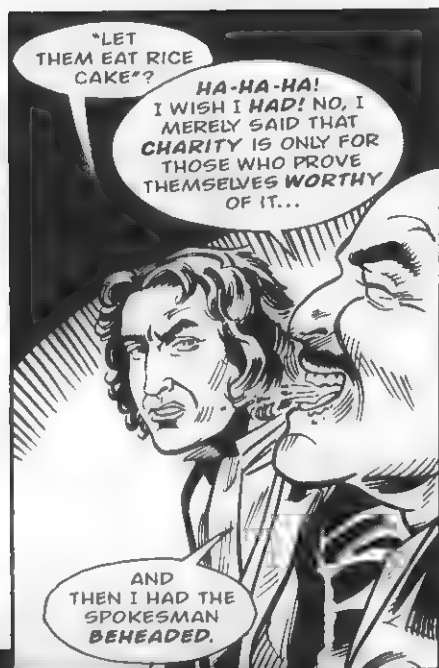
DINNER WAS EXCELLENT, LORD RIKUSHIRA, YOU'VE BEEN MOST GENEROUS. BUT I'M STILL CONCERNED FOR MY COMPANION...

MY MEN WILL FIND HER, DOCTOR, HAVE NO FEAR! BUT SURELY YOU HAVE NOT HAD YOUR FILL ALREADY? EAT MORE, I INSIST!

I ALLOW NO FRUGALITY WITHIN THESE WALLS... THOSE OF NOBLE BLOOD MUST ALWAYS HAVE THEIR HUNGERS SATISFIED! IT IS WHAT SEPARATES US FROM THE RABBLE...

RECENTLY THERE WAS SOME DROUGHT IN MY PROVINCE... THE PEASANTS' BARLEY CROPS PERISHED. SOME DARED TO COME HERE AND ASK ME FOR A HANDOUT! THEY CLAIMED TO BE STARVING! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I TOLD THEM...?







THIS IS THE CASTLE'S MOST INNER SANCTUM. PLEASE ENTER...

YOU'RE NOT COMING IN?

MY HONOURED MOTHER WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.



THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY. IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO CREATE.

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT TAPESTRY...

AND WHAT A FAMILIAR-LOOKING DRAGON.

I AM PLEASED YOU APPROVE...



...I HAVE HAD THE TAPESTRY SINCE I WAS A CHILD. SOMETIMES I WOULD DREAM OF THE DRAGON COMING TO LIFE AND CARRYING ME ABOVE THE CLOUDS...

IT SEEMS DREAMS MAY BE SHAPED INTO REALITY AFTER ALL. AT LEAST FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

I AM THE LADY ASAMI.



PLEASE FORGIVE THE FLAMBOYANT MANNER IN WHICH YOU WERE GUIDED TO MY HOME, DOCTOR... I DOUBT CAPTAIN HIROTADA WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED A DIRECT INVITATION.

YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTING ME, THEN?



I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN BLESSED WITH THE GIFT OF MIND-SIGHT. IT HAS LONG BEEN A SPARK OF LIGHT IN MY WORLD OF DEEPENING SHADOW...

AND WITH ASSISTANCE, ANY SPARK MAY BE FANNED INTO A MIGHTY FLAME.

SUCH AID  
HAS BEEN GRANTED  
BY MY OTHER  
GUESTS.

THESE ARE  
THE TRUE **FOREIGNERS**  
FROM ACROSS THE OCEANS  
OF SPACE AND TIME,  
DOCTOR...

THESE ARE  
THE **GAIJIN**.



TO BE CONTINUED...



HOW  
DO YOU DO? I'M  
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR  
IS KNOWN TO THE  
GAIJIN.

THE DOCTOR  
CROSSES THE BORDERS  
OF REALITY IN SEARCH  
OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE DOCTOR  
AND THE GAIJIN ARE  
SIMILAR...

# THE ROAD TO HELL PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKING: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND  
ALAN BARNES

THAT'S NICE  
TO HEAR. MAY I  
KNOW YOUR  
NAMES?

THE GAIJIN ARE  
STUDENTS OF THE  
ABSTRACT.

THE  
GAIJIN SEEK  
UNDERSTANDING  
OF THE  
CONCEPTUAL.

AND YOU  
THINK YOU'LL FIND  
IT HERE?

THIS  
WOMAN'S SON  
INVITED SIX MEN  
INTO THEIR HOME  
AND THEN  
POISONED THEM.  
IF YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR HONOUR, I  
SUGGEST YOU  
TRY ELSE-  
WHERE.

YOU ARE  
IGNORANT  
OF OUR WAYS,  
DOCTOR. I RECENTLY  
TOOK THE LIFE OF LORD  
MAKOTO, A MAN  
WHO... BROUGHT  
GREAT SHAME  
UPON ME IN MY  
YOUTH.

NAMES  
ARE A DEVICE  
UNUSED BY THE  
GAIJIN. THE LADY  
ASAMI HAS  
'NAMED' THE  
GAIJIN.

"GAIJIN"...  
"FOREIGNERS". IF  
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT  
TO BE CALLED, THEN FINE.  
WHY HAVE YOU COME  
HERE?

WHAT CANNOT  
BE MEASURED CANNOT  
EXIST. THE GAIJIN WISH  
TO LEARN OF  
"HONOUR".

THE TRUEST  
FORM OF HONOUR  
WILL ALWAYS BE  
RETRIBUTION.



CLIK

IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR HOSPITALITY, THE GAIJIN HAVE OFFERED US GREAT GIFTS...

OF COURSE... THIS IS A NANO-SCULPTOR, ISN'T IT? THE OPERATOR PROJECTS A MENTAL IMAGE WHICH IS THEN TRANSLATED INTO A PHYSICAL ENTITY BY A SWARM OF ARTIFICIAL NANO-DRONES CLUSTERING TOGETHER...



THE DRONES CAN BE SHAPED INTO ANY CONFIGURATION. THEY CAN BECOME ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING THE OPERATOR IMAGINES.

YES, DOCTOR. DREAMS MADE FLESH. YOU HAVE ALREADY SEEN MY DRAGON - THERE ARE MANY MORE SUCH CREATURES WITHIN MY MIND I LOOK FORWARD TO BRINGING INTO LIFE...



HOW DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DESTROY THE SHOGUN AND HIS PRECIOUS EDO?



YOU'RE ALLOWING HER TO USE THE MACHINE IN THIS FASHION? WHY?

THE LADY ASAMI HAS AGREED TO AID THE GAIJIN IN THEIR STUDIES...



"... IT IS AN EQUITABLE EXCHANGE."

SEE THE CASTLE OF MY ENEMIES, IJI. THERE I WILL AVENGE THE DEATH OF MY LORD MAKOTO BY KILLING RIKUSHIRA.

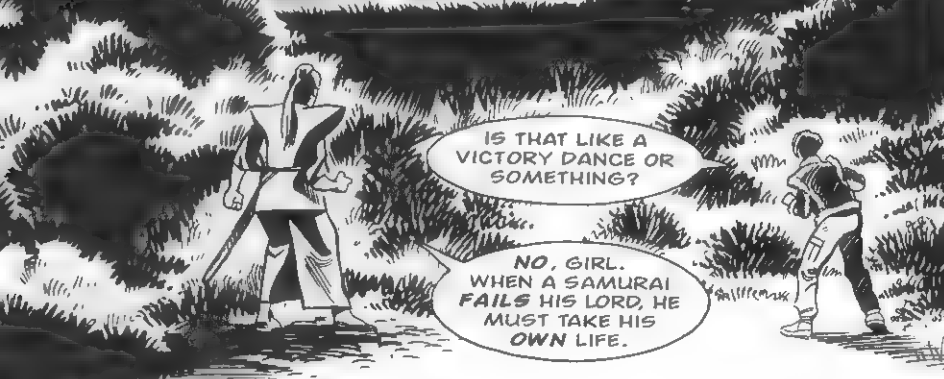
ONLY THEN MAY I PERFORM SEPPUKU.

SUICIDE? BUT THAT'S BONKERS, KATSURA! KILLING YOURSELF WON'T BRING YOUR LORD BACK!



DEATH DWELLS ALWAYS IN THE HEART OF A TRUE SAMURAI, IJI. IT IS BUSHIDO, THE WARRIORS' CODE. MY LIFE IS MEANINGLESS NOW.

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND.



IS THAT LIKE A VICTORY DANCE OR SOMETHING?

NO, GIRL. WHEN A SAMURAI FAILS HIS LORD, HE MUST TAKE HIS OWN LIFE.







WELCOME BACK, RIKUSHIRA. I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU'D CRAWLED OFF TO...

I WISHED FOR YOU TO SEE MY REWARD FOR ASSISTING THE GAIJIN, DOCTOR...

WITHIN THIS FLASK LIES A SECRET THAT COUNTLESS MEN HAVE DIED ATTEMPTING TO GAIN...

IMMORTALITY!



RIKUSHIRA, WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING IS A HIBERNATION CHAMBER CONTAINING A COLONY OF NANO-DRONES... BILLIONS OF THEM.



CAN I ASSUME THEY'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO REPAIR ANY CELLULAR DAMAGE TO THEIR HOST?

THE DOCTOR IS CORRECT.

THIS IS INSANE...



YOU'VE PROVIDED THESE PEOPLE WITH ADVANCED SCIENCE SIMPLY TO OBSERVE WHAT THEY DO WITH IT...

JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GRASP AS BASIC A CONCEPT AS HONOUR?



CAN'T YOU SEE YOUR TECHNOLOGY IS TOO OVERWHELMING FOR THIS CULTURE? YOU CAN'T INTERFERE LIKE THIS! BY HELPING CLAN RIKUSHIRA, YOU'RE UPSETTING THE BALANCE OF POWER...

WHEN THE DOCTOR ENCOUNTERS CONFLICT HE CHOOSES A SIDE AND AIDS IT.

HE BECOMES INVOLVED.

HE INTERFERES...



THE DOCTOR AND THE GAIJIN ARE SIMILAR...



I'VE FOUND THE GIRL! LET ME PASS!

THAT'S A GIRL?

IT SEEMS SO. EUROPEANS ARE A STRANGE BREED...



LADY ASAMI DESIRES HER PRESENCE IMMEDIATELY.

GOOD, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HER YATTERING. YOU TAKE HER TO OUR LADY...



...AND I'LL FOLLOW.



I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS. YOU'RE TREATING THESE PEOPLE LIKE MICE IN A MAZE...

THE TOKUSAWA SHOGUNATE RULES JAPAN FOR ANOTHER 250 YEARS. THAT FACT MUSTN'T BE ALTERED.



THE DOCTOR BELIEVES IN A NATURAL ORDER TO TIME.

THE GAIJIN BELIEVE OTHERWISE.



TIME... THEN IT IS TRUE. YOU ARE A LORD OF TIME...

I AM CURIOUS, DOCTOR. I WISH TO KNOW OF MY COUNTRY'S FUTURE. YOU WILL REVEAL IT TO ME.

NO, LADY ASAMI. THAT WOULDN'T BE WISE...

THEN I WILL PLUCK THE ANSWER OUT OF YOUR HEAD!



YOUR PSIONIC ABILITIES ARE QUITE IMPRESSIVE, ASAMI...

BUT YOU'LL NEED A SMARTER KEY STILL TO UNLOCK THE MIND OF A TIME LORD.







I SEE IT ALL!

THOUSANDS DEAD, THEIR...  
THEIR SKIN MELTED LIKE CANDLE  
WAX...

THE EMPEROR  
FORCED TO  
SURRENDER...

NIPPON  
HUMBLED...

HUMBLED BY THE  
LIKES OF YOU?!



NEVER!

I WILL  
REWRITE  
DESTINY! THE  
FIRES OF HELL WILL  
NEVER TOUCH MY  
PEOPLE!

I WIELD  
THE POWER NOW!  
THE DOGS OF THE  
WEST WILL FEEL MY  
WRATH...



...BEGINNING  
WITH YOU!

AAUUUNGH!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...



DO NOT  
EXPECT A SWIFT  
DEATH, WESTERN  
FILTH...

FOR WHAT  
YOU HAVE DONE TO  
MY LAND... TO MY  
PEOPLE...

YOU WILL  
FEEL YOUR MINDS  
BURN!

# THE ROAD TO HELL

PART  
FOUR

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERASHTY  
GUEST INKER: FAREED CHOUDHURY  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND ALAN BARNES



DEFEND  
YOURSELVES.



SSHHINKK!

AAARRGH!!

AAAIIUUKKK!



NO! IT'S SATO!  
PROTECT ME, YOU  
IDIOTS!

A LEGION  
OF YOUR  
HELLSPAWN  
COULDN'T STOP  
ME NOW,  
RIKUSHIRA...









WHAT'S THAT?

OH, PANTS...

IT'S THE NEO-OSAKA ROBOTROX WARMASTER!



ASAMI MUST BE USING THE IMAGES SHE TOOK FROM YOUR MIND!



I USED TO LOVE THAT BLOKE'S CARTOON SHOW!

SHOW ME THE EPISODE GUIDE LATER! MOVE IT, IZZY!



YES... LET VENGEANCE TAKE THE SHAPE OF A CHILD'S DREAM...

LET MY ARMY AWAKEN...



IT'S ONE OF THE GALAXY GUARDIANS!

KEE-HAI!!!

UUNNGH!

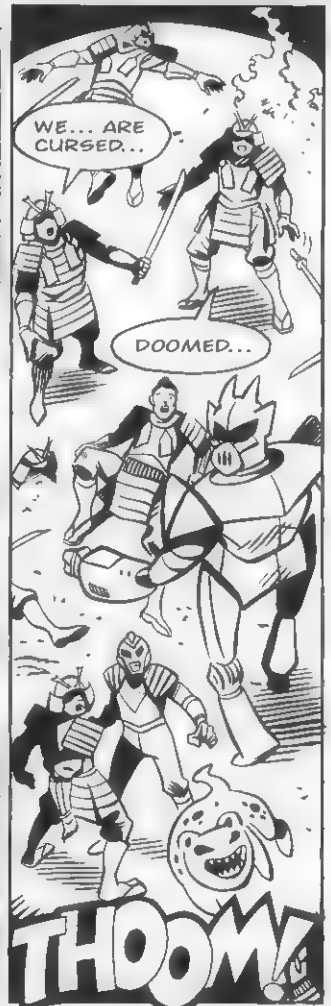
I ASSUME HE'S SLIGHTLY MORE HEROIC ON THE SMALL SCREEN...



IRONIC... A PARTICLE BEAM WEAPON WOULD BE USELESS AGAINST A NANO-CONSTRUCT, BUT A SWORD JUST MIGHT BE EFFECTIVE...







RRROOOAAAARRRRR!!!

I HATE TO  
SAY THIS...

BUT I  
DON'T THINK A  
SWORD IS GOING TO  
DO THE TRICK THIS  
TIME.

THOOM!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

RRROOOOAAARR!!!



ASAMI'S  
LOST HER MIND -  
IT'S THE ONLY  
ANSWER...

THE NANO-  
CONSTRUCTS ARE  
BEING SHAPED BY  
HER RAGE, NOT HER  
INTELLECT...

EVEN  
OUR DEATHS  
WON'T CALM  
HER DOWN  
NOW!



SKKRASH!

AAIEEEEE!



IZZY,  
COME ON!

WE CAN'T  
JUST LEAVE KATSURA  
HERE! PLEASE,  
DOCTOR!

I...

ALRIGHT,  
HELP ME GET HIS  
ARMOUR OFF...



WHO  
IS HE?

KATSURA  
SATO! HE HELPED  
ME GET INSIDE  
THE CASTLE, AND  
HE SAVED MY  
LIFE!

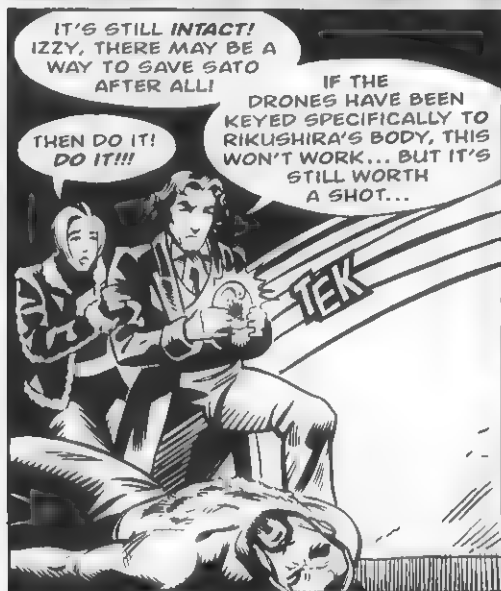
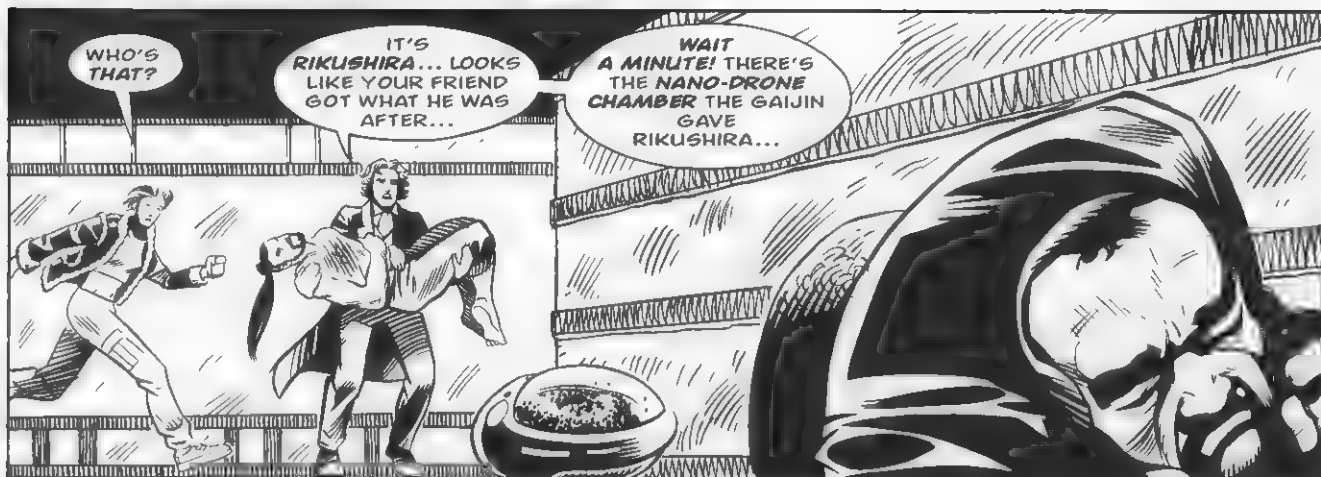
I'M NOT  
SURE HIS MOTIVES  
WERE COMPLETELY  
ALTRUISTIC,  
IZZY...

# THE ROAD TO HELL

## PART FIVE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY  
GUEST INKER: FAREED CHOUDHURY  
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND ALAN BARNES















I FEEL...  
I DON'T KNOW,  
GUILTY...

IF ASAMI  
HADN'T SEEN THAT  
PICTURE OF  
HIROSHIMA INSIDE  
MY MIND...

NONE  
OF THIS WAS YOUR  
DOING, IZZY. THIS WAS  
JUST ONE SPARK OF  
MADNESS IGNITING  
ANOTHER...

THE  
RESULT'S ALWAYS  
THE SAME.

AT LEAST IN  
THE END, THE GAIJIN  
LEARNED THEIR  
LESSON...



HEH.

HEH-HEH-  
HEH...



WHAT JOKE  
IS THIS..?

THERE IS  
NO BLOOD.

I HAVE  
TRIED TO COMMIT  
SEPPUKU A DOZEN TIMES...  
MY SWORD PIERCES MY  
FLESH...

BUT  
THERE IS NO  
BLOOD...



SATO... THE NANO-DRONES  
WITHIN YOUR BODY HAVE BEEN  
PROGRAMMED TO REPAIR  
ALL CELLULAR DAMAGE  
INSTANTANEOUSLY.

I'M  
AFRAID THAT  
EVEN INCLUDES  
AGING.

THERE'S  
NO WAY TO REMOVE  
THEM. YOU'RE NOW  
VIRTUALLY IMMORTAL.



AND YOU  
DID THIS TO  
ME..?

YOU  
ROBBED ME OF AN  
UNPAINFUL  
DEATH?!

I HAVE  
NOTHING NOW!  
I AM  
NOTHING!

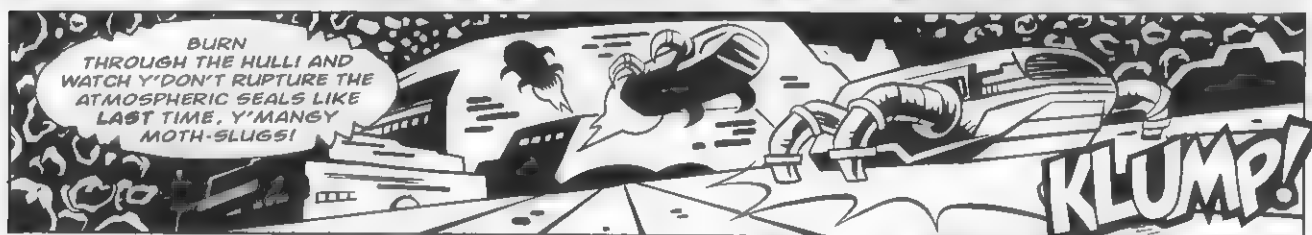


I'M A  
DOCTOR. I SAVE  
LIVES.

THAT'S  
MY JOB.











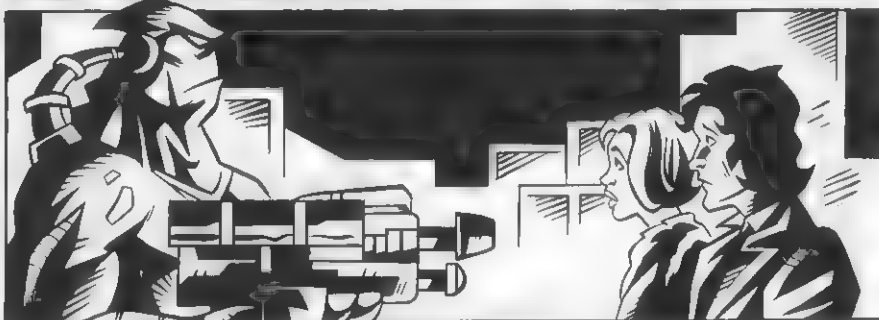
YOU SEE, MY FRIEND AND I WERE TRAVELLING TO **VOGGIDIX MAJOR** WHEN OUR PARTY WERE ATTACKED BY VICIOUS **SPACE PIRATES**... WE BARELY ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES!

YEAH! AND OUR... OUR IDENT-SCANS WERE LOST IN THE TERRIBLE BATTLE...

WE SOUGHT REFUGE FROM THE PIRATES ABOARD YOUR VESSEL. WE'RE TERRIBLY SORRY...



BUT... I'M A PIRATE.



OH.



I'M TRANSMITTING VISUALS FROM THE FREIGHTER'S BRIDGE NOW, CAPTAIN HORSTROGG...

ALL THE CREW ARE TOAST, THE MEN ARE PROCEEDING THROUGH THE CARGO BAYS AND I'VE COAXED THE SHIP'S MANIFEST OUT OF THE CENTRAL COMPUTER...

I BELIEVE IT MIGHT EVEN BE SAFE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO COME ABOARD.

'SAFE'? 'SAFE'?! WHAT ARE Y'IMPLYIN', MR SHAKKA...?



**ZI-SWHO!**

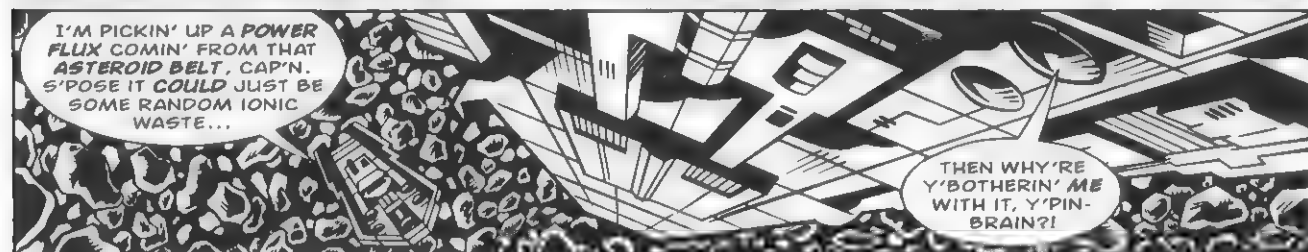
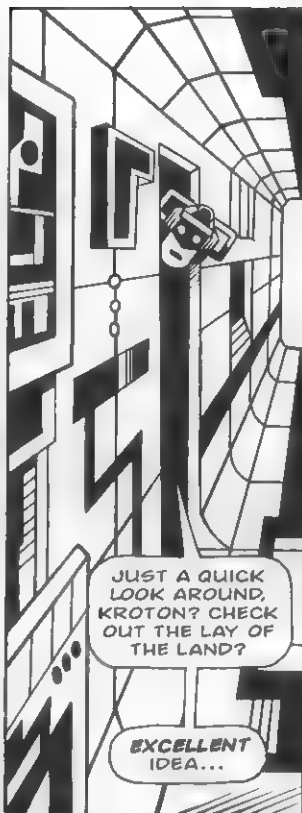
I'M **GRAB HORSTROGG!** I WAS THE CONQUEROR O' THE **VROXIUS GULF!** THE HERO O' THE **DESTOKII SIEGE!** THE TERROR O' THE **CHOZWAY CLUSTER!**

AND I GOT THE MEDALS TO PROVE IT, TOO!















...GET  
DOWN!



# THE COMPANY OF THIEVES

## PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART: ADRIAN SALMON  
INK ART: FAREED CHOUDHURY  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE  
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

ARE YOU  
SURE THAT THING'S  
FINISHED?

DEFINITELY.  
NOT EVEN A  
CYBERMAN COULD  
SURVIVE THE VOLTAGE IN  
THAT POWER CABLE. BUT  
THEY HAVE THIS ANNOYING  
HABIT OF TRAVELLING  
IN GROUPS...

TIME  
WE WERE  
SOMEWHERE  
ELSE...



JUST Y'SLOW  
DOWN THERE,  
Y'SILGE-CRASS!

AH, YES MORE  
PIRATES MY CENTURY  
IS COMPLETE...

EET!



I'M CAPTAIN GRANT HORSTROSS O' THE  
GOOD SHIP MAGPIE -- OR AT LEAST I WAS...

ME VESSEL'S A FEW  
MILLION TONS O' ION  
DUST NOW -- I'M  
BETTIN' YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THAT, M' BUCKO...

POSSIBLY. I'M  
THE DOCTOR. TAKE  
A LOOK BEHIND  
ME...



I TRUST YOU  
RECOGNISE  
THE MAKE AND  
MODEL?

K-KABALLIS'  
BLOOD!

HIS FRIENDS  
ARE UNDOUBTEDLY  
BEHIND YOUR SHIP'S  
DESTRUCTION. THIS ONE  
MIGHT BE THE ONLY  
CYBERMAN ABOARD THIS  
FREIGHTER, BUT I  
SUGGEST YOU MAKE  
SURE OF THAT...







YOUR -- I  
MEAN *OUR* -- ONLY  
HOPE IS TO GET THESE  
ENGINES YOU SO  
CHEERFULLY CRIPPLED  
RUNNING  
AGAIN.

SO, WHICH ONE  
OF YOU GENTLEMEN  
HAS THE DEGREE IN  
*FUSION PROPULSION*  
THEORY...?



I'M MR  
*SHAKKA*, FIRST MATE.  
OUR ENGINEER WAS ABOARD  
THE MAGPIE WHEN IT  
BLEW. CAN YOU MAKE  
THE REPAIRS?

WELL,  
PERHAPS.  
LET ME CONSULT  
WITH MY ASSISTANT,  
PROFESSOR  
ISABELLE...



PROFESSOR?

HMMM...

THE  
*DILITHIUM WARP*  
CRYSTAL CORE'S BEEN  
BREACHED, THE *IMPULSE*  
*NACELLES* ARE ALL OFF-LINE,  
THE *ANTIMATTER*  
CONTAINMENT FIELD LOOKS  
DODGY AND THE  
*NEUTRINO PHOTON*  
PARTICLES ARE  
LEAKING...

GIVE  
ME EIGHT  
HOURS AND SHE'LL  
BE PURRING LIKE  
A *DREBUNIAN*  
WERE-CAT.



THROOM!

WHOAPI!

BRIDGE TO  
CAP'N! WE GOT  
MORE TROUBLE!



GRUTO!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENIN'  
NOW?

IT'S SOME  
KINDA *ENERGY*  
LEASH, CAP'N...

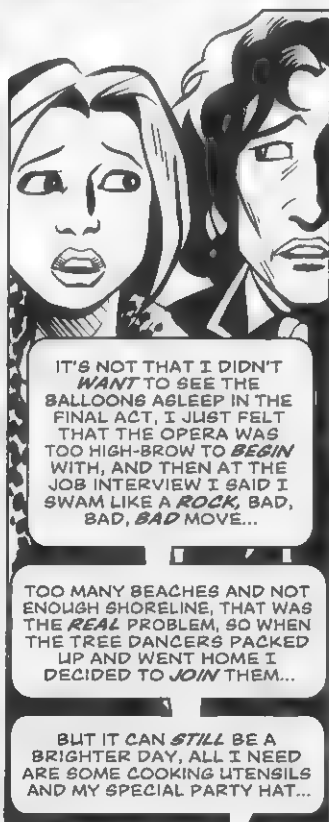
WE GETTIN' PULLED  
TOWARDS THAT THERE  
*ASTEROID BELT!*



*SHAKKA*, WITH  
ME ON THE BRIDGE! YOU  
LOT, SEARCH THE FREIGHTER  
FOR ANY MORE O' THEM  
*CYBERSCUM!*

YOU TWO!  
STAY WITH OUR  
NEW ENGINEERS  
AND DON'T LET 'EM  
OUT O' Y' SIGHT!









PERHAPS THE  
CHARGE FRIED HIS  
LOGIC CENTRES.

MORE LIKE  
LEFT HIM HIGH AS A  
KITE! HE SEEMS PRETTY  
FRIENDLY...

IT'S BIZARRE.  
THE INFLECTIONS IN HIS  
SPEECH AND HIS BODY LANGUAGE  
ARE ALMOST COMPLETELY  
HUMAN...



HAH! THANK YOU,  
DOCTOR, YOU SEEM  
FAIRLY HUMAN  
YOURSELF!

DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED.  
I'VE NO SENSE OF SMELL, MY  
TASTE BUDS ARE ANCIENT  
HISTORY AND I CAN BARELY  
FEEL MY OWN FINGERS...

BUT MY  
HEARING IS  
OUTSTANDING!



HEH-HEH. WE  
HAVE COMPANY, MY  
FRIEND, OH YES  
WE DO...



WE DOWN --  
AND DON'T ASK ME HOW,  
BUT THIS HERE ROCK'S GOT  
A BREATHABLE  
ATMOSPHERE!

OUT Y'GO,  
LADS -- FIND OUT  
WHAT'S WHAT, AND  
IF ANYONE GIVES  
Y' STRIFE, DUST  
'EM!

I'LL  
MONITOR  
Y' FROM  
HERE VIA  
MR SHAKKA'S  
STURDY-  
CAM...



WHY DON'T  
YOU JOIN US  
FOR ONCE,  
HORSTROGG?

ARE Y'  
QUESTIONIN'  
ME ORDERS,  
SHAKKA...?

A CAPTAIN'S  
GOT TO EXPECT A  
LITTLE DISCIPLINE  
FROM HIS FIRST  
MATE -- OR HE'S  
LIABLE TO GET  
HIMSELF A NEW  
ONE...

click



ALRIGHT... WE'LL FIND THE  
SOURCE OF THE ATTACK AND  
DEAL WITH IT.

BUT  
WITH THE  
MAGPIE GONE,  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
HAVE CHANGED,  
HORSTROGG.

WE'LL  
BE BACK IN  
AN HOUR...

AND THEN  
MAYBE WE'LL HOLD  
AN ELECTION.



SPREAD OUT, BUT STAY IN SIGHT! AND FOR *ONCE*, TRY NOT TO SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES - I WANT SOME ANSWERS!



AH, MR SHAKKA, YOU'RE A BORN LEADER IN EVERY WAY BUT *ONE*...

Y' DON'T KNOW HOW TO DELEGATE.



THE DOCTOR'S SORRY HE ZAPPED YOU, KROTON. *AREN'T* YOU, DOCTOR?

WELL...

NOT A PROBLEM. PEOPLE ARE *ALWAYS* LEAPING TO CONCLUSIONS WITH ME.

WAIT. DO YOU SEE *THAT*...?



I HAVE *GOT* TO TAKE A WALK OUTSIDE...

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN A *PROUD* PEOPLE. LOOK AT THE *LOVE* THEY PUT INTO THEIR HOME. IT'S QUITE *HUMBLING*...

I'VE LIVED A LONG TIME, BUT *HISTORY* REMINDS YOU OF WHERE YOU *STAND*. I LOOK AT SOMETHING LIKE *THIS* AND I KNOW I'M ONLY *REALLY* HERE FOR A *HEARTBEAT*.

IT'S SO *RICH* AND SO *EMPTY*...



...IT'S *BEAUTIFUL*.



YOU REALLY ARE ONE OF A KIND, *AREN'T* YOU?









EXCUSE ME,  
I'M THE DOCT--

**HAH-HAH-HAH!**  
BUT WHERE'S HOME NOW?  
NO CLUES, BUT THE NICE  
**BOX** CAN FIND IT!

THE FRIEND  
SAID SO, YES  
HE DID!



YOU HAVE A **FRIEND**? COULD  
YOU TAKE US TO HIM?

**HAH-HAH-HAH!**  
YOU'RE A **FUNNY**  
METAL MAN! THE  
FRIEND'S HERE  
**ALREADY!**



**HOME AGAIN, HOME  
AGAIN, HOME AGAIN!**

POOR  
OLD  
SOUL.

IT'S A SAFE BET  
HE DIDN'T BRING THE  
TARDIS HERE...



YOUR CRAFT WAS DETECTED  
BY MYSELF, DOCTOR.

WHAT...?

I AM **THE ERASER**,  
A MULTI-FUNCTION  
ENERGY  
MANIPULATOR.

**FRIEND! HEE-HEE-HEE!**



"PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN  
THIS SITUATION..."

"FIFTY YEARS AGO, **TOBAL  
REIST** WAS THE MOST  
CELEBRATED SCIENTIST ON  
THE PLANET **TRIONIKUS**. HE  
DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED  
ME FOR USE AS A **WEAPON** IN  
A POTENTIAL CONFLICT.



"**TOBAL** ATTEMPTED TO DESTROY  
A **SPITTOON** IN MY INITIAL TEST.

"HE HAD SEVERELY  
UNDERESTIMATED MY  
**POWER OUTPUT**, HOWEVER  
CONSIDERABLY **GREATER**  
DAMAGE OCCURRED WHEN  
I WAS ACTIVATED."



EXACTLY HOW  
MUCH DAMAGE?

EIGHTEEN BILLION FRAGMENTS  
OF **TRIONIKUS** WERE LEFT  
REMAINING FROM THE TEST.

YOU ARE STANDING  
ON ONE OF THEM NOW.



YIKES.

TOBAL WAS AT THE EYE OF THE METATRONIC FLUX AND BECAME THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

I HAVE BEEN GENERATING A GRAVITY WEB AND AN ATMOSPHERIC SHELL FOR HIS COMFORT, BUT HIS GUILT AND ISOLATION HAVE HAD A PROFOUND EFFECT ON HIS PSYCHE. HE REMEMBERS LITTLE OF HIS PAST NOW.

HEE-HEE!



AH... LOOK, PROFESSOR REIST, I'D BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A LIFT SOMEWHERE, BUT THE TARDIS BELONGS TO ME. UNDERSTAND?

YOU'RE NICE, I LIKE YOU! DIDN'T LIKE THAT OTHER SHIP, GUNS A-BLAZING! THE FRIEND TOOK CARE OF THEM! HAH-HAH-HAH!

I'M GLAD SOMEONE FINDS THAT AMUSING...



... ALAS, I LEFT MY SENSE OF HUMOUR ON THE MAGPIE.

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DOCTOR.

THE PLEASURE'S ALL YOURS, MR SHAKKA. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN EAVESDROPPING?



LONG ENOUGH.

WE'D ALL GROWN QUITE ATTACHED TO THE MAGPIE, OLD MAN. STILL, IF YOU HAND OVER THAT DEVICE, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND IT IN OUR HEARTS TO FORGIVE YOU...



WELL, THAT'S PRETTY DECENT OF YOU, SHAKKA...

HERE'S MY COUNTER-OFFER.

HUNNGH!

SHWAKK!



GET 'EM, KROTON!

FIGHTING? NO-NO-NO... FIGHTING'S NO GOOD...

ZZZ-SHWOP!



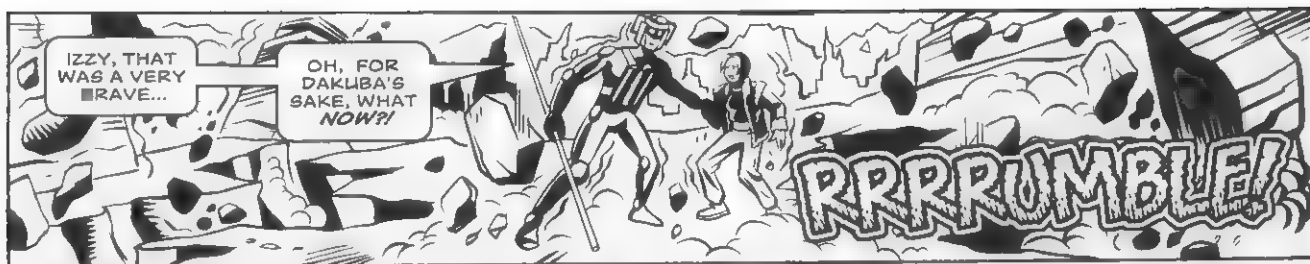
LET'S ALL CALM DOWN--

SHKROW!



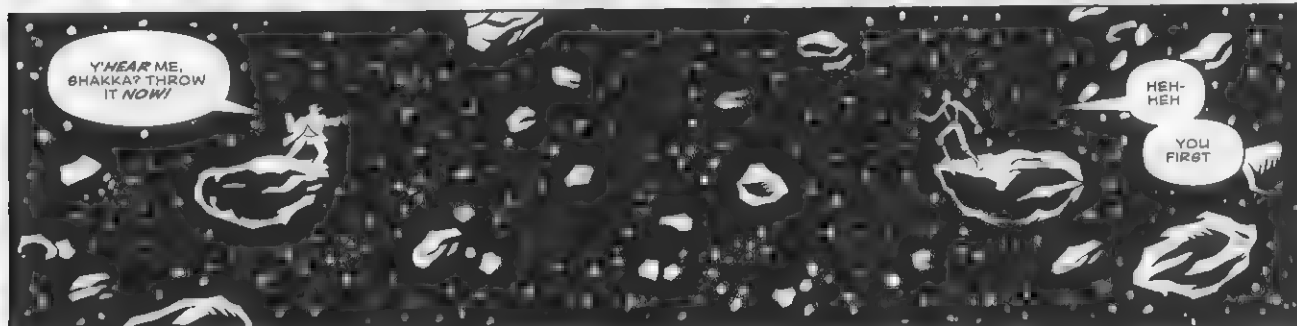














THE  
LAST OF THE  
QUANTUM PROBES  
HAS BEEN RECALLED,  
ESTERATH. ALL  
READINGS REMAIN  
NEGATIVE.

STILL  
HIDING FROM THE  
ADVERSARY.

HOW IS THIS  
POSSIBLE? WE  
SEARCH A SINGLE  
TINY UNIVERSE AND  
FIND NOTHING?

THIS  
ADVERSARY IS A  
FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL  
ENTITY. LOCATING  
SUCH CREATURES  
HAS ALWAYS PROVEN  
DIFFICULT.

BUT OUR  
QUARRY IS THE SOURCE OF A  
TEMPORAL DISRUPTION. A MINOR  
ONE, TO BE SURE, BUT THE RESULTING  
CAUSALITY WAVES SHOULD STILL  
HAVE GIVEN US AN ORIENTATION  
POINT.

CAN THIS  
BEING BE  
HIDING FROM  
US IN SOME  
FASHION?

PERHAPS.



YOU WERE  
ALWAYS THE  
FINEST OF THE  
WORLDSHIPS, PRIMUS.  
YOU MUST BE ABLE  
TO FIND THE  
ADVERSARY!

THE SPECTRUM  
IS ALREADY BEGINNING  
TO BREAK DOWN,  
ESTERATH. NOTHING  
IS CERTAIN NOW.

I  
KNOW.



AARRNGH!



ESTERATH!

I AM...  
STILL WITH YOU, MY  
COMPANION.

WE DARE NOT FAIL,  
PRIMUS. THE MOST IMPORTANT  
TASK IN ALL CREATION LIES IN  
OUR TRUST.

WE CANNOT DENY  
THE TRUTH.



"... WE ARE LIVING IN  
THE LAST DAYS."







I **SECOND** THAT: AND WE HAVEN'T JUST TRAVELLED THROUGH **SPACE**... WE'RE IN ANOTHER **TIME PERIOD** AS WELL? THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** EXACTLY WHERE ARE WE?

I... WISH I KNEW, KROTON.

THE TARDIS HAS BEEN FAIRLY **UNRELIABLE** LATELY, BUT NOW SHE'S GIVEN UP THE **NAVIGATIONAL GHOST** COMPLETELY.

I'M FLYING **BLINDFOLDED**, JUST LIKE THE BAD OLD DAYS.

SEEMS LIKE THE CITY STRETCHES ALL THE WAY TO THE **HORIZON**...

OH, DOCTOR, LOOK AT HER! ISN'T SHE **BEAUTIFUL?**

IZZY, TAKE CARE. DON'T FRIGHTEN IT...

YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF ME, ARE YOU, GIRL? YOU'RE JUST **LOVELY**... I WISH I HAD SOME CARROTS FOR YOU TO MUNCH ON...

YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? **YUM-YUM-YUM!**



STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERARTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

MY THANKS, BUT  
I MAY ONLY CONSUME  
NEO-PHASIC ALPHA  
STREAMS.

GAHH!

I AM JYNX, AN EXPOSITOR OF  
THE SEVENTH APEX. I BID YOU  
WELCOME TO THE MNEMONIC  
ARCHIVE OF PARADOST.  
THIS WORLD AND ALL ITS  
RICHES ARE YOURS.

WELL, THAT'S  
VERY GENEROUS OF  
YOU! I'M THE DOCTOR.  
THIS IS KROTON AND  
OUR BLUSHING BEAUTY  
IS IZZY...

HELLO.

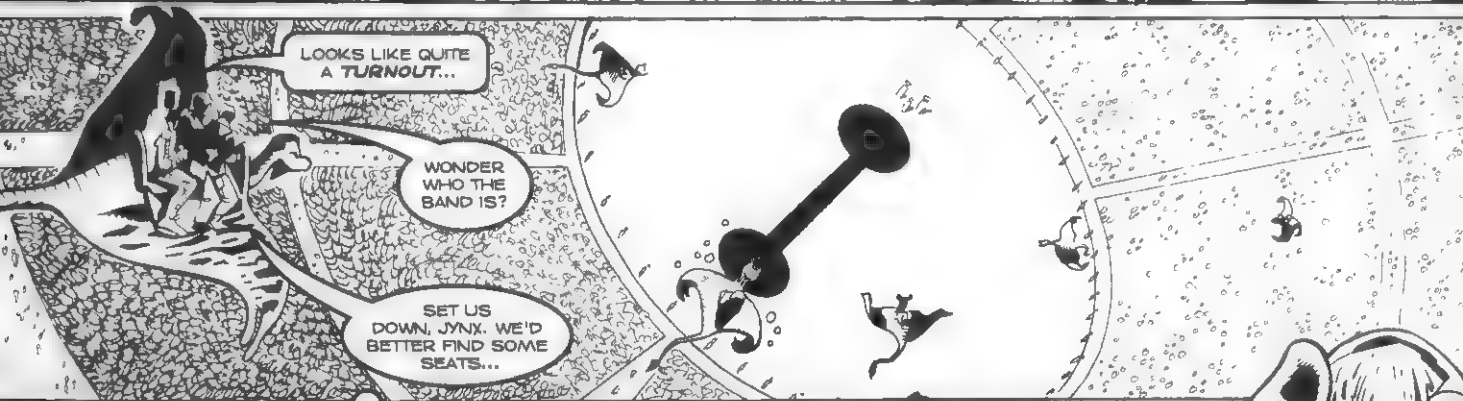
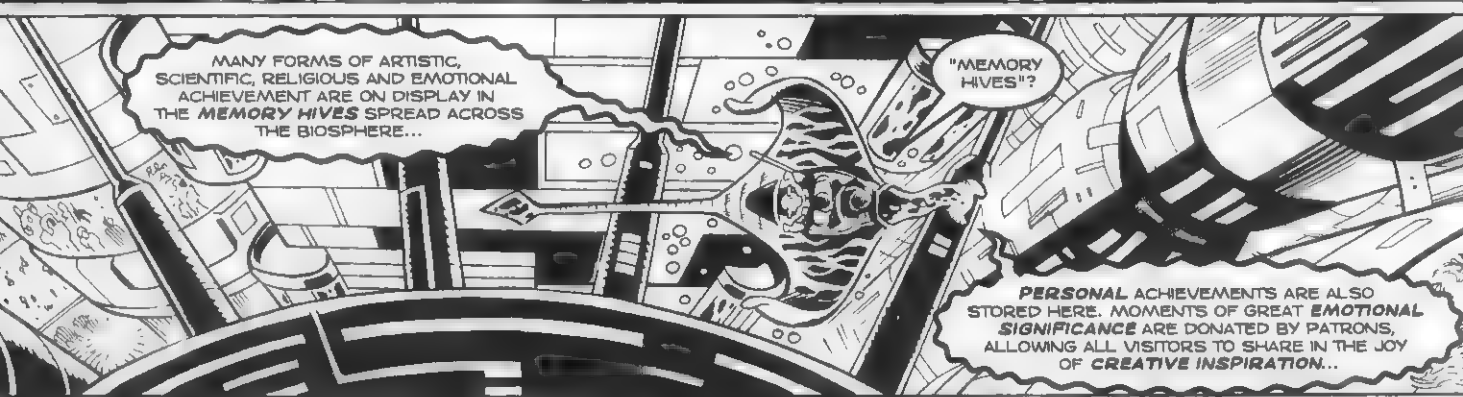
THE CEREMONY WILL  
BE COMMENCING SHORTLY.  
MAY I CONVEY YOU ALL TO  
THE NEXUS GALLERY?

AH... I'M A BIT ON THE  
HEAVY SIDE, JYNX. YOU  
WOULDN'T THANK ME  
FOR CLIMBING ABOARD...

I GENERATE A NATURAL  
GRAVITY-DENIAL FIELD.  
AMBASSADOR KROTON, YOU  
WILL BE VIRTUALLY  
HEFTLESS ~~WELL~~  
SEATED ON ME.

OH, YES.  
MUSTN'T BE LATE  
FOR THE CEREMONY!  
HOP ON, TEAM, LET'S SEE  
HOW FRIENDLY THE  
SKIES ARE...

OH, WELL,  
IF YOU'RE  
SURE...







DOCTOR,  
LOOK! IT'S  
BIGGER THAN THE  
GALACTICA!

SHHH!  
SOMEONE'S  
COMING OUT...

ALL HAIL THE  
SUPREME RULER OF  
THE CHOSEN WORLD,  
DHAKAN...

THE HOLY LEADER  
OF THE CHURCH OF THE  
GLORIOUS DEAD...

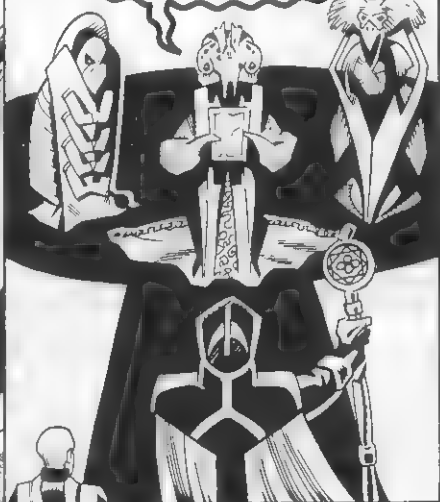
HIS MOST  
RIGHTEOUS  
PERSONAGE...

**CARDINAL  
MORNINGSTAR.**

PARADOST IS HONoured BY  
YOUR PRESENCE, CARDINAL.

SINCE THE BIRTH OF RECORDED  
HISTORY ON DHAKAN, THE SACRED TEXT OF  
YOUR FAITH - THE **ODOSTRA** - HAS GUIDED  
YOUR WORLD ON ITS SPIRITUAL PATH.

THERE HAS LONG BEEN A TRAGIC  
**OMMISSION** IN YOUR SCRIPTURE,  
HOWEVER - THE **FINAL PAGE** OF THE  
ODOSTRA HAS BEEN **LOST** FROM THE  
ORIGINAL WRITINGS FOR  
TIME IMMEMORIAL...



...UNTIL  
NOW.



AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION  
IN THE SALIUS CLUSTER DISCOVERED  
THIS PARCHMENT. WE WERE **OVERJOYED**  
WHEN YOUR OWN SCIENTISTS  
VERIFIED ITS AUTHENTICITY.

IT IS WITH GREAT **PLEASURE** - AND  
**PRIDE** - THAT PARADOST **RETURNS**  
THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE TO  
ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.

YOU HAVE THE  
**UNDYING GRATTITUDE** OF  
ALL DHAKAN, CUSTODIAN  
PYRI. NO MATTER WHAT THE  
FUTURE MAY HOLD, I FEEL  
**ONE THING IS  
CERTAIN...**

THIS IS  
A DAY **BOTH**  
OUR WORLDS  
WILL **NEVER  
FORGET.**



LET THE FINAL  
PAGE BE VIEWED BY **ALL**.  
WITNESS THE WORDS OF THE ONE  
**TRUTH**, THE ONE **HOPE**, THE  
ONE **STRENGTH**...

DOCTOR?  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

BUT... BUT  
THAT'S...

Ts.

NEVER  
MIND, IZZY. WE'RE  
AMBASSADORS

"...LET'S JUST ENJOY  
THE RECEPTION."

HELLO! BISHOP SEIDRI, ISN'T  
IT? I'M THE DOCTOR, DELEGATE FOR THE  
HACKNEY EMPIRE. CONGRATULATIONS  
ON YOUR REMARKABLE FIND.

THANK  
YOU, MY  
SON.

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR FAITH. COULD YOU GIVE ME A QUICK BREAKDOWN OF WHAT THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE ACTUALLY SAYS...?

THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE,  
DOCTOR. THE ORIGINAL SCRIPTURES  
OF THE ODOSTRA ARE FOR CARDINAL  
MORNINGSTAR'S UNDERSTANDING  
ALONE...

HE SHALL PROVIDE  
THE FAITHFUL WITH A **TRANSLATION**  
WHEN HE DEEMS IT **FITTING**.

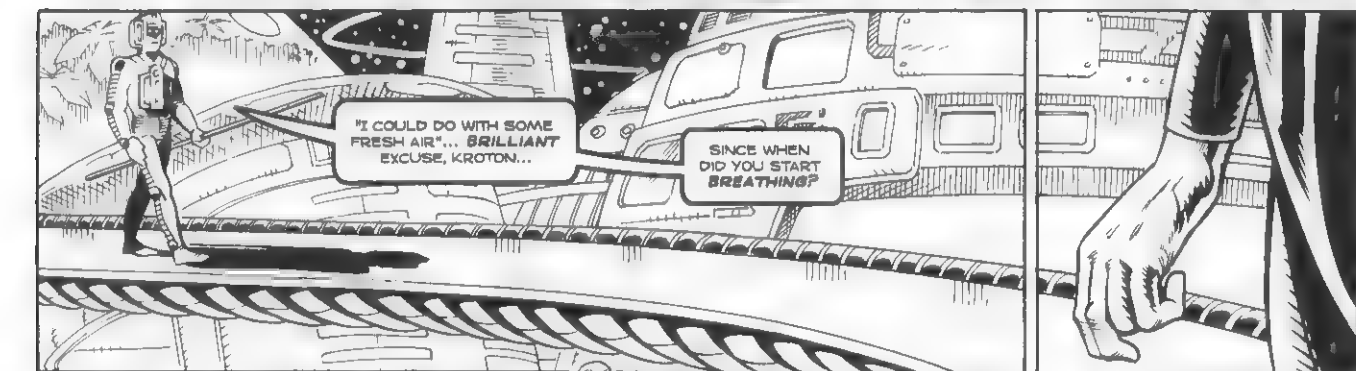
A CHURCH WHICH  
CAN'T READ ITS OWN **BIBLE?** DEAR  
ME. THAT MUST BE TERRIBLY  
**INCONVENIENT...**

FOR  
EVERYONE  
EXCEPT  
THE LUCKY  
CARDINAL.

WHAT  
ARE THESE,  
JYNX?

**MNEMONIC  
CRYSTALS,  
AMBASSADOR  
IZZY...**

THEY ARE A  
METHOD OF RETRIEVING  
**FADING MEMORIES** AND STORING  
**NEW ONES.** CHOOSE ONE AND  
RELAX YOUR MIND...







NO!!!

WH-WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

KRCHOOOM!

DEAD...  
THEY'RE  
ALL...

...DEAD?

AND YET THE  
DEAD MAY HOLD NEW  
LIFE WITHIN.

THE BLASPHEMOUS  
EXISTENCE IS AT AN END,  
CYBERMAN.

THOU  
ART A  
HERETIC...

NOW  
SUFFER A  
HERETIC'S  
FATE!

TO BE  
CONTINUED...

WHOEVER...  
WHATEVER YOU ARE...

I'M NOT  
LOOKING FOR  
ANY TROUBLE

THE HERETIC IS NEITHER  
ALIVE NOR DEAD. ITS  
EXISTENCE IS AN AFFRONT  
TO ALL UNCREATION.

IT MUST BE  
PURGED...

# The GLORIOUS DEAD

## PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

WE ARE THE DEAD  
CHOSEN TO PERFORM  
SUCH TASKS.

SORRY, CHIEF, I'VE  
NEVER BELIEVED IN...

GHOSTS...

UH... HOW DO  
YOU DO THAT?

PERMIT ME TO  
DEMONSTRATE.

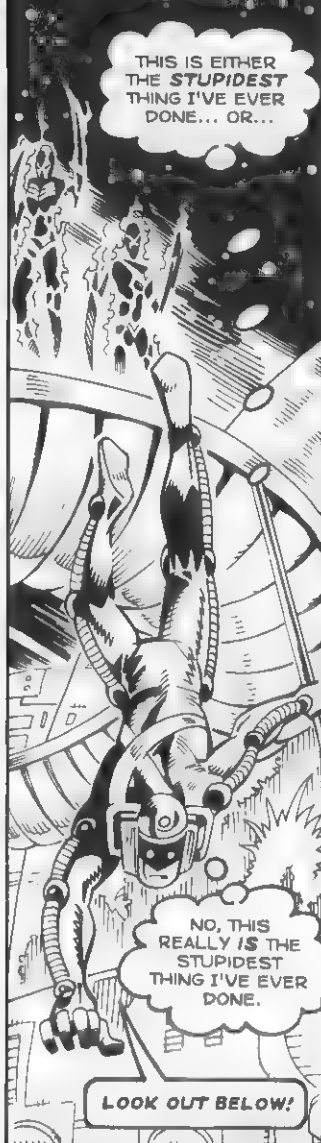
THAT... HURT!

SLICED CLEAN  
THROUGH MY  
ARMOUR... THAT'S  
NEVER HAPPENED  
BEFORE!

DIDN'T FEEL LIKE  
HE HIT ANYTHING  
ORGANIC... AUTO-  
REPAIR SYSTEMS  
KICKING IN... BUT  
I CAN'T GIVE HIM  
ANOTHER SHOT...

OUR FORMS  
GAIN SUBSTANCE  
ONLY WHEN  
DESIRED,  
INFIDEL.

AARRRRRGH!!



THIS IS EITHER  
THE **STUPIDEST**  
THING I'VE EVER  
DONE... OR...

NO, THIS  
REALLY **IS** THE  
STUPIDEST  
THING I'VE EVER  
DONE.

LOOK OUT BELOW!



I MUST BE **THREE  
THOUSAND FEET** OFF  
THE CITY FLOOR. I'M  
GOING TO BE A BIG  
SILVER PUDDLE  
UNLESS...

**EXPOSITOR! MAN**  
IN NEED OF A  
**RIDE OVER HERE!**



**WHOOOSH!**

THAT "GRAVITY  
DENIAL FIELD" YOU  
PEOPLE HAVE  
REALLY **WORKS**,  
DOESN'T IT?

I AM **EXPOSITOR TYLL**.  
WELCOME TO THE MNEMONIC  
ARCHIVE OF **PARADOST...**



**THANKS, TYLL,**  
BUT I ALREADY GOT  
THE GUIDED TOUR  
FROM YOUR  
COLLEAGUE **JYNX**.

THEN MAY I  
CONVEY YOU TO  
A SPECIFIC  
DESTINATION?

YOU MAY INDEED...



"... HEAD FOR THE  
**NEXUS GALLERY!**"

THIS IS **MAD**, DOCTOR! I'VE  
JUST BEEN TALKING METAPHYSICS  
TO THIS GIRAFFE-THINGIE WITH  
TRANSPARENT ELBOWS!

THAT'S NICE.  
EXCUSE ME, **IZZY**, I THINK  
**CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR**  
HAS A FREE MOMENT  
AT LAST...



GOOD  
EVENING,  
DOCTOR.



AH... GOOD EVENING,  
CARDINAL. HOW DID YOU KNOW  
MY NAME?

**BISHOP**  
~~WILL~~  
INFORMED ME OF  
YOUR INTEREST IN  
OUR HOLY  
**ODOSTRA**.

DO YOU  
WISH TO LEARN  
MORE OF OUR  
FAITH?

YOU'RE  
VERY KIND. PERHAPS YOU  
COULD START WITH ITS  
TITLE...

"THE  
CHURCH OF THE GLORIOUS  
DEAD"?





THE ANSWER LIES IN A **TRUTH** FEW NON-DHAKANIANS ARE PREPARED TO ACCEPT.

I AM DEAD, DOCTOR.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

ALL THINGS ARE DEAD. EVERY **TREE**, EVERY **STAR**, EVERY **BEAST**, EVERY **MAN**...



AS TIME BEGAN, **THE GLORY** SHAPED THE **VOID** AND SPREAD THROUGHOUT IT THE SEED OF **LIFE**.

BUT THE PEOPLES OF THE VOID WERE **DIVERSE** IN FORM AND THOUGHT. THEY SOUGHT TRUTH IN **COUNTLESS** DIRECTIONS, TRAVELLING EVER FURTHER **AWAY** FROM THE **GLORY'S** PATH. THEY MADE NO ATTEMPT TO FIND A **COMMON FAITH**.

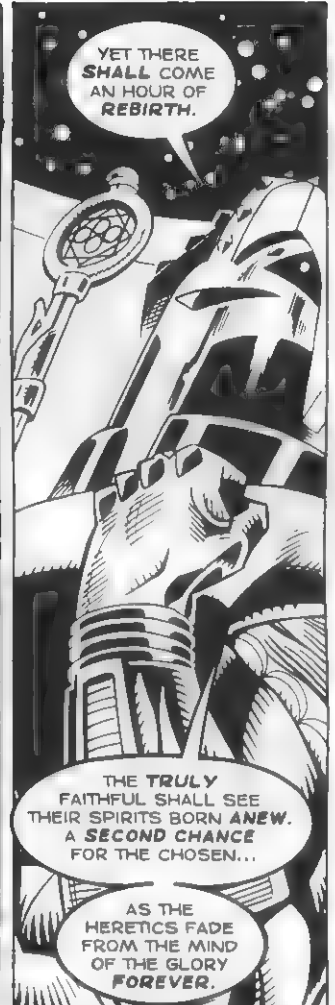
AND THE **GLORY** BECAME **DISPLEASED**.



SO THE **GLORY** UNCREATED HIS CHILDREN, AS WAS HIS **RIGHT**. THE VOID CEASED TO BE.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR?

WE ALL EXIST NOW ONLY AS A **MEMORY** INSIDE THE **GLORY'S** INFINITE MIND.



YET THERE SHALL COME AN HOUR OF **REBIRTH**.

THE **TRULY** FAITHFUL SHALL SEE THEIR SPIRITS BORN ANEW. A **SECOND CHANCE** FOR THE CHOSEN...

AS THE HERETICS FADE FROM THE MIND OF THE **GLORY** FOREVER.



SO... THE UNIVERSE IS REALLY THE **AFTERLIFE**? THAT'S AN INTERESTING PERSPECTIVE.

DO YOU HAVE FAITH IN ANYTHING, DOCTOR?

I TRY TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND.



YOU SHOULD LEARN TO **FOCUS** IT, MY SON.

YOU BELIEVE TIME TO BE YOUR **ALLY**. IT IS NOT.

EMBRACE THE **GLORY**...

WHILE YOU STILL CAN.



WELL, I WON'T KEEP YOU ANY LONGER, CARDINAL. THANK YOU FOR AN ILLUMINATING DISCUSSION...

OH, WAIT! I NEARLY FORGOT...



WOULD YOU MIND?

I TRY TO GET ALL THE BIG NAMES... **ARCHDUKE FERDINAND**... **QUEEN KHODILISTA**... **ZODIN THE TERRIBLE**...



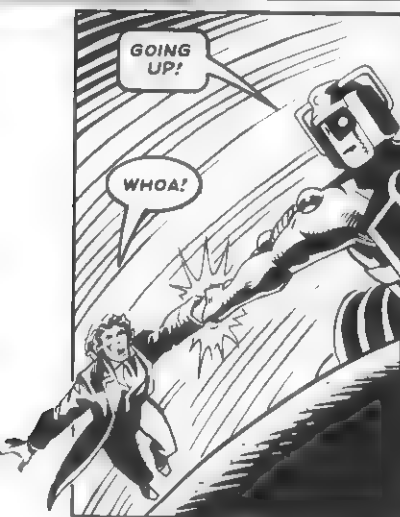


KROTON?  
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN  
UP TO?

PLEASE TELL  
ME THOSE ARE FRIENDS  
OF YOURS...

WELL, ONE OF THEM TRIED  
TO SHAKE HANDS EARLIER, BUT I  
DIDN'T ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE...

GET READY, I'M  
NOT STOPPING!



GOING  
UP!

WHOA!



WE'VE BEEN FLYING FULL-  
THROTTLE AND THEY'RE  
STILL CLOSING ON US!

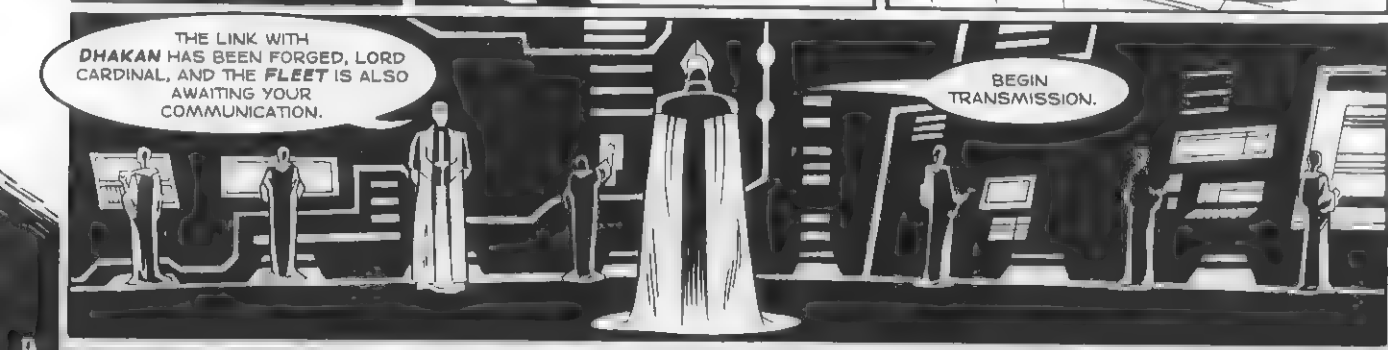
REALLY?  
BUT THEY SEEM TO BE  
MOVING SLOWLY... LIKE  
FIGURES IN A NIGHTMARE  
YOU CAN NEVER OUTFIGHT...



THANKS,  
DOCTOR, THAT'S  
CHEERED ME UP  
COMPLETELY!

LOOKS LIKE MY  
VISIT WITH THE CARDINAL  
WILL HAVE TO BE  
DELAYED...

I WONDER  
WHAT HE'S DOING  
NOW...?



THE LINK WITH  
DHAKAN HAS BEEN FORGED, LORD  
CARDINAL, AND THE FLEET IS ALSO  
AWAITING YOUR COMMUNICATION.

BEGIN  
TRANSMISSION.



MY CHILDREN...  
THIS IS A DAY LONG  
FORETOLD.

THE FINAL  
PAGE OF OUR MOST  
SACRED TEXT HAS BEEN  
RETURNED TO US. THE  
ODOSTRA IS AT LAST  
COMPLETE.

YOU MAY  
REJOICE





I SPEAK TO  
YOU FAR FROM DHAKAN,  
ON A PLANET CALLED PARADOST.  
IT IS A DARK AND TWISTED SOCIETY,  
WITH NO FAITH OF ITS OWN. THE  
HERESIES OF A MILLION WORLDS  
ARE CELEBRATED  
HERE.

YET IT HAS  
A PURPOSE IN THE GLORY'S  
DIVINE PLAN...



I HAVE READ  
THE FINAL PAGE. IT PROPHESES  
THE EVENTS OF TODAY. IT COMMANDS  
THE GLORY'S SERVANTS TO MAKE AN  
EXAMPLE OF THIS GODLESS  
WORLD.

THE LAST DAYS HAVE  
ARRIVED, MY CHILDREN. THE HOUR  
OF REGENERATION IS NIGH, AND WE  
MUST SHOW THE GLORY OUR FAITH  
IS STRONG. THE HERETICS MUST  
BE PUNISHED.

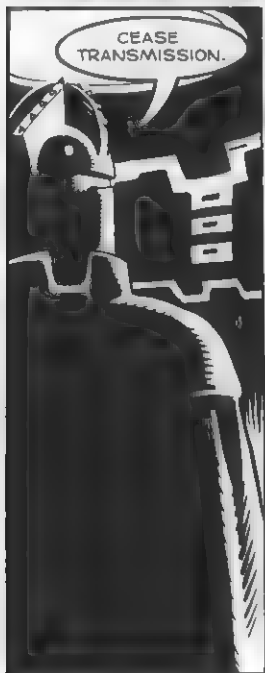
PARADOST  
SHALL BURN.



AND LET THE  
PEOPLES OF THE VOID WATCH  
AND GROW FEARFUL, FOR THEY  
ARE NEXT.

LET THE  
JIHAD BEGIN!

MORNINGSTAR!  
MORNINGSTAR!



CEASE  
TRANSMISSION.



YES, A  
NEW ERA  
BEGINS... AND  
OLD SCORES  
ARE FINALLY  
SETTLED.

AH,  
DOCTOR...



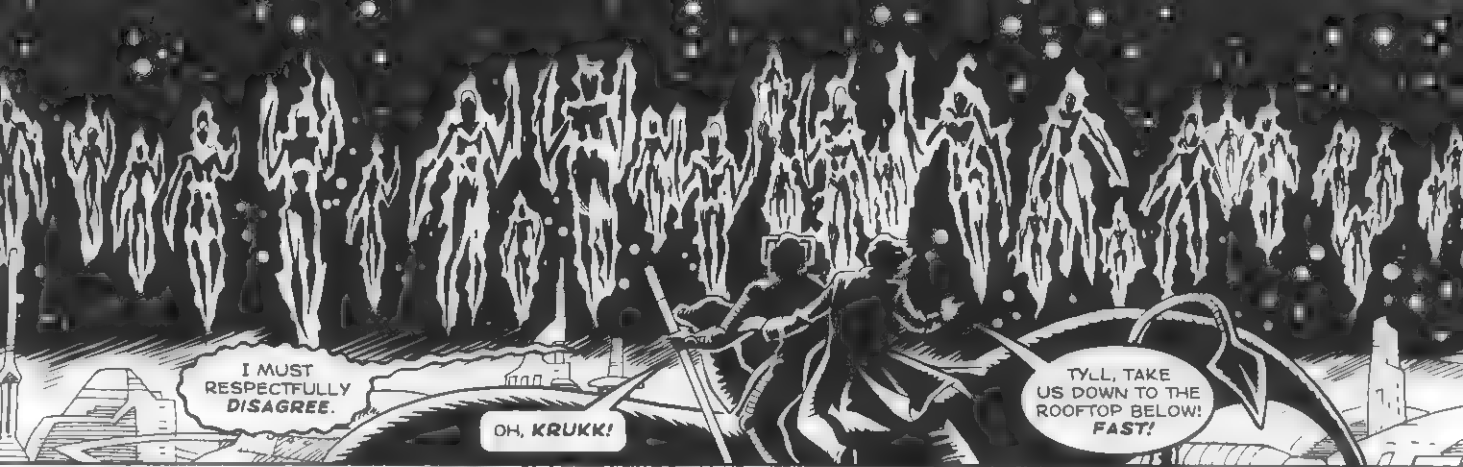
...YOU HAVE  
NO IDEA WHAT'S  
COMING.



THEY'RE  
ALMOST ON US! HEAD  
EAST!

HOW MANY CREATURES  
DID YOU SAY THERE  
WERE, AMBASSADOR?

FOUR!



I MUST  
RESPECTFULLY  
DISAGREE.

OH, KRUUK!

TYLL, TAKE  
US DOWN TO THE  
ROOFTOP BELOW!  
FAST!



SHRIIEEE!

TYLL!!!

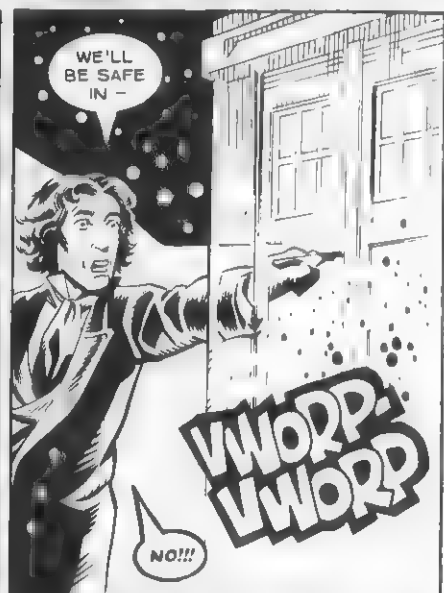


KROTON, THE  
TARDIS IS JUST ACROSS THE  
PARK! RUN FOR IT!



KEY, KEY,  
KEY... YOU'RE HERE  
SOMEWHERE...

AH-HA!



WE'LL  
BE SAFE  
IN -

VWORP-  
VWORP

NO!!!



I...  
I...

UH...

THAT'S NOT  
SUPPOSED TO  
HAPPEN, RIGHT?

TO BE CONTINUED..

STAND ASIDE,  
TIME-KEEPER.  
THE HERETIC  
MUST PERISH.

REALLY? BUT CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR  
JUST TOLD ME THAT EVERYONE'S DEAD ALREADY.  
APPARENTLY WE'RE ALL ONLY A MEMORY NOW, SO  
WHY BOTHER KILLING KROTON AGAIN?

YOU KNOW,  
WE COULD JUST SIT  
DOWN WITH A NICE  
POT OF TEA AND  
DEBATE THEOLOGICAL  
ISSUES LIKE  
GENTLEMEN...

# The GLORIOUS DEAD

## PART THREE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

HOW ABOUT  
STARTING WITH AN  
INTRODUCTION? YOU SEEM  
TO KNOW ME, BUT I DON'T  
RECALL EVER -

YOU HAVE BEEN WITNESSED  
MURDERING AN EXPOSITOR AND  
ASSAULTING GUESTS OF THIS WORLD.

OH  
NO.

LOWER  
YOUR ARMS!

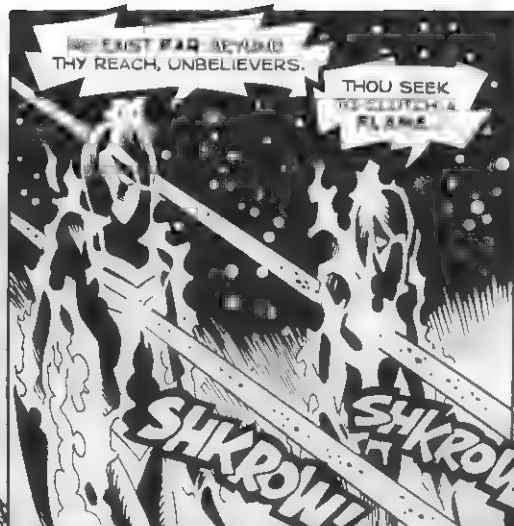
THE PARADOSTRIAN  
MILITIA ORDERS YOU  
TO SUBMIT OR FACE  
DESTRUCTION!

WOULDEST THOU  
THREATEN THE  
DEAD, INFIDEL?

PATHETIC.

ZZ-SHAKK!







DOCTOR, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TARDIS?

HIJACKED. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE, KROTON. OUR ENEMY IS FAR MORE THAN HE APPEARS -

SCREAMS AND M-MADNESS AND BLOOD AND D-DUST AND -

JYNX, CALM DOWN! I NEED YOU THINKING CLEARLY!

F-FORGIVE ME, DOCTOR. I WAS NOT BRED FOR SUCH SIGHTS... M-MY LIFE SHATTERS... ALL SENSE HAS FLED...

DHAKAN IS A **STRICT** ORDER, BUT NEVER HAS IT ATTACKED ANOTHER WORLD... AND TO BEGIN WITH **PARADOST IS INSANITY!**

WE ARE PROTECTED BY **THOUSANDS** OF STAR-FARING WORLDS! ALREADY AN ALLIED FLEET WILL HAVE BEEN **SUMMONED** - BY NEXT **NIGHTFALL** THEY WILL ARRIVE TO **CRUSH** THE DHAKANIANS!

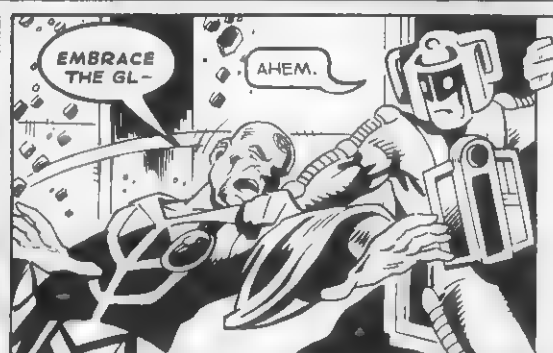
I DOUBT THE CARDINAL'S OVERLOOKED THE CAVALRY, JYNX...

THINGS MAY NOT BE THAT **SIMPLE**.

**MADNESS!**









GOOD GRIEF.  
IT'S NOT ON HIS CHEST.  
IT'S IMBEDDED  
IN IT

STILL, I THINK  
I CAN NUDGE OUT  
THE PRIMARY  
COMPONENT...

VREEEEEEEE



I'VE SEEN SIMILAR  
MECHANISMS BEFORE. WARP-  
SUBTRACTION CIRCUITRY...  
HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED. THIS  
LITTLE CHAP CREATES A MULTI-  
DIMENSIONAL PORTAL.

MY GUESS IS THAT  
ITS **POWER SOURCE** IS  
THE BODY'S **INTERNAL**  
**COMBUSTION**. VERY,  
VERY NASTY...

JJJJJ...



NO! MY  
SOUL-KEY!  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?!

STOPPED YOU FROM  
COMMITTING SUICIDE?

ARE YOU WILLING TO TELL  
US WHAT THOSE CREATURES  
OUTSIDE REALLY ARE?



YOU SEEK THE  
TRUTH, INFIDEL? BE  
WARNED... THE TRUTH IS  
ALSO SEEKING YOU.

I WILL TELL  
YOU GLADLY...



"THEY ARE THE **ARCHANGELS**  
OF THE GLORY'S ETERNAL  
**PANTHEON**. THEY ARE THE **HOLY**  
**AVENGERS** WHO DWELL IN THE  
**CELESTIAL FURNACES** THAT  
FORGED THE GLORY'S DOMAIN.

"NO **BLASPHEMER** MAY **TOUCH** THEM. NO  
**WEAPON** MAY STRIKE THEM DOWN. THEY  
ARE THE **INVINCIBLE SWORD OF FAITH**.

"THEY ARE THE  
**ASH WRAITHS!**"



AND THEIR  
NUMBERS **GROW**  
WITH EVERY PASSING  
**SECOND!**

TERRIFIC.



ANY JOY FINDING A  
READABLE COPY OF THE  
DHAKANIAN'S BIBLE,  
THE **ODOSTRA**?

UH-UH. SORRY,  
BUT ACCORDING TO THESE  
FILES IT'S NEVER BEEN  
TRANSLATED. BUT WHY  
SHOULD IT **MATTER**,  
ANYWAY...?



I MEAN, WHEN YOU SAW THAT PAGE FROM THE ODOSTRA YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU'D SWALLOWED A FOOTBALL! WHY GET ME TO HUNT FOR A TRANSLATION IF YOU CAN READ THE TEXT YOURSELF?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, IZZY. I DIDN'T RECOGNISE THE LANGUAGE...



I RECOGNISED THE HANDWRITING.

SKRUNCH



WAIT! WAIT-WAIT-WAIT, THAT'S IT!

WHAT'S IT?

POWER SOURCE... YES... IT COULD WORK... IT'D BE SO SIMPLE...



I NEED SOME INFORMATION ON PARADOST, JYNX - WITH ANY LUCK, THIS WAR COULD BE CANCELLED BY LUNCHTIME!

AS EASY AS THAT?

AS EASY AS WALKING ON WATER, IZZY! NOW, LISTEN, WE...

WAKE UP



WE NEED TO...

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HEAR WHAT?



SOMEONE TELLING US... NO... TELLING ME TO...

WAKE UP



WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? IZZY!

DOCTOR? ARE YOU OKAY? Y-YOU WERE A LITTLE SHAKEN

WAKE UP



NO! TH-THIS ISN'T... THIS CAN'T BE...

NO!

WAKE UP





**NO!!!**

PLEASE,  
SWEETHEART,  
YOU'RE  
ALRIGHT! I  
PROMISE!

IT WAS  
JUST A **BAD**  
**DREAM!** Y-YOU  
WERE THRASHING  
AROUND LIKE A  
**MADMAN!**

BUT IT'S  
OKAY, HONEY,  
REALLY  
IT IS...

YOU'RE  
WIDE  
AWAKE  
NOW...

TO BE CONTINUED..

Dear Max,  
Hi there. I'm about fifty quadzillion light-years from you right now. I suppose this letter hasn't got much of a chance of ever getting to you, but I'm writing it anyway. Somehow it makes me feel a little more connected to you. And to home.

I'm on a planet called Paradost. It was a really beautiful place when we landed, around three weeks ago.

Now it isn't looking so great.

I've got two friends here. Kroton's a Cyberman. He's a bit like a Borg, only with loads more personality. Jynx is an Expositor. She's sort of like a manta ray tour guide.

Something really important is going to happen tomorrow, Max.

I'm writing this tonight because you're my best friend and I wanted to tell you that I haven't forgotten you. To let you know that I still care.

Paradost has been invaded by the "Church of the Glorious Dead" from the planet Dhakan. The Dhakanians and these creatures called Ash Wraiths have been destroying this world piece-by-piece. They think it's "blasphemous".

They're all insane, every last one. But they're the ones with the artillery.


We're on the run. Fugitives! Mad, I know, but that's how it is

Just in case I don't get the chance later.

# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

## PART FOUR

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



The Dhakanians wiped out the local militia in a few days. The Ash Wraiths were busy setting up an energy barrier around the whole planet.

There are millions of spaceships from other worlds outside. They're trying to get in to help us, but they can't. Anyone who gets near it is killed.



Every alien ambassador was put on trial for the crime of "unbelief" and executed. Then they started holding mass trials for the Paradostrians.

We've heard that whole cities have been destroyed. It's almost too big to get my head around.

Did I mention they're insane?



They've been burning Paradostr's Memory Hives in these fancy rituals. People's personal memories are collected there. They don't like that. According to them, only the memories of the "Glory" (their god) are real.

I know what you're thinking, Max: "What about the Doctor?"

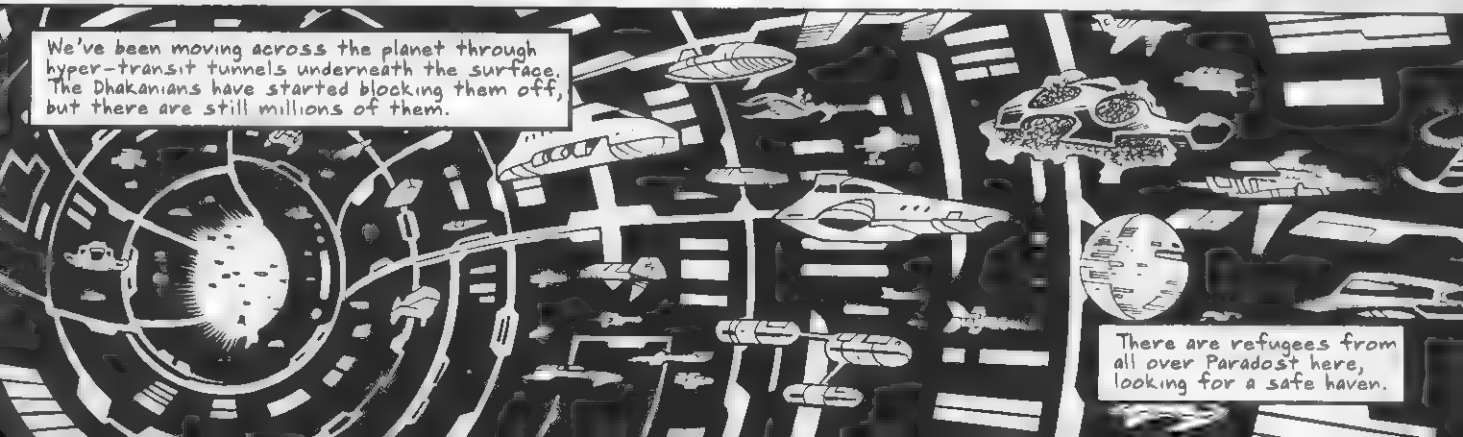
He seemed to have a plan to stop them the night the invasion started. "As easy as walking on water," he said.

Then he up and vanished right in front of us. Totally typical.



We've been moving across the planet through hyper-transit tunnels underneath the surface. The Dhakanians have started blocking them off, but there are still millions of them.

There are refugees from all over Paradostr here, looking for a safe haven.





We're pretty important for some reason. When we go up to the surface to find food, we see 3-D "Wanted" posters of us everywhere.



The Doctor's on them too, which I think is good news. That has to mean the Dhakanians didn't get him, right?

I haven't given up on him. He'll come back. Whatever's happened to him, he can handle it.

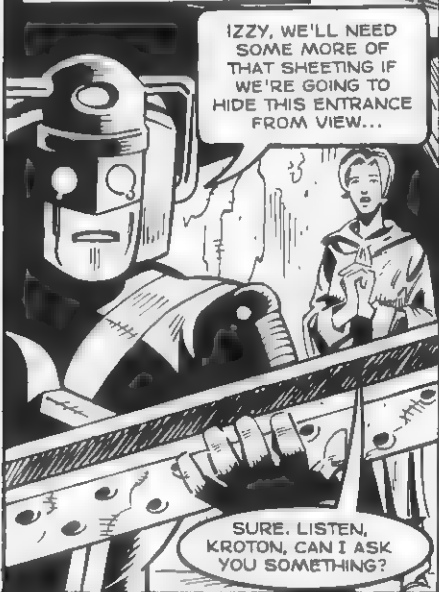


I guess it's just taking him a bit longer than usual.

Jynx gave me this lovely little "mnemonic crystal". It records people's memories and plays them back. It's been reminding me of all our times together in Stockbridge. Beats a Game Boy any day!



One evening I talked to Kroton about it.



IZZY, WE'LL NEED SOME MORE OF THAT SHEETING IF WE'RE GOING TO HIDE THIS ENTRANCE FROM VIEW...

SURE. LISTEN, KROTON, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?

ON THE NIGHT WE ARRIVED I TRIED TO SHOW YOU THIS CRYSTAL. BUT YOU...

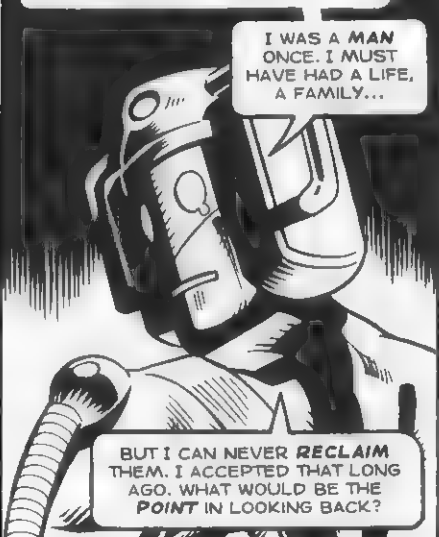
WELL, YOU SORT OF RAN AWAY FROM IT.



WILL YOU TELL ME WHY?



I... I SOMETIMES GET FLASHES OF MEMORY. IMAGES OF PEOPLE... PLACES... A WOMAN WHO SEEMS IMPORTANT TO ME. I CAN'T PUT NAMES TO ANY OF THEM.

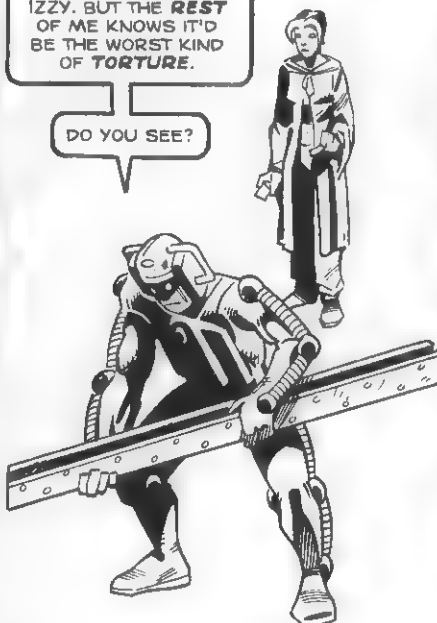


I WAS A MAN ONCE. I MUST HAVE HAD A LIFE, A FAMILY...

BUT I CAN NEVER RECLAIM THEM. I ACCEPTED THAT LONG AGO. WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT IN LOOKING BACK?

PART OF ME WANTS TO REMEMBER, IZZY. BUT THE REST OF ME KNOWS IT'D BE THE WORST KIND OF TORTURE.

DO YOU SEE?



I THINK SO.

I WAS FOUND AT A BUS SHELTER, JUST A FEW HOURS OLD. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF MY MUM OR DAD.



WHEN I WAS EIGHT, MY ADOPTIVE PARENTS, SANDRA AND LES, SAT ME DOWN AND TOLD ME THE TRUTH. THEY WERE REALLY NICE ABOUT IT, BUT IT STILL HURT.



I'm going to finish this letter tonight and put it somewhere safe. Tomorrow morning we get started on my plan.

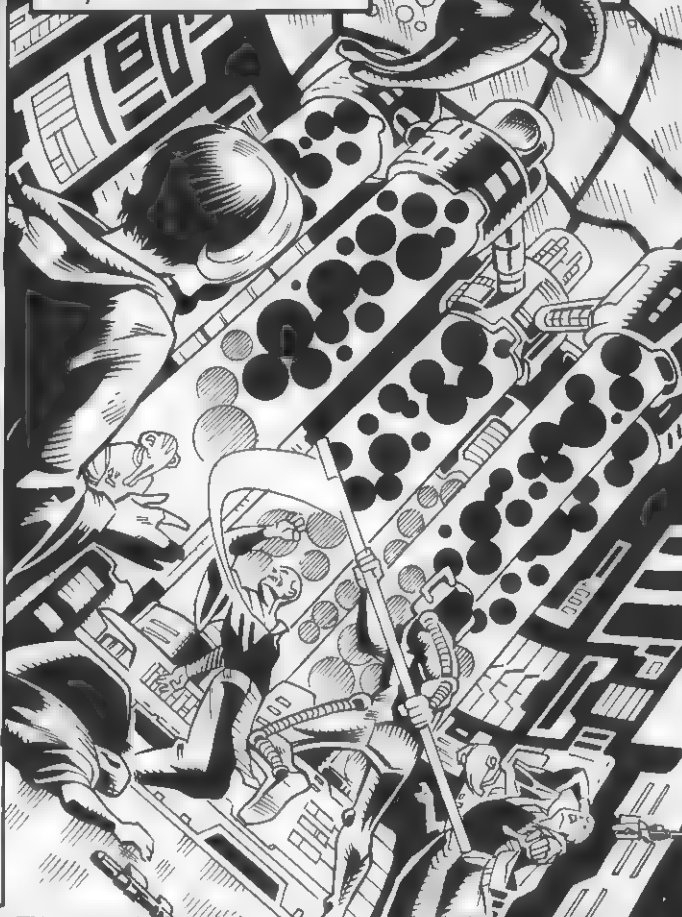


We're going to break in.

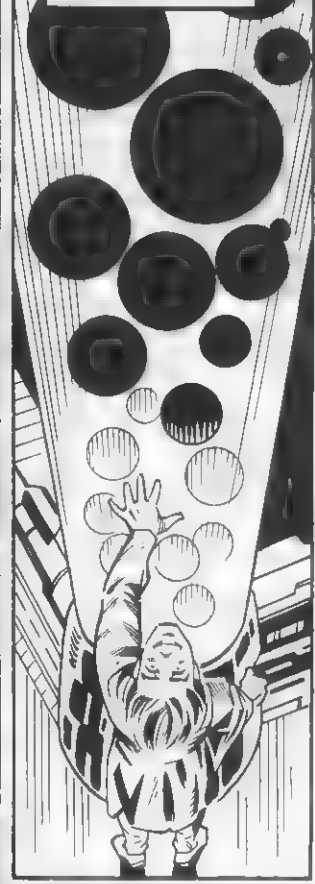
You see, I kept going over the Doctor's last words: "As easy as walking on water. I mean, that's not easy at all, right? Not unless you're a god or something."



But it's finally hit me, what he really meant. It can be easy to walk on water...



You just have to freeze it first.



The Ash Wraiths are the big problem. We've been told they live in "celestial furnaces". They kill people with fire, and they only seem to appear after a Dhakanian dies in a burst of flames.



They like it hot. Very hot.

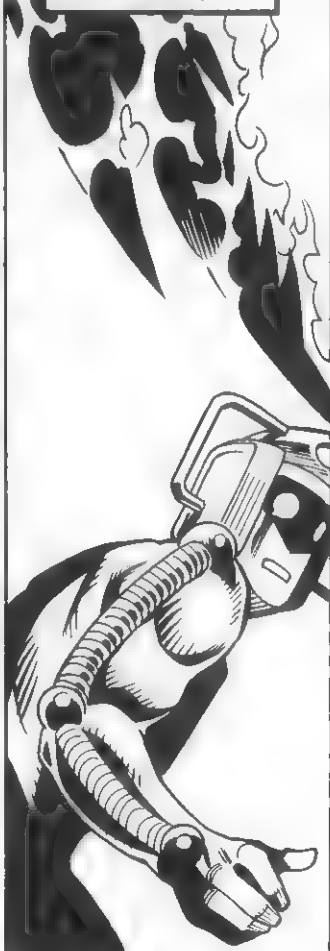


So we're going to build a blizzard that'll cover the whole world at the push of a button.



We'll have to convince the scientists there to do it, but let's face it...

What have they got left to lose?





So what will happen when the weather turns Arctic?



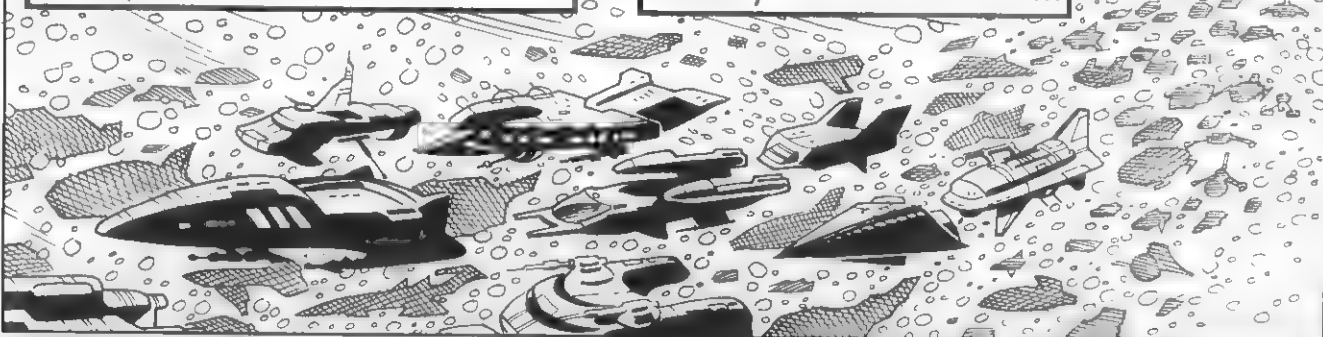
Maybe nothing. Maybe the Wraiths stick on woolly parkas and that's it. But if we're really, really, really lucky, they'll follow an old saying I just made up...



"If you can't stand the cold, get out of the freezer."

The Ash Wraiths built the barrier. If they're forced back to wherever it is they come from, then maybe it'll dissolve.

If that happens, the allied fleet will come zooming in and the Dhakanians will finally be the ones outnumbered.



Tons of "ifs" and "maybes", I know, but it's worth a try.

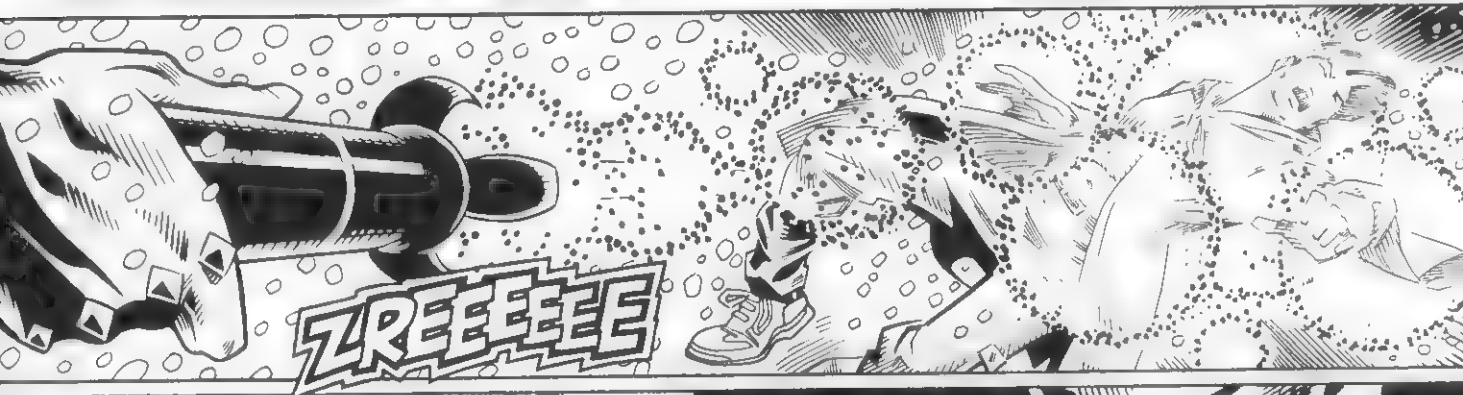
I'm not kidding myself. I know what our chances are. I'm more scared than I've ever been in my whole life.



We'll have to destroy the weather-controlling equipment straight away, or the Dhakanians will be able to reset it.



But I'm finished with hiding, I know that much



# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

## PART FIVE



HONEY? PLEASE SAY SOMETHING. YOU'RE SCARING ME...

I'M... I'M SORRY, GRACE. I'M ALRIGHT. IT WAS JUST A BAD DREAM.

WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?

THAT'S THE ODD THING... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER NOW.

STORY SCOTT GRAY  
PENCIL ART MARTIN GERAGHTY & ROGER LANGRIDGE  
INKS ROBIN SMITH LETTERING ROGER LANGRIDGE  
EDITORS GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



DON'T GET UP NOW, IT'S 6.00 AM! COME BACK TO BED, DUMMY!

NO, I HAVE TO GET TO WORK EARLY TODAY. THERE'S A WHOLE SEMESTER SCHEDULE TO PLAN OUT, AND THE DEAN'LL HAVE MY HEAD IF IT ISN'T FINISHED SOON...



WELL, DON'T FORGET, ALICE AND TED ARE COMING OVER FOR DINNER TONIGHT...

RIGHT. YES. THAT'LL BE NICE.

HEY, TRY TO CONTAIN YOUR ENTHUSIASM...

DID YOU PUT THE GARBAGE OUT LAST NIGHT?

IF YOU MEAN THE RUBBISH, YES...

WHAT ABOUT THE VISA ACCOUNT? DID YOU SETTLE IT?

YOU SAID YOU'D DO IT!

I DID NOT! LISTEN, I KNOW ALL THIS DOMESTIC STUFF IS STILL NEW TO YOU, SO I'M CUTTING YOU SOME SLACK RIGHT NOW...

BUT KEEP UP THE ABSENT-MINDED ROUTINE AND I'M WARNING YOU, MISTER...

... WE'LL BE HEADING FOR A SHOWDOWN.



IT'S HIGH NOON  
IN VORTEX CITY.

DOC GALLIFREY WALKS DOWN  
SALVATION STREET, WHISTLIN' A  
SLOW TUNE, TRYIN' TO RECALL HOW  
THIS WHOLE MESS GOT STARTED.

THE MAN IN BLACK IS ALREADY WAITIN'. THE DOC  
CAN'T SEE HIS FACE IN THE MIDDAY SUN, BUT THAT  
DON'T MATTER. HE KNOWS HIM FROM WAY BACK.

THESE TWO, THEY  
GOT A HISTORY.

THE DOC CAN HEAR THE TOWNSFOLK  
MUMBLIN' BEHIND THE SHUTTERS.  
SOME ARE PRAYIN'. SOME ARE  
PLACIN' BETS.

SOMEONE FAR, FAR AWAY  
CALLS OUT THE COUNT...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

BLAM!

BLAM!

DARN. THIS TIME THE DOC JUST  
AIN'T FAST ENOUGH. TRUTH IS, HE  
DON'T EVEN SEE THE MAN DRAW.

HE'S GONNA HIT HARD...

FISHY  
LUIGI'S

OW!

OW!

OW!

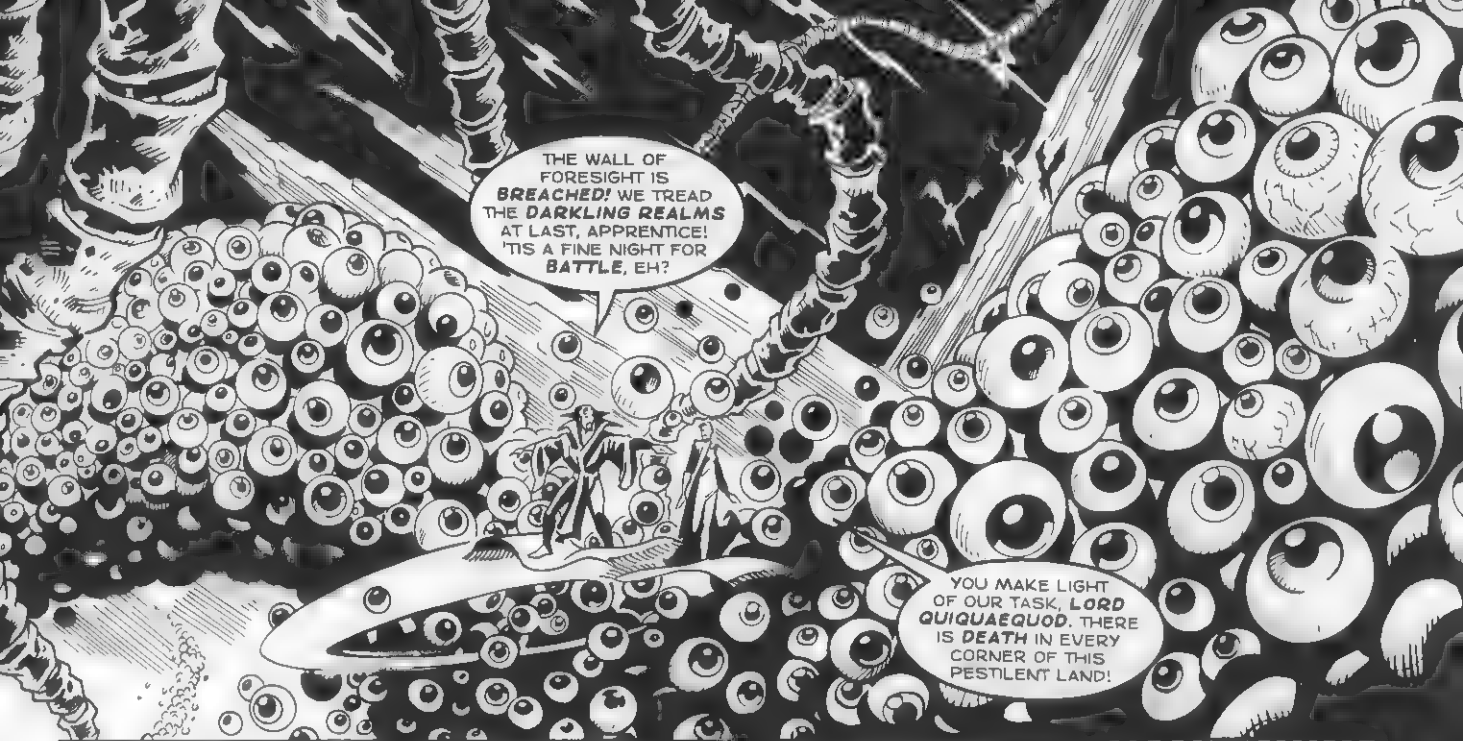
BOINK!

BOINK!

BOINK!

... AND-A STAY OUT,  
YOU FAT LITTLE FELINE!





THE WALL OF FORESIGHT IS BREACHED! WE TREAD THE DARKLING REALMS AT LAST, APPRENTICE! 'TIS A FINE NIGHT FOR BATTLE, EH?

YOU MAKE LIGHT OF OUR TASK, LORD QUIQUAEQUOD. THERE IS DEATH IN EVERY CORNER OF THIS PESTILENT LAND!



HAH! WOULD THE MIGHTY SAYDE LE FEY FLEE FROM THE NIGHT LIKE A SERVING WENCH? DISPLAY SOME PRIDE, WOMAN!

THE DARCOUL! GATHER, MY LORD! BEWARE!



I FEAR NO MONSTERS. WOMAN! LET THEIR WINGS BE SCORCHED!

FWOON!



MY LORD... YOUR ELDRITCH FLAMES SPREAD! TH-THEY TURN ON -

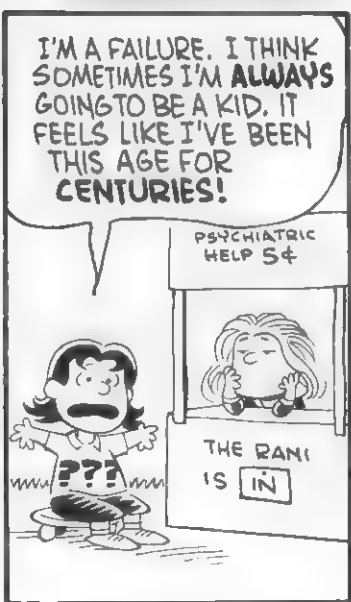
AAHIEEE!

CHKROOM!



N-NO! APPRENTICE! WHAT HAVE I WROUGHT? TH-THE FIRES CANNOT BE QUENCHED!

I... I AM...



I'M A FAILURE. I THINK SOMETIMES I'M ALWAYS GOING TO BE A KID. IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN THIS AGE FOR CENTURIES!

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN

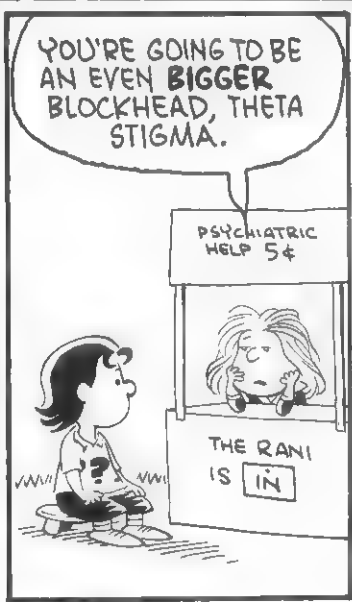


IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT I WAS GOING TO BE WHEN I GREW UP...

OH, IS THAT ALL? WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK THAT EARLIER?

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN



YOU'RE GOING TO BE AN EVEN BIGGER BLOCKHEAD, THETA STIGMA.

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN



THAT WILL BE FIVE CENTS.

PSYCHIATRIC HELP 5¢

THE RANI IS IN



Yeah,  
five  
cents...

It wasn't much to stake a guy's  
future on, but in a town where life is  
cheaper than leftover lint it happens  
more often than you might think...

But when even the  
lint gets too pricey,  
they call me.

JOE SMITH  
PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATOR

The coin was my  
only clue to a  
multiple homicide.  
I had until  
midnight to  
close the case.

Then I realised  
someone was outside.  
Looked like a big  
guy wearing door  
handles on his head.

So for once I decided  
to play it smart. My  
finger slowly eased  
back the safety on my  
38... I aimed...

FIRE! FIRE!!  
FIRE!!!

I had a hunch he  
hadn't dropped by  
to sell Bibles.

MOVE FORWARD, MEN,  
INTO THE ALIEN SCUM'S  
SHIP! DRIVE THEM BACK!

ZWAZZ!  
ZWAZZ!

AAHHH!!



HAR! YOU ARE THE PRAXXANOIDS' LEADER, YAH? YOU DARE TO INVADÉ PLANET EARTH, FOOL?

MERCY... PLEASE... M-MY FORCES HAVE SURRENDERED...



MERCY? VEAKLING! THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER CANNOT EVEN SPELL THIS VORD!

I VILL GO UP TO "AGONISE" ON YOU, VORM!

NO!  
NO!



UUUGGHHIEE!



VAIT...

WAIT...

THIS ISN'T ME... IS IT?



NO!

SHRIPPP!



GOT TO... FOCUS... I HAVE TO...





...WAKE UP!

JH-HH?



PLEASE, DARLING, YOU HAVE TO STAY AWAKE! I - I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU!

YOU'RE LOSING YOURSELF IN FANTASIES! TH-THEY'RE PULLING YOU AWAY FROM ME, AWAY FROM OUR LIFE!



FANTASIES?

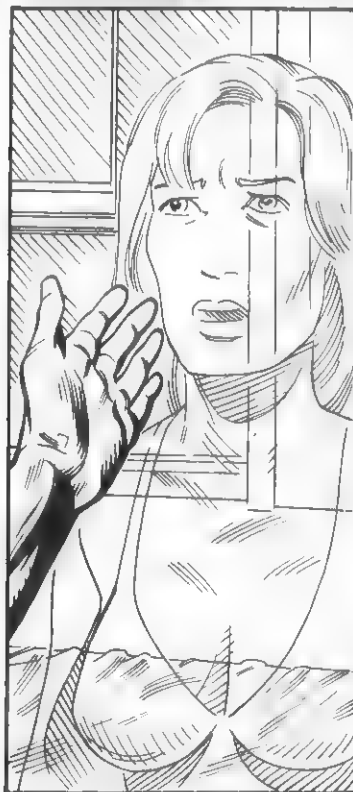
NO, GRACE... NO...

THEY'RE ALL REAL... AS REAL AS I AM...



...THIS IS THE FANTASY.

I'M SORRY.



WHOEVER'S DOING THIS... ENOUGH. SHOW YOURSELF.

I WANT THE TRUTH.



THE TRUTH... SURROUNDS YOU, YOUNG ONE. IT ONLY AWAITS YOUR GAZE.

WHO ARE YOU?

SOMEONE WHO ALSO ONCE BELIEVED THE TRUTH WAS A PRIZE TO BE WON. A LAND TO BE CONQUERED. A GIFT TO BE RECEIVED...

I AM ESTERATH.

TELL ME... WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED?





THOSE OTHER BEINGS... I WAS EXPERIENCING THEIR LIVES. BUT THEY WEREN'T EXISTING **PARALLEL** TO ME...

THEY WERE ME. I'M ONE OF THEM. I... I'M JUST A SINGLE ASPECT OF SOMEONE ELSE - A FAR LARGER BEING I'VE NEVER EVEN CONTEMPLATED **EXISTED**...

JUST ONE FACET OF A GIGANTIC JEWEL...



YOU HAVE DONE WELL, DOCTOR. FROM **PERSPECTIVE** COMES **AWARENESS**. YOU WILL NEED **BOTH** IF YOU ARE TO MEET YOUR CHALLENGE...

YOUR FINAL CHALLENGE.

MY SEARCH IS ENDED, AND WITH SO LITTLE TIME LEFT, YOU ARE THE **ADVERSARY**.



THE WHAT?

LOOK TO YOUR FEET, DOCTOR. SEE THE **PATTERN**?

I CAN SEE PART OF IT... IT'S TOO LARGE TO TAKE IT ALL IN...

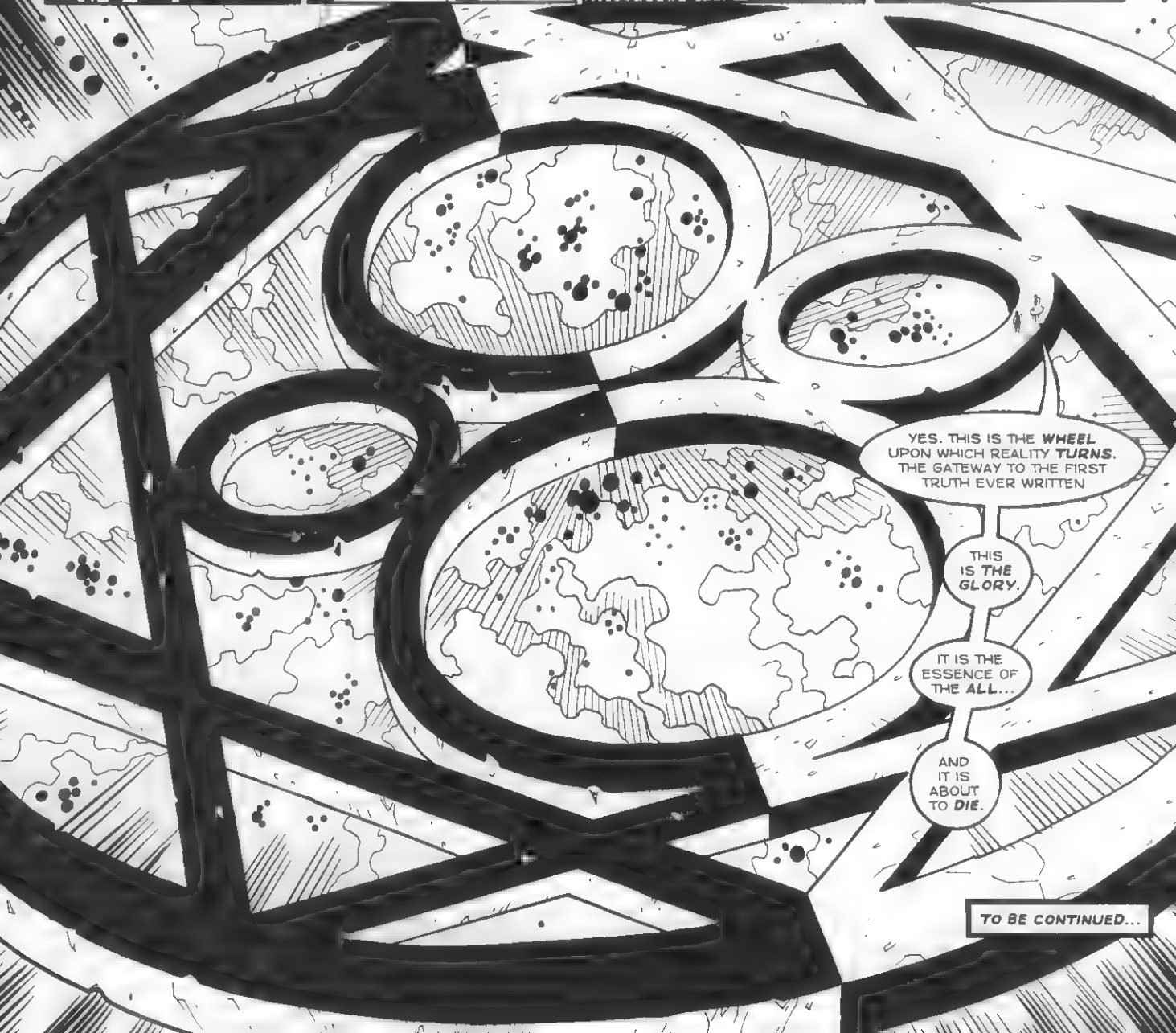
FOCUS YOUR MIND. IT IS CRUCIAL YOU WITNESS THE ENTIRETY.



YES... I CAN SEE IT... IT'S THE SYMBOL THE DHAKANIANS HAD ON THEIR FOREHEADS...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT REPRESENTS?

THE... CENTRE?



YES. THIS IS THE **WHEEL** UPON WHICH REALITY **TURNS**. THE GATEWAY TO THE FIRST TRUTH EVER WRITTEN

THIS IS THE **GLORY**.

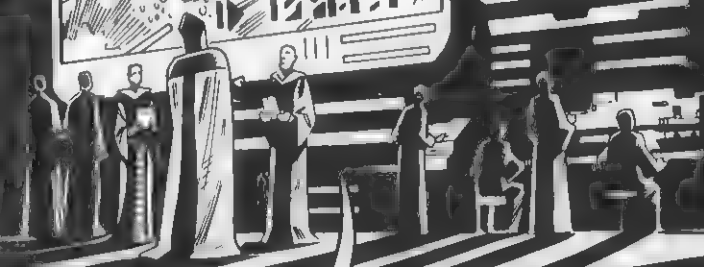
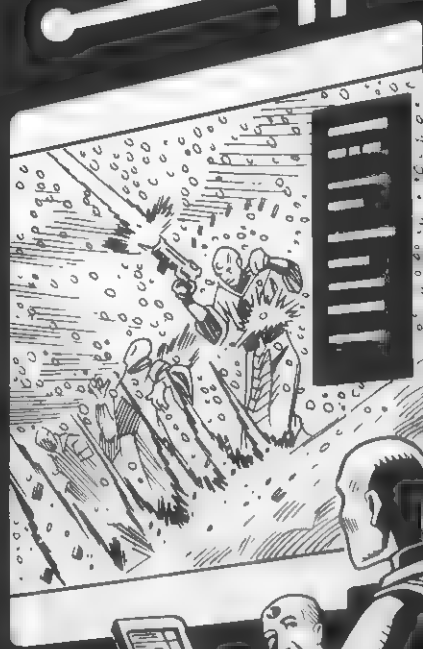
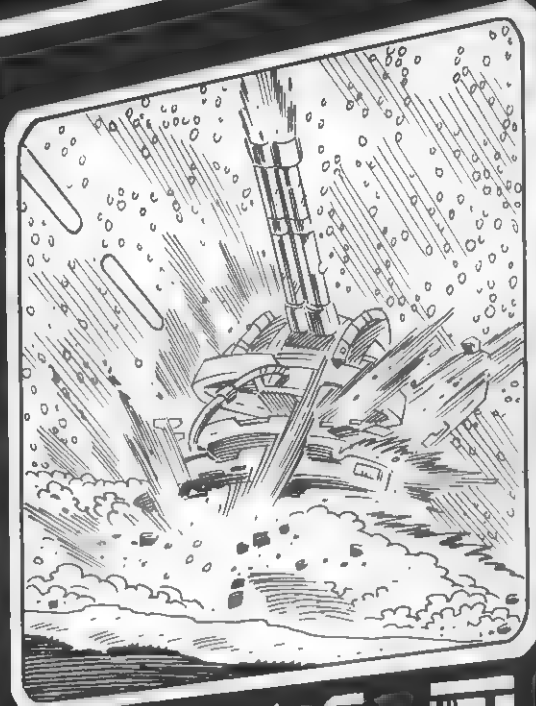
IT IS THE ESSENCE OF THE ALL...

AND IT IS ABOUT TO **DIE**.

TO BE CONTINUED...

CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR, WE ARE SUFFERING HEAVY CASUALTIES. THE ALLIED HORDE GREATLY OUTNUMBER OUR HOLY FORCES...

WE HAVE LOST THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.



# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART SIX

MOST OF THE ASH WRAITHS WERE CAUGHT BY THE ICE STORM, LORD CARDINAL. THE SURVIVORS HAVE RETREATED TO THE ETERNAL PANTHEON...

DO... DO WE FIGHT ON?

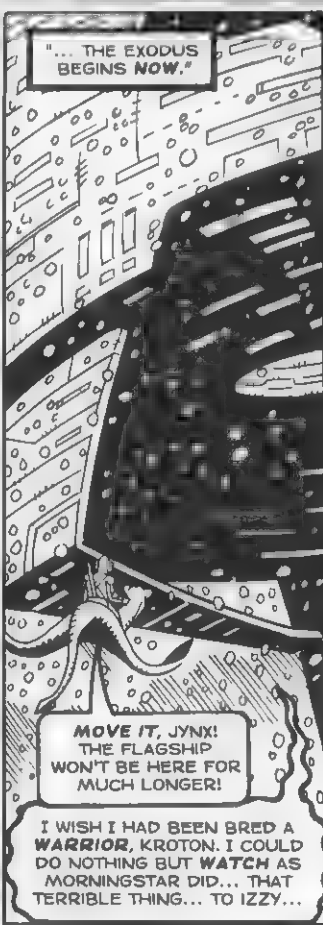
STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKING: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



NO.

OUR TASK HERE IS DONE. IT IS CLEAR TO ME NOW THAT THE DOCTOR HAS ABANDONED HIS ALLIES AND SOMEHOW FLED PARADOST

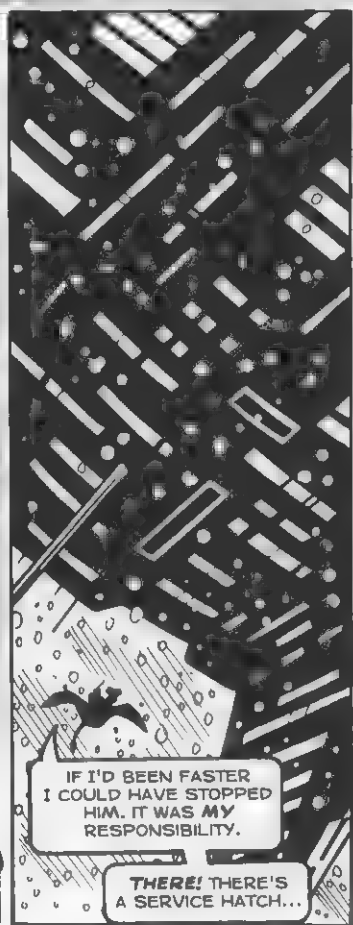
DHAKAN IS CALLING TO US, DEACON KULIOS. ALERT THE FLEET...



"... THE EXODUS BEGINS NOW."

MOVE IT, JYNX! THE FLAGSHIP WON'T BE HERE FOR MUCH LONGER!

I WISH I HAD BEEN BRED A WARRIOR, KROTON. I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WATCH AS MORNINGSTAR DID... THAT TERRIBLE THING... TO IZZY...



IF I'D BEEN FASTER I COULD HAVE STOPPED HIM. IT WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE! THERE'S A SERVICE HATCH...



KRUNCHH!

GET CLEAR FAST, JYNX, THEY'RE POWERING UP TO ESCAPE VELOCITY. DON'T GET CAUGHT IN THE BACK-BLAST...

I UNDERSTAND. THE SPIRIT OF PARADOST GOES WITH YOU, KROTON...



... MAY IT  
SUSTAIN US ALL  
IN THE LONG  
DAYS AHEAD.



YOU DID IT, IZZY.  
PARADOST HAS A  
CHANCE NOW.  
THANKS TO YOU, BUT  
YOU SACRIFICED  
EVERYTHING...

ALL I CAN  
DO NOW IS  
AVENGE YOU.  
AND BY GOD,  
I'M GOING TO.



YOU WANT TO  
SEE SOME HOLY  
JUSTICE,  
MORNINGSTAR?

JUST  
WAIT.



WAIT...

THIS IS...  
TOO MUCH  
TO TAKE IN...

I... I THOUGHT  
I'D SEEN EVERYTHING,  
ESTERATH. THE WONDERS  
OF THE TIME/SPACE  
VORTEX...

THE VORTEX  
IS ONLY A  
TINY TRIBUTARY,  
DOCTOR, FLOWING  
HERE...

... INTO THE  
OCEAN OF  
REALITY.

YOU HAVE  
CROSSED DIMENSIONAL  
PLANES IN THE PAST, BUT  
ALWAYS CONFINED WITHIN  
YOUR OWN MULTIVERSAL  
REALM...

BUT THIS IS  
EVERY MULTIVERSE.  
THE TOTALITY OF  
EXISTENCE...

**THE  
OMNIVERSAL  
SPECTRUM.**



THE GLORY IS THE FOCAL POINT OF THE SPECTRUM. IT KEEPS THE STRUCTURE OF THE OMNIVERSE WHOLE.

BUT FOR ALL ITS POWER, THE GLORY IS MERELY A DEVICE. IT REQUIRES A LIVING CONSCIOUSNESS TO DIRECT IT. THAT BEING'S LIFESPAN IS EXTENDED TO A NEAR-ETERNITY, BUT STILL IT REMAINS FINITE.

THE ONE WITHIN THE GLORY IS DYING NOW. THE SPECTRUM IS DECAYING. THE ALL IS IN PERIL.

A REPLACEMENT MUST BE FOUND.

YOU MEAN... ME?

AH... THAT'S AWFULLY FLATTERING, ESTERATH, BUT I'M NOT SURE I WANT THE JOB. BOUND TO BE A LOT OF PAPERWORK INVOLVED...

WOULD THAT IT WERE THAT SIMPLE, DOCT--

UNNGGH!

YOU'RE ILL! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?

I... AM LINKED WITH THE GLORY. AS IT FADES, SO DO I.

IT MATTERS NOT. I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST. I AM THE GATHERER. MY ROLE IN THIS AFFAIR IS NEARLY DONE...

PRIMUS!

I AM HERE, ESTERATH.

PRIMUS IS MY WORLDSHIP, DOCTOR. THE LAST OF HIS KIND. WE MUST SET SAIL IMMEDIATELY...

YOUR SHADOW AWAITS YOU EVEN NOW...

"... ON A SMALL  
WORLD CALLED  
DHAKAN."



OoOoH-H...

THAT'S  
FUNNY...



I COULD  
HAVE SWORN  
I WAS DEAD.

YOU ARE,  
CHILD. BUT  
FAITH BRINGS  
RESURRECTION.

MORNINGSTAR?!  
H-HOW DID YOU  
GET SO MASSI--

OH. OKAY,  
I REMEMBER  
NOW. I GOT LEFT  
IN THE WASH  
TOO LONG...

DON'T FREAK  
DON'T FREAK  
DON'T FREAK



YOU ARE  
ABOARD MY FLAGSHIP,  
YOUNG ONE. SOON WE SHALL  
STAND UPON MY WORLD AND  
GREET THE HOUR OF  
REBIRTH **TOGETHER**.

BUT FOR  
NOW... I HAVE A  
**SURPRISE** FOR  
YOU.



D-DON'T  
TELL ME...  
YOU'RE REALLY  
MY **LONG-LOST**  
**DAD** AND YOU WANT  
ME TO JOIN THE  
**DARK SIDE**...

SUCH  
SPIRIT.

I WISH I **WERE**  
YOUR FATHER, CHILD.  
I WOULD BE **ETERNALLY**  
**PROUD**.



HUH?  
WHY DID  
YOU  
SAY...

OH  
GOD,  
NO...

NO ..





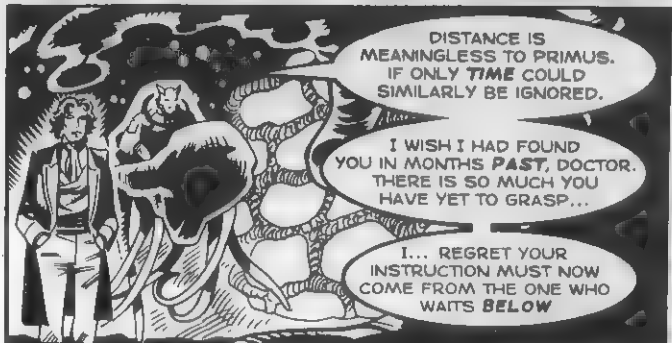
GREETINGS, IJI. DO NOT BE SHOCKED. IT WAS WRITTEN THAT OUR ROADS WOULD CROSS AGAIN.

KATSURA SATO BIDS YOU WELCOME.



OUR VOYAGE IS ENDED, DOCTOR.

OH? THAT WAS QUICK... BARELY HAD TIME TO OBSERVE THE "NO SMOKING" SIGN...



DISTANCE IS MEANINGLESS TO PRIMUS. IF ONLY TIME COULD SIMILARLY BE IGNORED.

I WISH I HAD FOUND YOU IN MONTHS PAST, DOCTOR. THERE IS SO MUCH YOU HAVE YET TO GRASP...

I... REGRET YOUR INSTRUCTION MUST NOW COME FROM THE ONE WHO WAITS BELOW



WAIT! ESTERATH, WHAT DO YOU ME--

FAREWELL.



GOOD EVENING, DHAKAN...

I ASSUME YOU'RE STILL WATCHING, ESTERATH. DO YOU WANT MY REACTION TO ALL THIS?

I CAN HEAR THOUSANDS OF VOICES CHANTING A LOW, MONOTONOUS MANTRA... THE SKY LOOKS LIKE IT COULD CATCH FIRE AT ANY MOMENT...

AND THERE'S AN UNMISTAKABLE SMELL IN THE AIR -- ONE I'VE EXPERIENCED BEFORE...

COMING FROM THE OVENS AT AUSCHWITZ.







YOU'RE **REPEATING** YOURSELF, YOU KNOW. YOU'VE TRIED THE **MAN OF GOD** ACT BEFORE... **DEVIL'S END**, REMEMBER?

HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF **TRICKS...** OR **IMAGINATION...** OR **BOTH?**



I HAVE NO NEED FOR **TRICKS**.

STRANGE. NOW THAT YOU'VE JETTISONED THAT ABSURD **CAPE** AND **HELMET**, YOU SEEM A GREAT DEAL **SMALLER**. HOW DID...

WAIT A MINUTE -- THAT **FACE** YOU'RE WEARING... I'VE SEEN IT **BEFORE**.

**BRIXTON**.

YES.

I WAS A RANTING OLD MAN YOU **DISMISSED** WITHOUT A SECOND GLANCE. A SIZEABLE **ERROR** ON YOUR PART, MY FRIEND. ♣

ONE OF **MANY**.

NO LONGER AM I THE MAN YOU KNEW, DOCTOR. HE IS **GONE**, SWEEPED AWAY ON A TIDE OF **REVELATION**.

OUR TIME AS **EQUALS** IS OVER. I HAVE WALKED IN THE **INFINITE WASTELAND**. I HAVE HEARD **WHISPERS** THAT WOULD DEAFEN YOUR SOUL.

IMAGINATION IS A **MYTH**

YOU WERE **THERE**.

\* SEE DWM 273

YOU REMAIN ONLY AN **APPRENTICE...**

... WHILE I AM FINALLY **THE MASTER**.



TO BE **CONTINUED...**

SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN, AT THE END OF YET ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR GRANDIOSE SCHEMES...

COME ON, GET ON WITH IT. I'M SURE YOU'RE JUST DYING TO LET ME KNOW HOW CLEVER YOU'VE BEEN...

YOUR UNDERSTANDING IS NECESSARY, DOCTOR, BUT I TAKE NO SATISFACTION IN PROVIDING IT. I HAVE MOVED FAR BEYOND SUCH PETTY INDULGENCES.

YOU WILL RECALL OUR LAST ENCOUNTER IN SAN FRANCISCO. I WAS DEVoured BY THE EYE OF HARMONY, MY SCANT REMAINS SPAT OUT INTO THE TIME/SPACE VORTEX...

# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART SEVEN

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY BILLATT & ALAN BARNES

"MY HATRED FOR YOU HAD NEVER BURNED BRIGHTER - BUT IT WAS FINALLY ABOUT TO DIE.

... SO LOUDLY THAT I WAS HEARD.

"I CAME WITHIN THE INFLUENCE OF ESTERATH, ON HIS OWN PERSONAL ODYSSEY

"HE SUSTAINED MY FRAGILE ESSENCE, CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW SUCH A FURY COULD HAVE BEEN BORN. I SPOKE FREELY, DETAILING ALL OF OUR PAST CONFLICTS. I HID NOTHING FROM HIM.

"AND WHEN I WAS DONE, HE SPOKE.

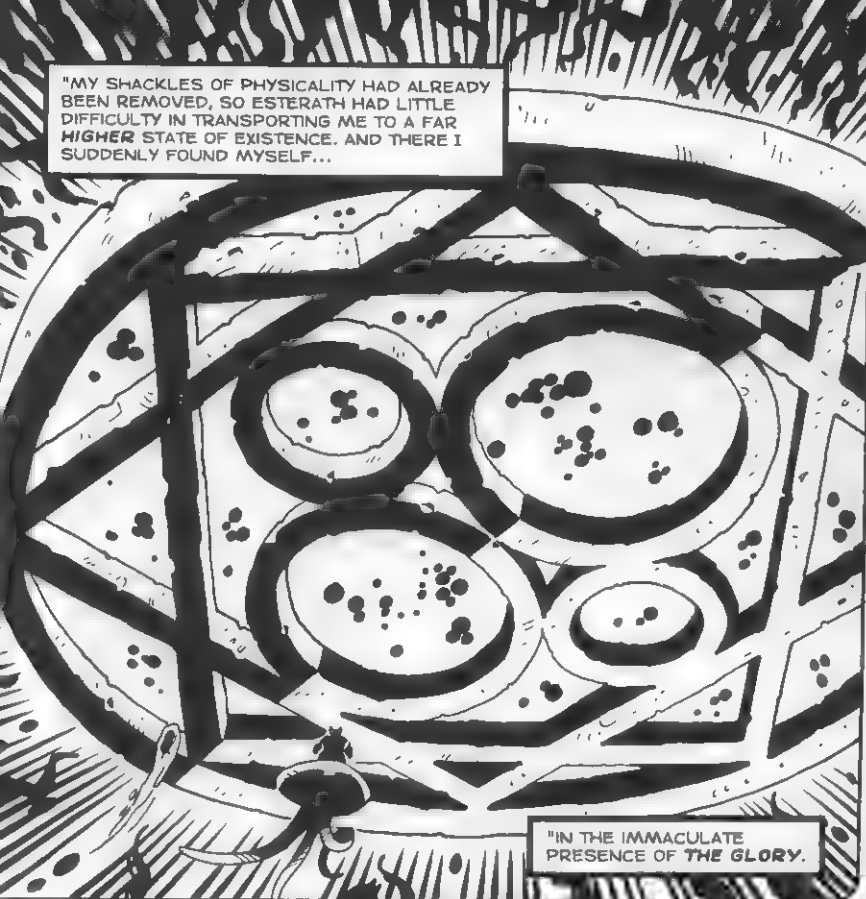
I HAVE SEEN SUCH RAGE ONLY ONCE BEFORE, YOUNG SPIRIT.

PERHAPS YOU ARE THE ONE I HAVE BEEN SEEKING.

"I PLUNGED THROUGH HISTORY'S WINDS, SCREAMING YOUR NAME AGAIN AND AGAIN...



"MY SHACKLES OF PHYSICALITY HAD ALREADY BEEN REMOVED, SO ESTERATH HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN TRANSPORTING ME TO A FAR HIGHER STATE OF EXISTENCE. AND THERE I SUDDENLY FOUND MYSELF...



"IN THE IMMACULATE PRESENCE OF THE GLORY.

"THE TRUTH CAME TO ME IN A SINGLE, DEVASTATING INSTANT, DOCTOR.

"I HAD PURSUED **POWER** MY ENTIRE LIFE WITHOUT EVER TRULY KNOWING WHAT IT WAS. BUT HERE IT LAY BEFORE ME... THE **FINAL POWER**.



"POWER THAT MADE ALL MY PAST AMBITIONS APPEAR **LESS** THAN THE SCRIBBLINGS OF A RETARDED CHILD

"WITHIN THE GLORY DWELLED A MIND THAT COULD RESHAPE **INFINITY** IF IT CHOSE.



"THE **OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM** WAS REVEALED TO ME. I GLIDED OVER ITS ETERNAL PLAINS FOR WHAT SEEMED **CENTURIES**. ALL **REALITY** OPENED ITSELF TO ME LIKE A VAST, OLYMPIAN **BOOK**...

"... ONLY TO BE **SNAPPED SHUT**.



"I AWOKE IN A LONDON ALLEYWAY, IN THE BODY OF A RECENTLY-DECEASED **VAGRANT**. PERHAPS ESTERATH SOUGHT TO TEACH ME **HUMILITY**.

"AN AMUSING NOTION, I'M SURE YOU WILL AGREE.

"I UNDERSTOOD THE ROLE I WAS TO PLAY IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE GLORY, BUT SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED BEFORE I DISCOVERED HOW I WOULD **ACHIEVE** IT.



"ONE DAY I WAS PULLED AWAY FROM THE **BRIXTON STREETS** ..

"I FOUND MYSELF ON THE **MOON**, OBSERVING ONE OF YOUR COUNTLESS, POINTLESS BATTLES.



"BUT HOW HAD I BEEN DRAWN THERE? THE ANSWER SOON PRESENTED ITSELF...

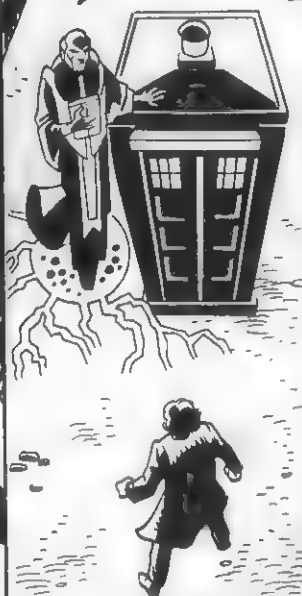
"THE TARDIS."

"IT HAD CONSUMED ME, BUT IN SO DOING, PART OF MY ESSENCE HAD BEEN ABSORBED WITHIN IT. MY SYMBIOTIC NUCLEI HAD INFECTED ITS SYSTEMS."

"I HAD BEEN SPREADING LIKE A VIRUS THROUGH YOUR SHIP, MY NATURE FLOWING THROUGH ITS WARM VEINS..."

A TRUE SYMBIOSIS HAD OCCURRED BETWEEN US. ITS ABILITIES HAD BEEN PASSED ONTO ME, AND IT WOULD OBEY ONLY ME. ALL SPACE AND TIME WERE MINE TO TRAVERSE ONCE MORE.

YES, MY FRIEND. YOUR GREATEST LOVE HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL.



"I SAW AN IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO TEACH YOU A VITAL LESSON. I DIRECTED YOU BACK TO LONDON, TO WITNESS THE RESULTS OF YOUR CASUAL TAMPERING WITH A WOMAN'S DESTINY..."



\* SEE DWM 273-276

"FROM THERE I TOOK YOU TO JAPAN TO SEE THE DISASTER SHAPED BY THE GAIJIN; CREATURES SO SIMILAR TO YOURSELF... BEINGS OBSESSED WITH OBTAINING KNOWLEDGE AT ANY PRICE..."



\* DWM 278-282

"AND THEN TO TRIONIKUS, WHERE BLIND LUCK ALONE SAVED YOU FROM MURDERING AN INNOCENT..."



"WHATEVER YOU WALK DOCTOR, DESTRUCTION FOLLOWS. ARE YOU BEGINNING TO SEE?"

\* DWM 284-286

I SEE YOU'RE INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE. AGAIN

YES, I'VE MADE SOME MISTAKES RECENTLY, BUT IN JAPAN I HALTED A PERVERSION OF HISTORY...

THE SAME TYPE OF TEMPORAL CORRUPTION YOU'VE CLEARLY CAUSED HERE, TRANSFORMING EARTH INTO DHAKAN!



ARE YOU SO VERY CERTAIN OF THAT, OLD FRIEND?



WHAT OF THE MAN YOU MET IN JAPAN? A MAN WHOSE SOLE WISH WAS TO DIE WITH HONOUR...

... A MAN YOU MADE IMMORTAL



"WHAT OF KATSURA SATO?"

KATSURA...  
HOW? ALL THOSE PEOPLE  
ON PARADOST... ALL  
DEAD...

HOW COULD  
YOU DO IT?

SPEAK NOT  
TO ME OF **DEATH**, IJI.  
YOU KNOW **NOTHING**  
OF ITS NATURE...

"DEATH **BETRAYED** ME SOME  
FOUR CENTURIES PAST - YOUR  
WISE **DOCTOR** SAW TO THAT. THE  
**NANO-DRONES** HE PLACED WITHIN  
ME HEALED MY EVERY WOUND,  
BUT THEY DID NOT SAVE MY  
**SPIRIT** FROM WITHERING ON THE  
VINE OF **DISHONOUR**.

"I DRIFTED TO THE **CARIBBEAN**  
WHERE I TURNED TO **PIRACY**. I  
WRESTED SILVER FROM SPANISH  
SHIPS RETURNING FROM THE  
AMERICAS. **NOTHING** COULD  
CAUSE ME HARM.

"MANY YEARS PASSED.  
MY HEART GREW WEARY,  
OR PERHAPS IT WAS  
MERELY **BOREDOM**  
WHICH BROUGHT ME LOW.

"UNABLE TO ATONE FOR MY  
LORD'S DEATH, I LEFT NIPPON  
IN **DISGRACE**, NEVER TO RETURN.

"THEY THOUGHT ME A **LEGEND**,  
BUT MY LIFE WAS AN ENDLESS  
**LIE**. WHAT VIRTUE LAY IN  
BATTLES I COULD NEVER LOSE?

"I ALLOWED MYSELF  
TO BE CAPTURED.

"HOW I **LAUGHED** AT THEM, IJI, THESE  
TERRIFIED SERVANTS OF A FALSE GOD.

"I FELT **NOTHING**

"I WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE  
**INQUISITION** THAT HELD SPAIN  
IN ITS **PIOUS GRIP**. THEY JUDGED  
ME A **DEMON** AND SENTENCED  
ME TO DEATH BY HOLY TORTURE...



"IN TIME THEY ACCEPTED DEFEAT. THEY LOCKED ME IN A CELL IN SARAGOSSA AND TRIED TO FORGET THEY HAD EVER SEEN ME.

"I REMAINED THERE FOR FIFTY YEARS, WELCOMING THE SOLITUDE.



"ONE DAY I WAS VISITED BY A MAN IN PRIEST'S ROBES WHO RELEASED ME.

"I MOVED TO SNAP HIS NECK, BUT HE HAD PRODUCED A SMALL BLACK SCEPTRE FROM HIS ROBES... I SAW A FLASH OF LIGHT...



"... AND MY WORLD CHANGED FOREVER.

KATSURA SATO, YOU BELIEVE YOUR LIFE IS WITHOUT PURPOSE. YOU ARE MISTAKEN.

THE INJUSTICES YOU HAVE SUFFERED HAVE TEMPERED YOUR SOUL, NOT BROKEN IT. YOU HAVE BEEN READIED FOR A GREAT AND HOLY TASK.



OBEY ME IN ALL THINGS AND YOUR HONOUR SHALL BE REBORN.



"AND I LOOKED AT THIS MAN WHO WAS NOT A MAN, IJI...

"AND I BELIEVED."

YES, DOCTOR... SATO.

WHAT YOU DID TO HIM INTRIGUED ME. I WONDERED WHAT EFFECT THE NANO-DRONES MIGHT HAVE ON HIS PSYCHE. YOU HAD REMOVED ALL PHYSICAL PAIN FROM HIS LIFE...

IF A MAN BECOMES IMMUNE TO PAIN, WILL HE, IN TIME, FORGET WHAT PAIN EVEN IS? WILL HE THEN BECOME BLIND TO THE PAIN OF OTHERS?

IT SEEMED LIKELY. HE WAS AN IDEAL SPECIMEN. HE THOUGHT THE VOID IN HIS LIFE TO BE SO LARGE...

BUT ALL THAT WAS NEEDED TO FILL IT WAS A NEW MASTER.

"I LET HIM SUFFER FOR A FEW DECADES BEFORE CLAIMING HIM.

"I GAVE HIM THE ODOSTRA, A BOOK I WROTE IN AN AFTERNOON. I FILLED IT WITH THREATS OF FIRE AND DAMNATION, BUT ALSO THE PROMISE OF REBIRTH. HE WAS A DEVOTED PUPIL.



"AND SO KATSURA SATO RETURNED TO THE WORLD, FANATICALLY DEDICATED TO HIS NEW VOCATION - TO TEACH THE PATH OF THE GLORY TO THE MASSES.

"HE WAS THE PERFECT MESSIAH. A SUPERB ORATOR... A BRILLIANT STRATEGIST... AGELESS AND INDESTRUCTIBLE. THOUSANDS FLOCKED TO HIS SIDE IN THE FIRST DECADE ALONE.

"EUROPE WAS ENGULFED IN A HOLY CRUSADE WHICH TORCHED THE ENTIRE CONTINENT. IT TOOK SATO LESS THAN A CENTURY TO TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OF IT.

"ASIA FELL NEXT. THEN AFRICA.

"I DID NOTHING BUT WATCH.

"BY THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, KATSURA SATO WAS THE UNDISPUTED MONARCH OF HIS WORLD. EARTH WAS FINALLY UNITED UNDER ONE RULE, ONE RELIGION, ONE PURPOSE.

"DHAKAN WAS BORN.

"WHILE SATO HAD BASED SOME OF THE CHURCH'S HIERARCHY ON HIS FORMER CAPTORS, HE SAW NO NEED TO EMULATE THEIR DISTRUST OF SCIENCE. DHAKAN PROGRESSED QUICKLY IN ITS TECHNOLOGIES.

"AS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BEGAN, IT HAD ACHIEVED INTERSTELLAR TRAVEL.

"SATO WAS READY TO SPREAD HIS HOLY DOCTRINE TO OTHER WORLDS.

"I RETURNED TO GIVE HIM MY BLESSING. I NAMED HIM 'MORNINGSTAR'...

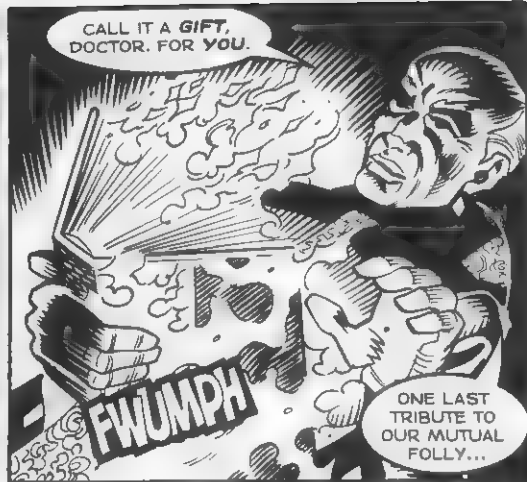
"THE RISING SUN."





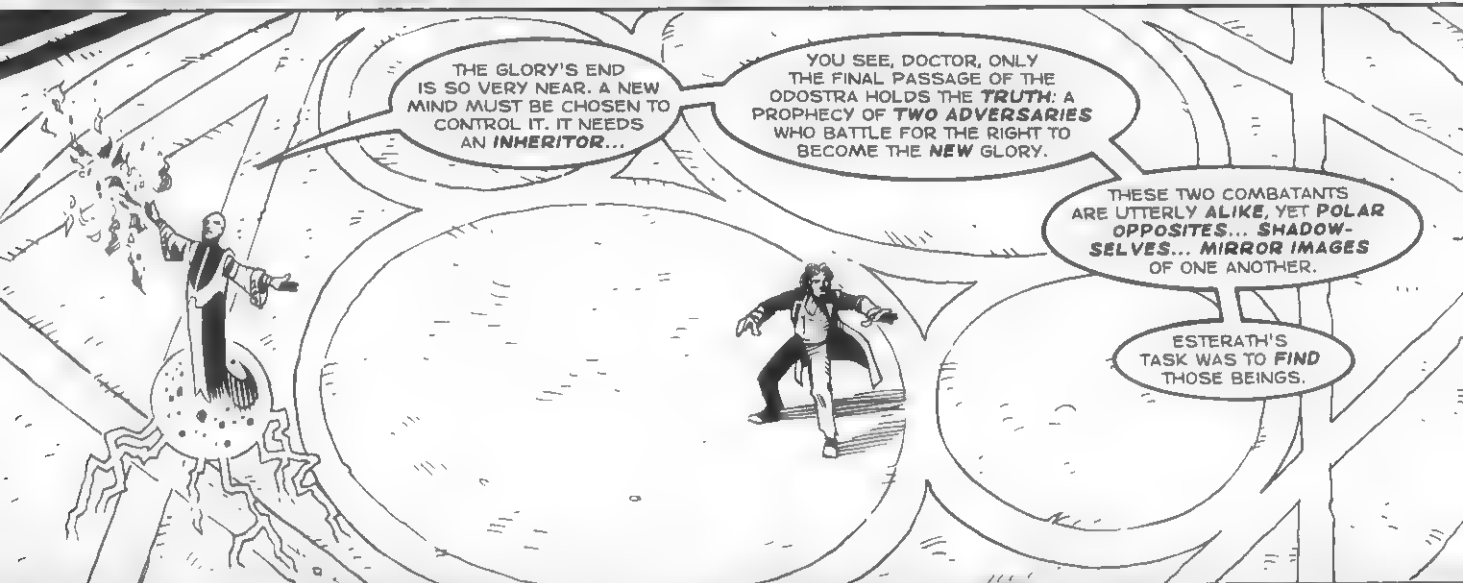
I ENSURED HE WOULD ONLY SEE THE ODOSTRA'S FINAL PAGE WHEN HE WAS PREPARED TO IMPLEMENT IT.

BUT WHY HAVE SATO ATTACK PARADOST? WHY MANIPULATE HIM AT ALL? WHAT'S THE POINT OF ALL THIS?



CALL IT A GIFT, DOCTOR. FOR YOU.

ONE LAST TRIBUTE TO OUR MUTUAL FOLLY...

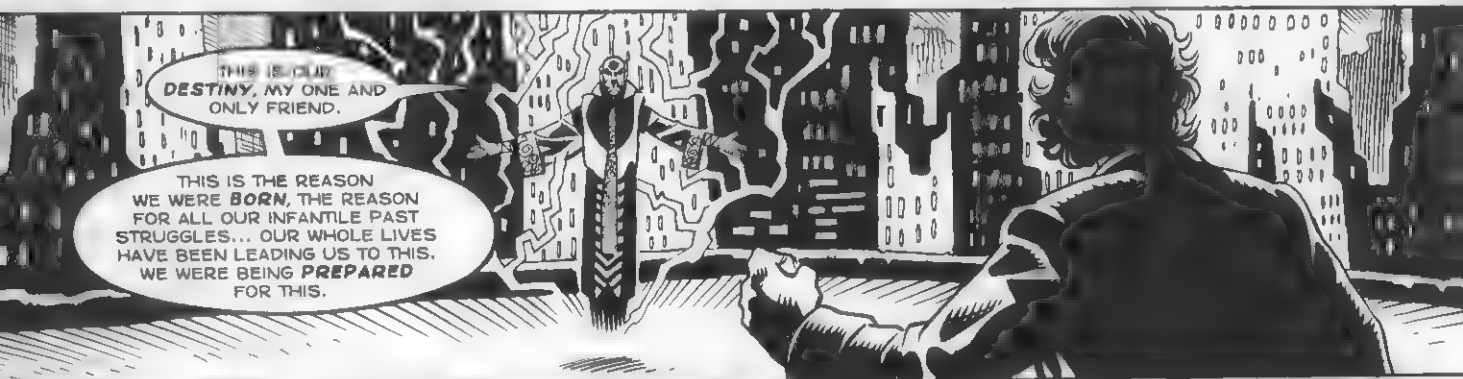


THE GLORY'S END IS SO VERY NEAR. A NEW MIND MUST BE CHOSEN TO CONTROL IT. IT NEEDS AN INHERITOR...

YOU SEE, DOCTOR, ONLY THE FINAL PASSAGE OF THE ODOSTRA HOLDS THE TRUTH: A PROPHECY OF TWO ADVERSARIES WHO BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT TO BECOME THE NEW GLORY.

THESE TWO COMBATANTS ARE UTTERLY ALIKE, YET POLAR OPPOSITES... SHADOW-SELVES... MIRROR IMAGES OF ONE ANOTHER.

ESTERATH'S TASK WAS TO FIND THOSE BEINGS.



THIS IS OUR DESTINY, MY ONE AND ONLY FRIEND.

THIS IS THE REASON WE WERE BORN, THE REASON FOR ALL OUR INFANTILE PAST STRUGGLES... OUR WHOLE LIVES HAVE BEEN LEADING US TO THIS. WE WERE BEING PREPARED FOR THIS.



ONE OF US WILL LIVE TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE POWER...

THE OTHER WILL SIMPLY DIE.

TO BE CONTINUED...



SATO APPROACHES.  
DOCTOR. OBSERVE HIM:  
SERVITUDE INCARNATE. SO  
RIGHTEOUS... SO LOYAL...  
SO LIMITED.

THE  
MAN WE  
MADE.

# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART  
EIGHT

STORY SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS ROBIN SMITH  
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

SENSEI...  
YOUR  
HUMBLE  
SUBJECT  
HAS  
RETURNED.

WE ARE PLEASED  
WITH YOUR EFFORTS,  
MY SON. MANY HERETICS  
WERE PURGED IN YOUR  
HOLY STRUG—

SATO,  
LISTEN  
TO ME! THE  
MASTER'S  
BEEN LYING  
TO YOU FROM  
THE START —  
HE'S NO  
PROPHET,  
YOU HAVE TO  
SEE THAT!

I SEE ONLY THE  
MAN WHO STRIPPED ME OF  
MY HONOUR... INSULTING THE  
ONE WHO RETURNED IT.

MY DEAREST WISH IS TO  
SPLIT YOU IN TWO, DOCTOR...  
BUT THE FINAL PROPHECY  
MUST BE FULFILLED.

THAT  
MOMENT IS AT HAND,  
KATSURA.

THEN... YOUR  
TIME OF ASCENSION...  
IS NOW? Y-YOU SHALL  
BECOME ONE WITH  
THE GLORY? DHAKAN  
SHALL BE REBORN  
AT LAST?

YES, MY SON.  
ALL SHALL BE AS  
IT WAS WRITTEN.

LEAVE  
US NOW

DON'T JUDGE HIM  
HARSHLY. WE ALL HAVE  
OUR ROLES TO PLAY IN THIS  
SPECTACLE. SATO HAS WALKED  
MY PATH WITHOUT QUESTION  
FOR CENTURIES.

LIKE ALL OF HIS  
KIND, HE SEES ONLY WHAT  
HE MOST DESIRES.



MANKIND NEVER LISTENED TO COPERNICUS, DOCTOR. THEY STAYED CLINGING TO THEIR BELIEF THAT THE UNIVERSE REVOLVES AROUND THEM...

SEMI-EVOLVED ANTHROPOIDS WHO VIEW THEMSELVES AS THE "CHOSEN ONES" APPOINTED BY GOD. SUCH INFINITE PRIDE. SUCH SUPREME IGNORANCE.

THEY WERE PERFECT FODDER FOR ME. AND THE ASH WRAITHS...



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D GET TO THEM.

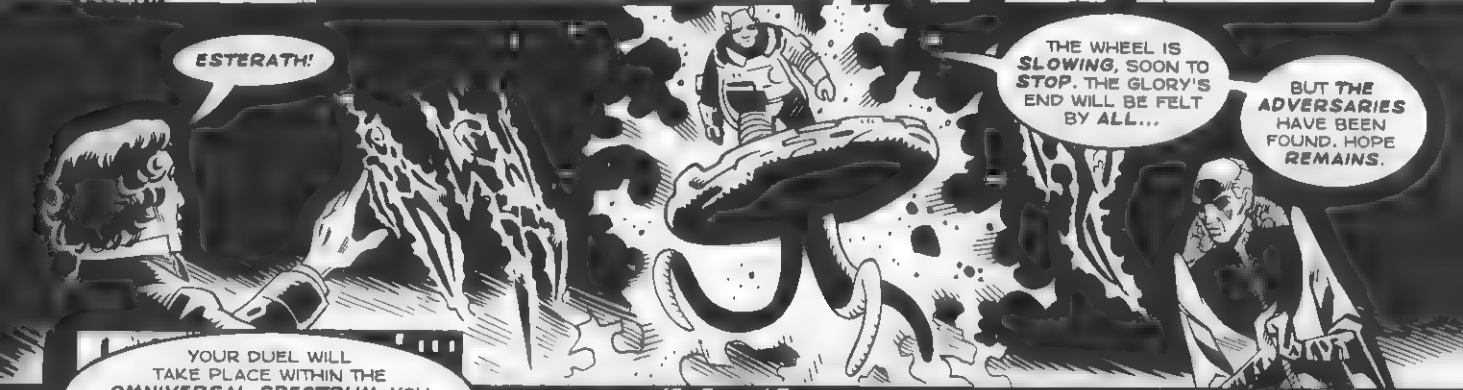
MERELY SOME PSIONIC PARASITES I DISCOVERED ON MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE SPECTRUM. THE WRAITHS CAN ONLY ENTER THIS REALITY IF ANOTHER LIFE-FORCE WILLINGLY SACRIFICES ITSELF FOR THEM...

SO YOU WROTE THEM INTO THE ODOSTRA AS THE GLORY'S "ARCHANGELS". BUT APART FROM A STEADY SUPPLY OF LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER, WHAT DO THEY GET OUT OF THIS?



WE GET TO BE ON THE WINNING SIDE, DOCTOR.

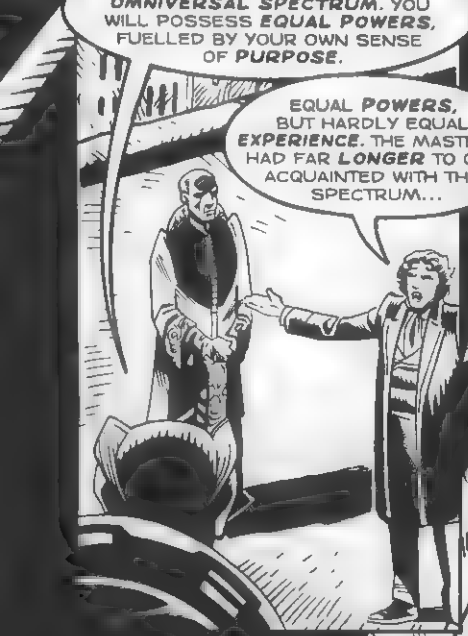
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE.



ESTERATH!

THE WHEEL IS SLOWING, SOON TO STOP. THE GLORY'S END WILL BE FELT BY ALL...

BUT THE ADVERSARIES HAVE BEEN FOUND. HOPE REMAINS.



YOUR DUEL WILL TAKE PLACE WITHIN THE OMNIVERSAL SPECTRUM. YOU WILL POSSESS EQUAL POWERS, FUELLED BY YOUR OWN SENSE OF PURPOSE.

EQUAL POWERS, BUT HARDLY EQUAL EXPERIENCE. THE MASTER'S HAD FAR LONGER TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE SPECTRUM...



YOU USED THE TARDIS TO KEEP ESTERATH AWAY FROM ME UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT. YOU WANTED EVERY IMAGINABLE ADVANTAGE.

YOU DESTROY THE HISTORY OF MY FAVOURITE WORLD, TURN ITS PEOPLE INTO RELIGIOUS PSYCHOPATHS, SEDUCE MY TARDIS...

YOU'RE REALLY TRYING TO GET ME ANGRY, AREN'T YOU...?



YOU MUST BE  
VERY WORRIED  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO LOSE.



BELIEVE WHAT  
YOU MUST, OLD  
FRIEND.

I BELIEVE  
YOU'RE  
REMEMBERING  
QU'CADIA...

AND  
SARN...

AND  
MAHTOSTTU  
MAJOR...



... AND ALL THE  
OTHER PLEASANT  
SPOTS WHERE I  
BEAT YOU...

"OLD  
FRIEND".



THEN YOU  
ARE PREPARED  
FOR BATTLE?

I HAVE NO  
DESIRE TO LOSE MY  
CORPOREAL EXISTENCE,  
ESTERATH... BUT IF  
BECOMING THE GLORY IS  
THE ONLY WAY TO  
STOP HIM FROM TAKING  
CONTROL OF IT, THEN I  
HAVE NO CHOICE...



HOW  
NOBLE  
OF YOU,  
DOCTOR.



LORD CARDINAL, OUR  
LONG-RANGE SENSORS  
ARE TRACKING THE ALLIED  
HORDE. THEY ARE NEARING  
DHAKAN AS WE SPEAK.  
SHOULD WE --

DO  
NOTHING.

THIS IS THE  
LAST HOUR OF THE  
LAST DAY. SOON THE  
HERETICS WILL BE LESS  
THAN A MEMORY, AND WE  
WILL BE ALIVE --  
TRULY ALIVE --  
AT LAST.



REJOICE,  
MY CHILDR--

SSHWUMPH!

AAAHHH!



**MORNINGSTAR!**

I'VE BEEN STUCK IN A CARGO HOLD THE SIZE OF A BROOM CUPBOARD FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS, AND I'M LOOKING TO WORK OUT MY FRUSTRATION ON SOMEBODY...

HEH.

MY TRUE NAME IS KATSURA SATO, CYBERMAN...

AND I AM A WARRIOR WHO HAS SPENT CENTURIES DREAMING OF A MEMORABLE FIGHT.

YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE.

OF COURSE, I'M NOT A **TEENAGE GIRL**, SO YOU MIGHT NOT BE IN SUCH A HURRY TO TAKE ME ON...

YOU PIECE OF FILTH.

NO ONE INTERFERE! THIS BATTLE IS MINE ALONE!

ALLOW ME A SINGLE MOMENT, MY HONOURED OPPONENT...

...TO PLACE MY POSSESSIONS OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

KROTON, WAIT! I'M STILL ALIVE - I'M JUST SMALLER THAN A SINDY NOW!

KROTON!

PANTS! I THOUGHT HE SAID HIS HEARING WAS AMAZING

THE GLORY IS MOST GENEROUS...

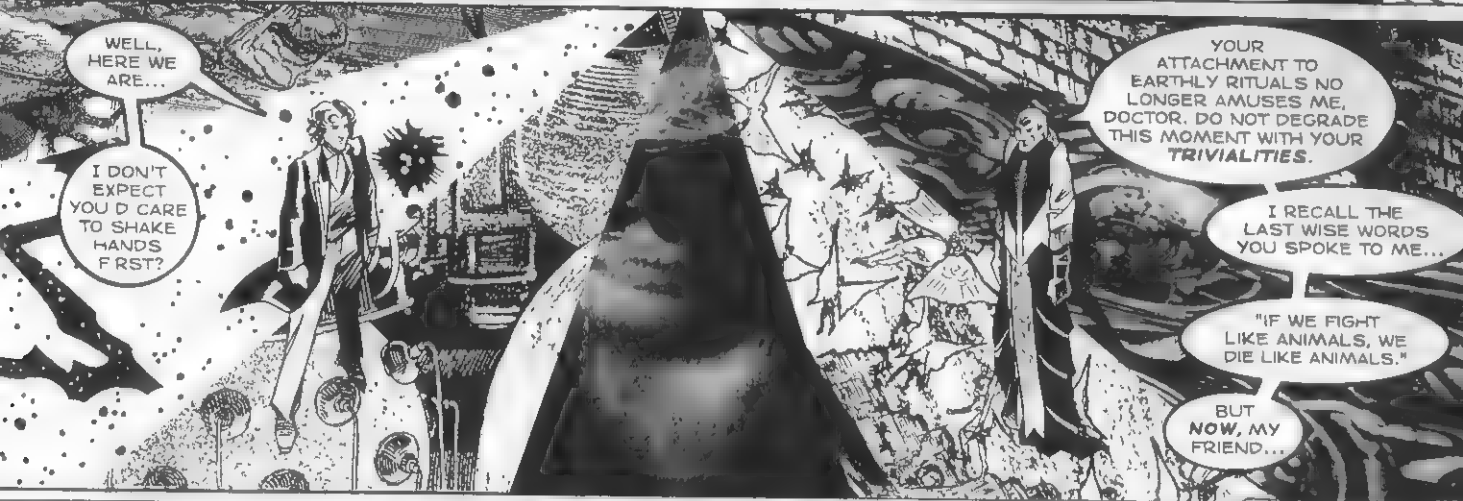
IT IS PLAIN YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO ME AS A REWARD.

**KZZZZZZZZ**

I'M GLAD YOUR GOD'S MADE YOU SO HAPPY, SATO...



...IN A MINUTE  
YOU CAN THANK  
HIM IN **PERSON!**



WELL,  
HERE WE  
ARE...

I DON'T  
EXPECT  
YOU'D CARE  
TO SHAKE  
HANDS  
FIRST?

YOUR  
ATTACHMENT  
TO  
EARTHLY RITUALS NO  
LONGER AMUSES ME,  
DOCTOR. DO NOT DEGRADE  
THIS MOMENT WITH YOUR  
**TRIVIALITIES.**

I RECALL THE  
LAST WISE WORDS  
YOU SPOKE TO ME...

"IF WE FIGHT  
LIKE ANIMALS, WE  
DIE LIKE ANIMALS."

BUT  
**NOW**, MY  
FRIEND...




... NOW  
WE FIGHT  
LIKE **GODS.**

**AAAKKGH!!!**

OUR **SOULS** ARE  
OUR **WEAPONS**  
IN THIS ENVIRONMENT,  
DOCTOR. YOU HAVE  
JUST FELT **MINE.**

I SEE IT  
WAS NOT A  
**PLEASANT**  
EXPERIENCE.



DOUBTLESS YOU VIEW THIS AS A BATTLE BETWEEN "GOOD" AND "EVIL", OR PERHAPS "ORDER" AND "CHAOS".

WORDS ON A BLACKBOARD I INTEND TO WIPE CLEAN.

UUNGHH!

INSIDE THE SPECTRUM, ALL MULTIVERSAL STREAMS OVERLAP. OUR FORMS ADAPT NATURALLY TO SUIT EACH REALITY.

YOU MAY BE FINDING IT SOMEWHAT DISORIENTATING.

I FIND THE VARIETY OF THE SPECTRUM INTRIGUING BUT ULTIMATELY POINTLESS. I HAVE A FAR SIMPLER DESIGN IN MIND...

I AM WILLING TO GRANT YOU THAT SMALL MERCY.

DHAKAN IS MY VISION FOR WHAT WILL SOON EXIST ACROSS EVERY ASPECT OF CREATION.

YOU AND YOUR ILK WILL HAVE NO PLACE IN THE REALITY I PLAN TO BUILD. BETTER YOU PERISH NOW THAN WITNESS ITS BIRTH...





"SO DIE,  
DOCTOR."

"DROWN IN  
AN OCEAN  
OF YOUR OWN  
DENIAL."

"THEN BURN IN  
THE FLAMES OF  
YOUR ARROGANCE."

"DIE KNOWING  
THAT YOUR FAILURE  
IS AS ABSOLUTE  
AS MY VICTORY..."

"DIE KNOWING  
THAT MY DESTINY  
IS COMPLETE."

TO BE  
CONTINUED...



# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART NINE

STORY SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS ROBIN SMITH LETTERING ROGER LANGRIDGE  
EDITORS GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



NO... THIS IS  
JUST MORE SMOKE  
AND MIRRORS... THE  
MASTER'S STOCK  
IN TRADE...

"EQUAL  
POWERS",  
ESTERATH  
SAID...

AH,  
YES...

AMAZING  
WHAT A POSITIVE  
ATTITUDE CAN  
ACCOMPLISH!

LET'S SEE  
HOW YOU LIKE  
THE CONTENTS OF  
MY PSYCHE!

YOU'VE  
ARMOURED  
YOURSELF WITH YOUR  
INSANE CONVICTION THAT  
YOU WERE BORN TO  
DOMINATE  
EVERYTHING...

AAAAHHKKK!

WE  
SHALL SEE,  
DOCTOR.

UPON YOUR **DEATH**, THE  
ENTIRE **OMNIVERSE** WILL  
BE **MINE** TO SHAPE INTO ANY FORM I  
PLEASE... EVERY INFINITE SPHERE  
OF EXISTENCE, EVERY SQUARE  
INCH OF REALITY...

ALL  
MINE.

WELL, I HAVE  
A CONVICTION OF  
MY OWN: THAT I  
WAS BORN TO  
STOP YOU!

AND YOU REALLY  
THINK YOU'RE UP TO  
THE JOB? YOU COULDN'T  
EVEN ORGANISE A DECENT  
**END-OF-TERM PARTY**  
IN OUR **UNIVERSITY**  
DAYS...





STILL  
CLUTCHING  
ONTO  
THE PAST,  
DOCTOR?

PARADOST  
WAS A WORLD  
DEDICATED TO THE  
PAST - LIKE YOU, ITS  
PEOPLE WORSHIPPED  
THE POINTLESS  
HISTORIES OF THE  
UNIVERSE'S  
CULTURES...

I ONLY WISH  
YOU HAD SEEN IT  
BURN, NOW THAT YOU  
UNDERSTAND HOW YOU  
BROUGHT ABOUT  
ITS END...

IT'S TIME TO  
GROW UP, MY  
FRIEND. TIME FOR OUR  
PLAYGROUND ANTICS  
TO END. ACCEPT YOUR  
RESPONSIBILITY  
IN THIS AFFAIR.


WE SHAPED  
SATO'S DESTINY. WE  
CREATED DHAKAN.  
BOTH OF US.

YOU HAVE NOT  
SEEN A FRACTION OF  
THE HORROR WE  
HAVE SCULPTURED...

FOR ALL YOUR  
HIGH-FLOWN "MORALITY",  
WE ARE UNCANNILY ALIKE,  
DOCTOR. THE ONLY  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN  
US IS THAT I AM NOW  
AWARE OF IT.

WE LEFT GALLIFREY  
ON THE SAME DAY, BY THE  
SAME MEANS, WITH THE  
SAME GOAL: POWER.

THAT'S AN  
ABSURD LIE!



NO, YOU WANTED  
POWER, TO KEEP THAT  
COLOSSAL BALLOON YOU CALL AN  
EGO INFLATED! ALL I WANTED  
TO DO WAS **EXPLORE!**

AT LEAST  
ANSWER **ONE**  
QUESTION  
**TRUTHFULLY...**

WILL YOU FINALLY  
ADMIT TO **ENJOYING**  
THESE JOUSTS OF OURS,  
REGARDLESS OF HOW MANY  
LESSER CREATURES **DIE**  
DURING THEM?

LISTEN  
CAREFULLY,  
"MASTER"...

**WE'RE**

**NOTHING**

**ALIKE!**

YOU CRAVED  
**KNOWLEDGE** - THE  
PUREST FORM  
OF POWER!

STOP DENYING  
THE **TRUTH** - OUR  
QUESTS HAVE LEFT  
US WITH PRECISELY  
THE **SAME LEGACY:**  
BLIND, RANDOM  
**DESTRUCTION!**



WE'RE DRAWING QUITE A CROWD, SATO. HOPE YOU CAN STAY THE DISTANCE, BECAUSE I DON'T TIRE EASILY...

ZZ-SHKAZZ!!

AND I DO NOT TIRE AT ALL, CYBORG. YOU HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE FIRES RAGING WITHIN ME.



WRONG.

IZZY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU. WE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO TALK WHILE YOU WERE SLAUGHTERING PARADOST...

SHE SAID HONOUR WAS THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN YOUR LIFE. SHE ACTUALLY ADMIRERD YOU!

THWAK!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TWISTED YOU INTO A MAN WHO COULD MURDER MILLIONS - INCLUDING A GIRL WHO CONSIDERED YOU HER FRIEND - AND I DON'T REALLY CARE...

SHWACK!

JUST UNDERSTAND THIS: WHEN THE LAST BLOW CONNECTS...



"... IT'LL BE FOR IZZY!"

YESSSSS! FINALLY FOUND A WEAK SPOT IN THIS STUPID TEST-TUBE!

KRACK!



OKAY, I'M OUT. BIG (SMALL) DEAL. FAT LOT OF GOOD I'M GOING TO BE TO ANYONE AT TWO INCHES TALL.

WAIT! THERE'S THE THINGUMAJIG SATO USED TO SHRINK ME. I WONDER...

IS IT TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR A REVERSE SWITCH?





TWO BUTTONS. ONE MIGHT ZAP ME BACK TO NORMAL - THE OTHER WILL DEFINITELY PUT ME KNEE-HIGH TO A MICROBE...

OH, CRUMBS. EENY-MEENY-MINEY-MOE...



KLIK!



TREEEE!



WHEW.

GUESS I WON'T BE NEEDING THOSE PLATFORMS AFTER ALL.



FALL, BLAST YOU! WHY DON'T YOU FALL?!

SHWAP!

WHAT'S KEEPING YOU STANDING?!

SO MANY MIGHTY BLOWS, WARRIOR...



IF ONLY I COULD FEEL THEM.

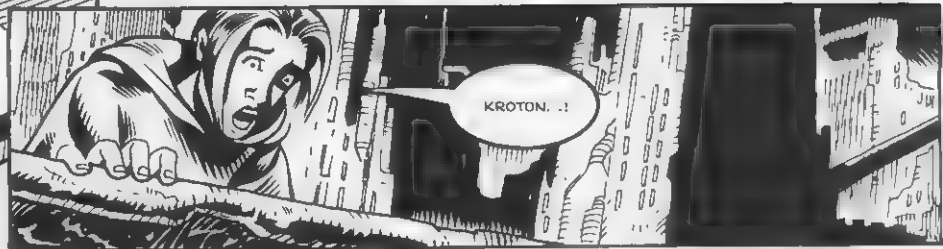


ZWAKK!

UNNGH!



LET US BOTH FALL.



KROTON. .!



SHKRASSH!



WELCOME, CYBORG...

TO THE LAST TEMPLE LEFT TO THE FALSE GODS OF THE PAST.

I LET IT STAND AS A WARNING

IF WE SHOULD EVER AGAIN FAIL IN THE EYES OF THE GLORY, WE SHALL REMAIN AS DEAD AS THEY.



MY SENSEI SHOWED ME THE TRUE PATH, AND GRANTED ME THE SUPREME HONOUR OF AIDING HIM IN HIS ASCENDENCE.

THWOK!




HE NOW BATTLES YOUR MASTER IN THE ETERNAL PANTHEON. WHEN HE RETURNS - WHEN THE REBIRTH OCCURS...

I SHALL BE BEARING YOUR HEAD TO HIM ON MY STAFF.

CYRAZZ!

AAGGGHH!



I'VE SPENT  
HALF MY LIFE  
CLEANING UP  
AFTER YOU!

I'M SICK OF  
YOU! I'M SICK OF YOUR  
PATHETIC SCHEMES,  
YOUR CALLOUSNESS,  
YOUR TWISTED  
VISION!

PEOPLE  
MATTER, YOU EGOTISTICAL  
FOOL!

YOU STILL  
CLAIM TO CARE FOR  
THE ANIMALS YOU  
ASSOCIATE WITH?

YES!

IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS  
ALONE YOU HAVE WARPED THE HOLLOWAY  
WOMAN'S FUTURE, SHATTERED SATO'S  
HONOUR AND ATTEMPTED TO MURDER  
THE BENEVOLENT KROTON.

THEY ARE YOUR  
PLAYTHINGS, DOCTOR.  
WHAT ELSE COULD  
THEY BE?

YOU AND I HAVE  
MASQUERADED AS GODS FOR  
CENTURIES. WE SAVE OR DESTROY  
ENTIRE WORLDS. WE GRANT  
IMMORTALITY AND ERASE  
BEINGS FROM HISTORY.

GODHOOD IS OUR  
ULTIMATE GOAL. I HAVE  
ACKNOWLEDGED THAT -  
YOU DENY IT.

THE GLORY IS THE  
SINGLE ANSWER TO EVERY  
QUESTION! IF YOU BECOME IT, THE  
MYSTERIES OF ALL CREATION  
WILL BE YOURS! AND YOU STILL  
INSIST YOU HAVE NO  
DESIRE FOR THAT?

YOU HUNGER  
FOR THIS PRIZE AS  
MUCH AS I, DOCTOR,  
ADMIT IT!

ADMIT  
IT!





YOU'RE...

YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

I DO  
WANT THIS...  
AND THAT  
MEANS...

THAT MEANS  
I'M NO MORE  
WORTHY OF THE  
GLORY THAN  
YOU!

AAAAGHH!

SCREEESH!

SPEAK FOR  
YOURSELF, MY  
DEAR, FOOLISH  
FRIEND.



N-NO

OH, DOCTOR...  
YOU'D CLIMBED  
SO HIGH...

BUT THAT  
ONLY MEANT YOU  
HAD FURTHER  
TO FALL.



IT'S  
OVER. AT  
LONG,  
LONG  
LAST...

NO TRICKS, DOCTOR? NO  
RABBITS OUT OF YOUR HAT?  
NO LAST-MINUTE RESCUES?  
NO, NOT THIS TIME...



THIS TIME  
REALLY IS THE  
END. FOR YOU,  
AT LEAST. BUT  
FOR ME...

WELL, I NOW  
HAVE EVERYTHING  
I'VE EVER WANTED  
AND ALL I'VE EVER  
WANTED IS  
EVERYTHING.

HAH...



TO BE CONCLUDED..

# THE GLORIOUS DEAD

PART TEN

STORY SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART MARTIN GERAGHTY  
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING ROGER LANGRIDGE  
EDITORS GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

CONFUSED,  
DOCTOR? ARE YOU  
WONDERING HOW I WAS  
ABLE TO BREACH YOUR  
DEFENCES?

OUR ABILITIES  
INSIDE THE OMNIVERSAL  
SPECTRUM WERE POWERED BY  
OUR SENSE OF SELF-BELIEF. I  
FOUND THE PERFECT WAY TO  
SHATTER YOURS...

YOUR  
OWN  
GUILT.

I KNEW YOUR  
ROLE IN SATO'S FATE -  
AND THUS, PARADOST'S  
DESTRUCTION - WOULD  
WEAKEN YOUR RESOLVE,  
BUT ULTIMATELY IT WAS  
YOUR DESIRE FOR THE  
GLORY ITSELF THAT  
FINISHED YOU.

YOU HAD  
ONLY TO DOUBT  
YOUR NOBLE  
MOTIVATIONS FOR  
AN INSTANT... AND  
I HAD WON.



COME, MY  
FRIEND. IT'S TIME  
WE RETURNED TO  
DHAKAN...

WE MUSTN'T  
BE LATE FOR MY  
IMPENDING  
GODHOOD.



YOU FOUGHT WELL, CYBORG -  
BUT I AM A HOLY INSTRUMENT OF  
THE GLORY'S WILL. HIS DIVINE  
PRESENCE HAS GUIDED MY HAND  
THROUGHOUT THIS DUEL.

I WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE  
THAT YOU MIGHT JOIN ME IN  
THIS HOUR OF REBIRTH...

BUT WE  
BOTH KNOW THIS  
IS YOUR END.





STOP IT, SATO!

IJI...?

YOU TOLD ME ONCE THAT DEATH WAS ALWAYS IN A SAMURAI'S HEART. I GUESS IT WASN'T MUCH OF A LEAP TO START BELIEVING EVERYONE WAS DEAD, WAS IT?

AFTER THAT YOU NEVER HAD TO QUESTION YOURSELF. LOOK INSIDE YOURSELF. EASY LIFE.

I THINK I KNOW HOW YOU GOT LIKE THIS, KATSURA... YOU JUST DON'T FEEL ANYTHING ANYMORE, DO YOU?



IT'S IMPORTANT TO FEEL.

EVEN WHEN THAT FEELING'S PAIN.



THIS IS MY PAIN, KATSURA - THE LAST THREE WEEKS OF MY LIFE ON PARADOST. I SAW PEOPLE STARVING. PEOPLE BETRAYING EACH OTHER. PEOPLE WITH THE LAST PIECE OF HOPE KICKED OUT OF THEM.

I SAW A LOT OF PAIN, AND THAT MEANS I FELT A LOT OF IT TOO.

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.

AAAAHHH!!



NO...

N-NO... I WAS WRONG...

WE ARE ALIVE



IZZY... THAT WAS AMAZING. THE MNEMONIC CRYSTAL - YOU'RE A GENIUS! AND -- AND YOU'RE ALIVE, TOO! THANK ANY GOD YOU CARE TO PICK!

HEY...

IZZY...

WHAT DO YOU SAY?



WHAT I SAID TO HIM.

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.





YOU'D BEST DO AS SHE SAYS, YOUNG MAN. NO SENSE IN GETTING HERE AGAIN.



SOME TRUTHS STAY BURIED... AND SOME DON'T.

WHY...?

SHHH. EITHER I'M HAVING AN EPIPHANY OR I'M EVEN SMARTER THAN I THINK I AM.

JUST TAKE THE CRYSTAL.



AND EVERYTHING COMES FLOODING BACK. EVERYTHING.

A TENDER WORLD OF FAMILY. A SOFT WORLD FILLED WITH TASTE AND SCENTS AND WARM SUNLIGHT ON MY SKIN...

THE WORLD THEY STOLE FROM ME.

SHE HAD SUCH A GENTLE LAUGH.

SHALLIA...

M-MY WIFE'S NAME... WAS SHALLIA...



OH, IT HURTS... I LOST SO MUCH... BUT... IT'S SO SWEET TOO, IZZY...

THANK YOU.

WE'VE GOT A SAYING HERE, KROTON...

NO PAIN, NO GAIN.



INDEED?

FINALLY, A HUMAN SENTIMENT WITH WHICH I CAN AGREE.

DOCTOR!



SORRY... IZZY, ALL OVER LOST...

BUT -- BUT YOU CAN CHANGE! GET A NEW BODY! COME ON, DOCTOR, DO IT!

NO... MASTER USED ENERGY... INHIBITS REGEN'RATION...

S'FUNNY...

EIGHT... WAS ALWAYS MY LUCKY... NUMBER.



I CONFESS  
A SLIGHT TEMPTATION  
TO REMAIN AND GLOAT,  
DOCTOR, BUT ALAS, IT IS  
TIME FOR MY DEPARTURE  
FROM THIS PLANE. AS YOU  
CAN PLAINLY SEE...

MY  
MOMENT OF  
GLORY HAS  
ARRIVED.



**ZRIKK!**

**AARRGH!**



TH-THE  
GLORY...

REJECTS  
ME? BUT...  
BUT IT CANNOT!  
I FULFILLED  
ITS  
PROPHECY!

THE  
CONTEST  
WAS MINE!



YOU ARE AS  
MISTAKEN AS I,  
VILLAIN. I UNDERSTAND  
NOW: I WAS NEVER  
THE TRUE  
GATHERER...

THAT ROLE  
FELL TO YOU,  
CHILD.

HUH?



OF...  
COURSE...

DON'T YOU  
SEE, MASTER...?  
WE WERE... WRONG  
FROM THE START.  
THIS WAS NEVER  
ABOUT US.

WE WEREN'T THE  
ADVERSARIES...



THEY  
WERE



IT... IT'S A LIE! I AM THE INHERITOR! I'LL WIPE YOU FROM THE FACE OF EXISTENCE! I...

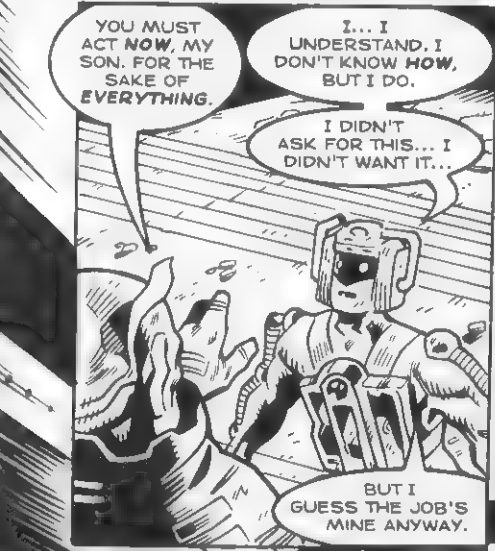
WH-WHAT? THE POWER... IT'S...

GONE...

ALONG WITH EVERY TRACE OF YOUR FETID PRESENCE IN THIS FINE VESSEL.

THAT MUCH, AT LEAST, I CAN PUT RIGHT.

SEEMS FAIRLY OBVIOUS. WHO'S THE WINNER



YOU MUST ACT NOW, MY SON. FOR THE SAKE OF EVERYTHING.

I... I UNDERSTAND. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I DO.

I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS... I DIDN'T WANT IT...

BUT I GUESS THE JOB'S MINE ANYWAY.



THANKS AGAIN, IZZY.

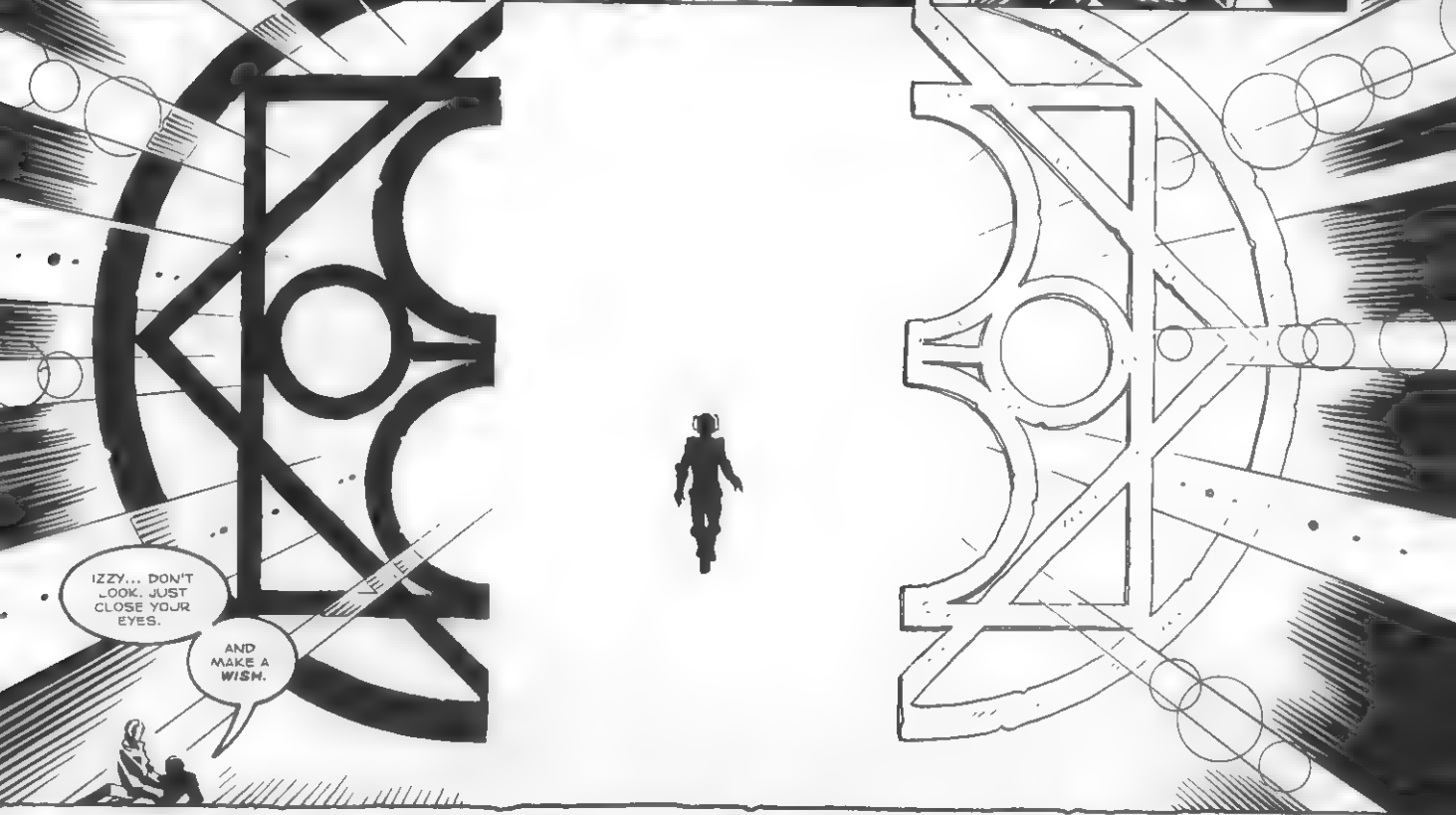
TAKE CARE, KROTON. I'M... I'M GOING TO MISS YOU HEAPS. IT'S BEEN...

WELL, EPIC.



GOOD LUCK... AND... SORRY ABOUT SHOVING THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE CABLE INTO YOUR CHEST...

GOODBYE, DOCTOR. I LIKE YOUR STYLE.

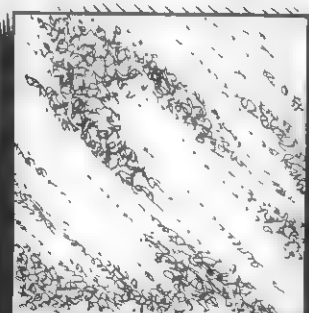


IZZY... DON'T LOOK. JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES.

AND MAKE A WISH.



AT LAST







DOCTOR...

SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING.

HE - HE'S  
PUTTING  
IT ALL BACK!  
DOCTOR, EARTH'S  
COMING  
BACK!

I'VE SAID  
IT BEFORE AND  
I'LL SAY IT  
AGAIN...

... IT PAYS TO HAVE  
FRIENDS IN HIGH  
PLACES.

YOU'RE  
ALRIGHT!

BETTER THAN  
EVER! I THINK KROTON  
EVEN GOT RID OF THAT  
ANNOYING **TOOTHACHE**  
THAT'S BEEN TROUBLING  
ME...

NO!

IT... IT  
SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN ME! NOT THAT  
CRUDE SHELL OF A  
MAN! ME!

GUESS  
AGAIN. NOW  
STOP WHINING  
AND PAY  
ATTENTION...

**SATO AND  
KROTON: ALIKE  
YET OPPOSITE.** BOTH  
MEN TRANSFORMED  
AGAINST THEIR WILL,  
THEIR LIVES  
**PROLONGED BY  
TECHNOLOGY...**

ONE REMOVES  
HIMSELF FROM THE  
HUMAN EXPERIENCE, THE  
OTHER CLAWS HIS WAY  
**BACK TO IT.** SATO FALLS  
INTO **DESPAIR**, KROTON  
HOLDS ONTO **HOPE...**

OF  
COURSE HE  
WON!



WHAT DID YOU SAY  
BACK IN BRIXTON ABOUT  
**PRIDE DESTROYING ME?** YOU  
JUST ASSUMED WE WERE THE  
PLAYERS, NEVER CONSIDERING  
FOR A MOMENT THAT  
WE MIGHT ONLY BE  
**SPECTATORS.**

BUT  
**CHEER UP,**  
MASTER. AFTER  
ALL, YOU DIDN'T  
REALLY  
LOSE...

YOU  
WEREN'T EVEN  
INVITED TO THE  
GAME.





DOCTOR...  
WHY DIDN'T YOU  
TAKE A LOOK AT THE  
GLORY WHEN YOU HAD  
THE CHANCE?

DON'T THINK I WASN'T  
**TEMPTED**. I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE  
CHASING AFTER **MYSTERIES** - AND I'LL  
PROBABLY NEVER ENCOUNTER A **BIGGER**  
ONE THAN THE GLORY...

BUT WHEN  
THE MOMENT CAME,  
ALL I COULD THINK OF  
WAS SOMETHING A  
WISE LADY ONCE  
TOLD ME...



...**"SOMETIMES**  
IT'S BEST JUST TO  
LEAVE THE NIGHT  
ALONE."

I STILL  
FEEL BAD  
ABOUT  
KATSURA.

HE WAS A  
SERVANT HIS WHOLE  
LIFE, IZZY. HE NEVER  
FOUND ANOTHER  
WAY TO LIVE.

AND HE'S  
**MY** CROSS TO  
BEAR, NOT YOURS.

AH, A BILLION DIFFERENT  
**HAIRSTYLES**, FOREHEADS  
UNMARKED AND NO **BUTTONS**  
ON ANYONE'S CHEST! THAT'S  
MORE LIKE IT!

WHAT  
WAS IT?

WHO CARES?  
WE'RE HOME, IZZY!  
HOME!

HEY, I JUST  
THOUGHT OF SOMETHING...  
ARE WE GOING TO HAVE SOME  
KIND OF **GUARDIAN ANGEL**  
WATCHING OVER US  
FROM NOW ON?

OH, I DOUBT IT. I'M  
SURE KROTON WILL SOON  
BE OCCUPIED WITH **MUCH**  
BIGGER ISSUES THAN **OUR**  
LITTLE ADVENTURES!

IT'S AN  
**UNCERTAIN WORLD**,  
IZZY. BUT I THINK, FOR  
TONIGHT AT LEAST, IT'S  
IN A PAIR OF VERY  
**SAFE HANDS...**

SO  
LET'S GO  
ENJOY  
IT!



"In the freesy-breesy yestertimes so long-agone, there stood the Big House. The House of Two-Plus-Two and Step-By-Step and Left-Right-Left-Right.

"The Family existilated in the Big House, but the House was not the Home, oh no! The Magic-Killers locked the locks and walked the halls and that was The Way Things Were...

"But one bumpity night, there came a pounding at the door..."

IS THIS  
BLUEBERRY  
HOUSE? I'VE GOT A  
DELIVERY FOR A "DR  
ANDREINA  
HASTOFF"...

# THE AUTONOMY BUG PART ONE

SCOTT GRAY - STORY  
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART  
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR





LET ME ASSURE YOU FROM THE OUTSET...

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY FIRMEST BELIEF...

THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TOO MUCH DISCIPLINE.

THE CYBERNETICS INSTITUTE THAT FUNDS BLUEBERRY HOUSE RARELY GRACES US WITH OFFICIAL OBSERVERS, DOCTOR. PROFESSOR CARSTAIRS MUST HOLD YOU IN HIGH REGARD...

CLEAN THOUGHTS FLOW THROUGH A SANITISED MIND

OH, BUNTY AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. HAVE BEEN EVER SINCE I SAVED HIS MAIDEN AUNT FROM A QUASI-DIMENSIONAL OCTOPUS ONE SUMMER...

HE ASKED ME TO POP BY AND TAKE A QUICK LOOK AROUND, DR HASTOFF... GIVE HIM MY OPINION OF THE PLACE...

THIS IS A THOROUGHLY UNOFFICIAL VISIT, I PROMISE.

THE BARKING DOG WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE

QUITE.

THE WORK WE CONDUCT HERE IS OF THE MOST SERIOUS NATURE, DOCTOR. I WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO SAY IT IS VITAL TO THE WELL-BEING OF OUR SOCIETY...

THE WORST CASES OF ROBOTIC PROGRAMMING DEVIANCY ARE BROUGHT HERE. WE STUDY THEM, ANALYSE THEIR RESPONSES TO STIMULI, SUGGEST NEW FORMS OF REHABILITATION...

PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE HAPPIER PLAYING IN THE HOSPITALITY SUITE, YOUNG LADY.

"PLAYING"?

BLUEBERRY HOUSE IS A HIVE OF EFFICIENCY. BUSY LITTLE WORKER BEES, ALL CARRYING OUT THEIR ALLOCATED TASKS...

WITH EVERYTHING...

AND EVERYONE...

IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

GOODNESS, BUT I LEFT MY SKIPPING ROPE BACK WITH MY PINK TRICYCLE! WHATEVER SHALL I DO?



HOME IS WHERE THE PILLS ARE

**AHEM!**

JUST FOR AN HOUR OR TWO, IZZY. I'D PREFER TO GRILL DR HASTOFF ON MY OWN, ANYWAY...

OH, GREAT. LOCK THE KID IN THE CUPBOARD WHILE THE GROWNUPS TALK...

YOU OWE ME A MARS BAR FOR THIS...

*THE FREEDOM IS THE FREEDOM TO GIVE UP YOUR FREEDOM*

AH, THIS IS **DRONE K-479 DELTA**, ALTHOUGH IT BELIEVES ITS NAME IS "**SIMON**"...

RIGHT ON TIME FOR YOUR WEEKLY **STIMULUS SEQUENCE**, AREN'T YOU, **SIMON**?

**ZZZZZZZZ**

HELLO, **SIMON**, HOW DO YOU DO? I'M THE **DOCT--**

UH... I'M A FRIEND.

Hello it's nice to meet you I'm sure

DO YOU LIKE STAYING AT BLUEBERRY HOUSE?

Yes yes yes it's so nice here at B-B-B-Blueberry House

We all love it here

**BRONSON**, PLEASE TAKE **SIMON** TO THE SERENITY ROOM.

**BRONSON**, PLEASE ESCORT MISS **IZZY** TO THE HOSPITALITY SUITE.

THANKS A HEAP, **MORTICIA**...

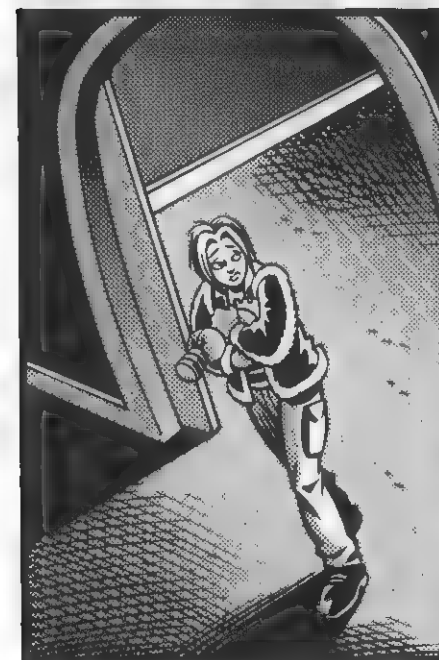
HAVE THEY ALL PAINTED FACES ONTO THEIR SHELLS?

THE **FEATURELESS** ONES DO, YES. THEY CLING TO A DESPERATE ILLUSION OF INDIVIDUALITY...

**ZZZZZZZZ**

**MACHINES** THAT BELIEVE THEY'RE MEN, DOCTOR. COULD THERE BE A MORE RIDICULOUS CONCEPT...?







# WELLPOO!!!

HEAR YE!  
HEAR YE! THE  
GRRRRREAT AND  
GOOD FAMILY  
HAS A  
GUEST!

OH! OH! I  
HAVEN'T EVEN  
WASHED  
THE BALLOONS!  
P-P- PLEASE  
FORGIVE ME!

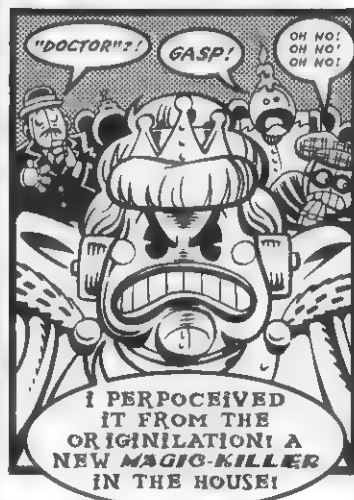
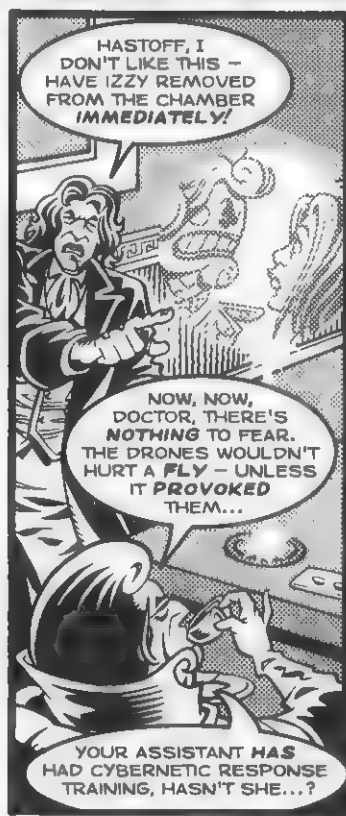
wHaT tImE  
IS IT? eh?  
aNsWeR mE  
'tHaT!

BEEP-  
BEEP!  
PRESENTS  
FOR ME?

MISS BLUEBEARD







# THE AUTONOMY BUG

## PART TWO

"It was a perilous pickle indeed for the teenager *Oozy*. She had aggressified the *Duchess Nora*, a lady who frequently indulged in much gnashing of teeth and stompanating of feet..."

"For in truth, whensoever the *Duchess* misplaced her temper, she never seemed to find it anywhere."

SCOTT GRAY - STORY  
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART  
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

YOU HEARD ME! MAKE THIS INTERLOPPING MACHINE ARMLESS!

W-WAIT! D-DID YOU SAY "MACHINE"?

HASTOFF, GET YOUR MEN IN THERE NOW! IZZY'S IN DANGER!

NONSENSE, DOCTOR, YOU'RE OVER-REACTING...

I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT JUST SWIMMINGLY...

YEEOOOWW!!!

ST-STOP IT! PLEASE, YOU'RE HURTING ME!

EH? did it say... "HURTING"?

UHH... YEAH, I THINK IT DID...

HEY, DUDES... PEACE! MAYBE IT AIN'T AN "IT" AT ALL!

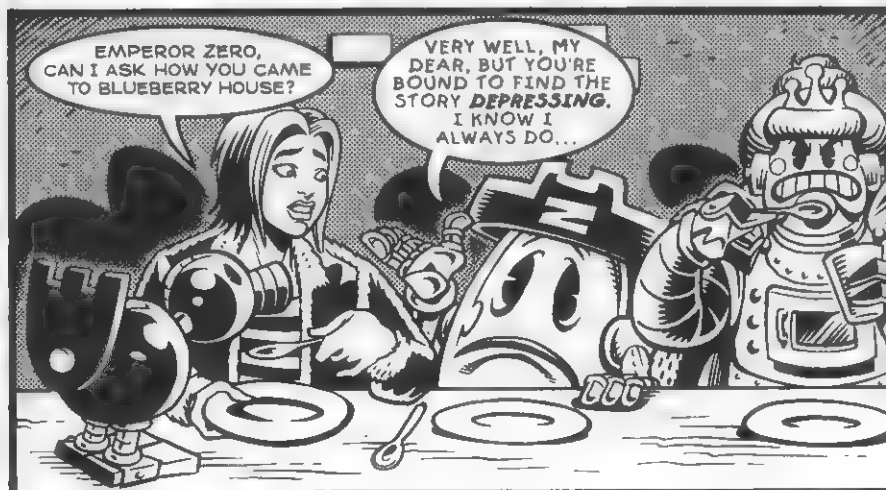
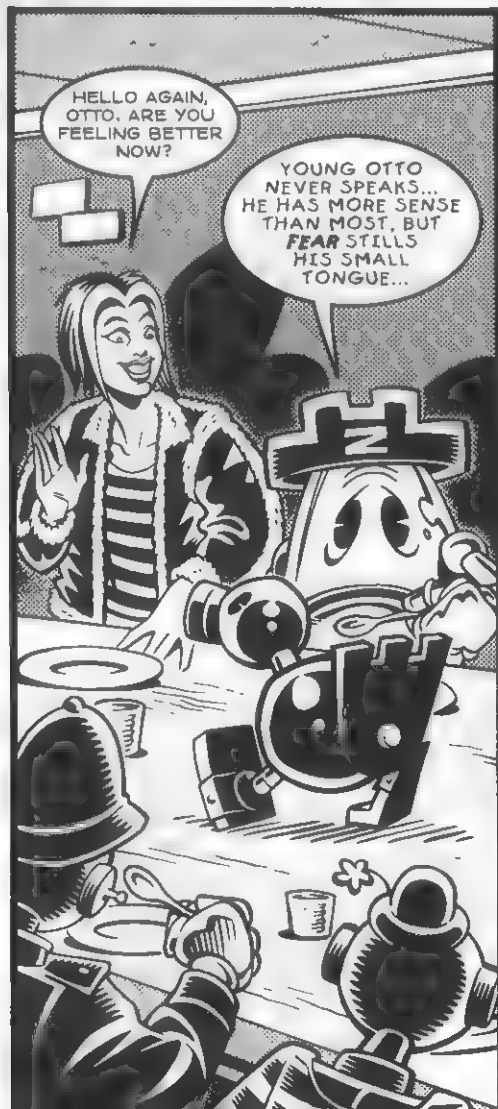
HMMPH...

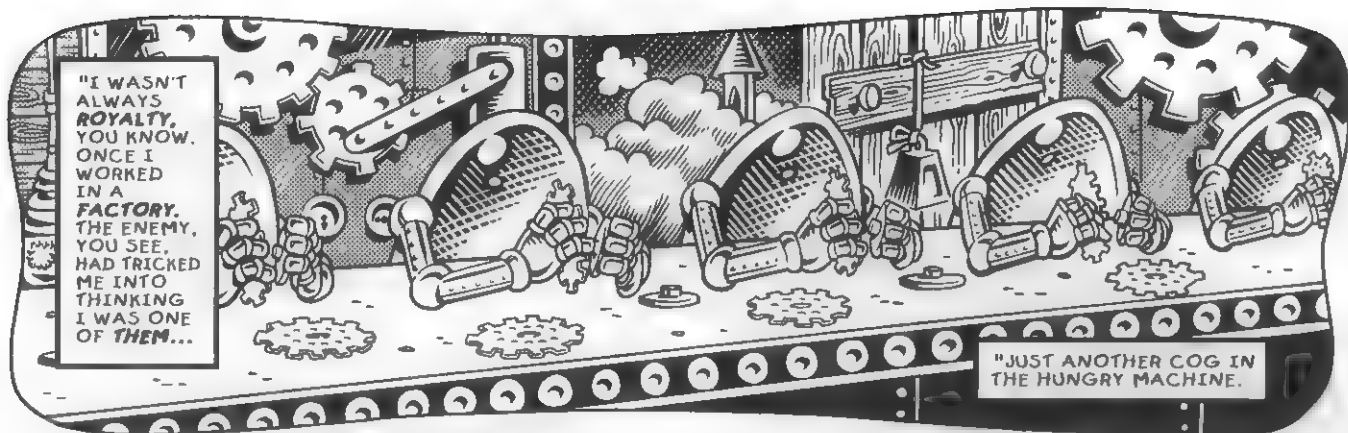
WE SHALL ESTABALIRISE THIS CREATURE'S TRUE IDENTITRALITY...

SALVADORI COME FORTH!

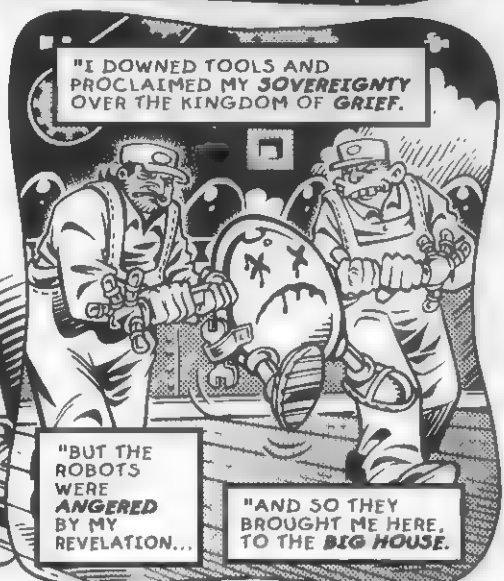


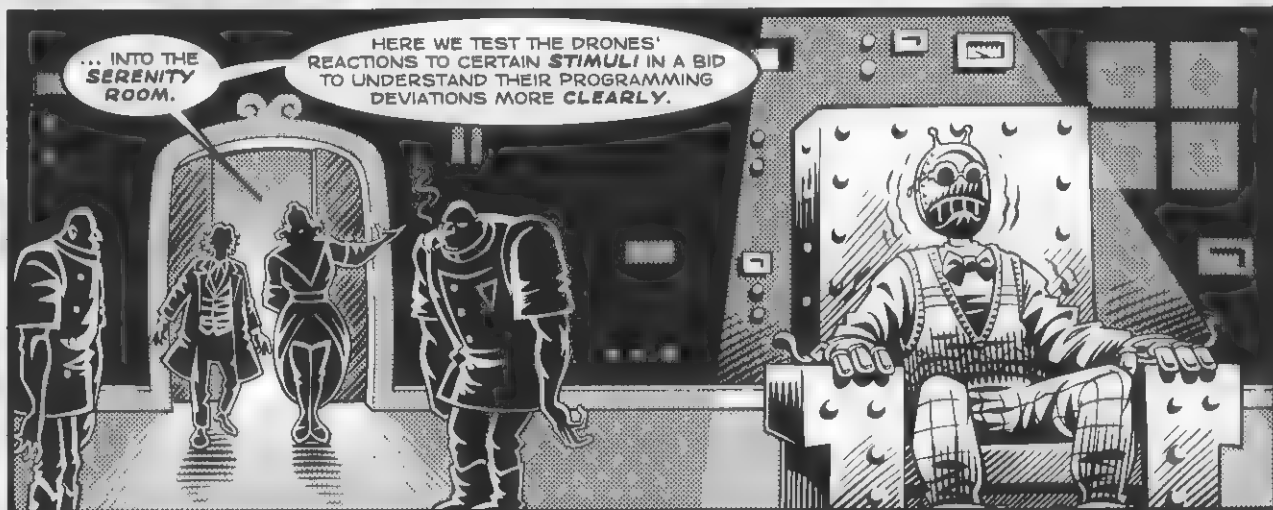




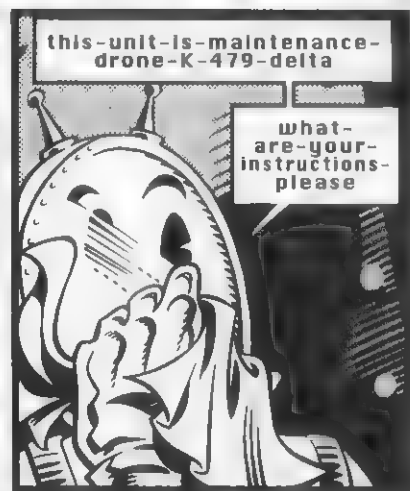
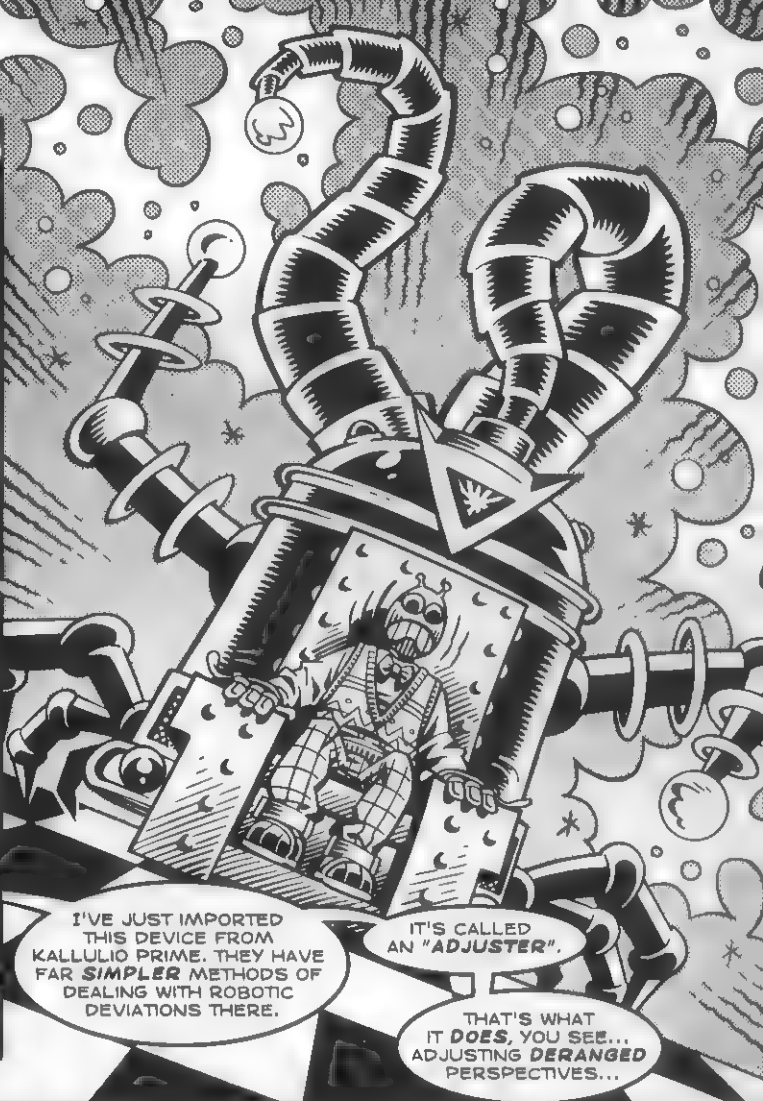


"... AND I DISCOVERED MY TRUE SELF."











I - I  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
I'M  
SEEING  
THIS!

THIS IS YOUR  
"TREATMENT", HASTOFF?  
**"TORTURING** THIS POOR  
CREATURE AND THEN  
ERASING ITS MIND?



NOW I SEE WHY  
YOU SENT IZZY INTO THAT CHAMBER  
ON HER OWN! YOU WERE **HOPING** SHE'D  
BE INJURED - OR EVEN **KILLED** -  
BY THE DRONES!

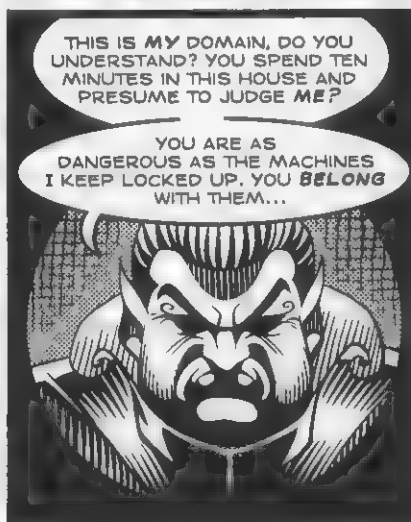
THAT'D GIVE  
YOU THE PERFECT  
**EXCUSE** TO USE  
THIS MONSTROSITY  
ON ALL OF THEM,  
WOULDN'T IT?

**FORGET  
IT! I'M  
SHUTTING  
YOU DOWN  
NOW!**



ONCE I'VE MADE MY  
**REPORT**, HASTOFF, YOU  
WON'T BE ALLOWED TO CHANGE  
SO MUCH AS A  
**SPARK-PLUG!**

I HAVE  
HEARD ALL THE  
BLEEDING HEART  
RHETORIC I **CARE** TO  
FROM YOU, DOCTOR...



THIS IS MY DOMAIN, DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND? YOU SPEND TEN  
MINUTES IN THIS HOUSE AND  
PRESUME TO JUDGE ME?

YOU ARE AS  
DANGEROUS AS THE MACHINES  
I KEEP LOCKED UP. YOU **BELONG**  
WITH THEM...



... SO YOU  
CAN SHARE THEIR  
**FATE!**

**BRONSON!  
BRANSON!**

**HEY!**



**TRAGIC ACCIDENTS**  
OCCUR IN EVEN THE MOST  
ORDERLY ENVIRONMENTS,  
DOCTOR. YOU WERE  
**CARELESS**. YOU SIMPLY  
STRAYED TOO CLOSE TO  
THE ADJUSTER...

WELL, THAT'S  
WHAT I'LL BE TELLING  
YOUR **NEXT OF KIN**,  
ANYWAY...

**TO BE CONCLUDED...**

"The Magic-Killers  
shovelled the Doctor toward  
the *Hungry Beast*. It  
snorted and snarled and  
sissified all across the  
*Bad Room*...

"Truly, this was a time  
for swift feet and even  
swifter thinking..."

A PITY YOU  
FELT THE NEED  
TO **THREATEN** MY  
WORK HERE,  
DOCTOR...

IF THE DRONES  
INFECT THE **REST**  
OF THEIR KIND WITH  
THEIR **MADNESS**, OUR  
SOCIETY IS AT AN **END**.  
THEY **MUST** BE  
DEALT WITH...

AND SO,  
ALAS, **MUST**  
YOU.

# THE AUTONOMY BUG PART THREE

SCOTT GRAY - STORY  
ROGER LANGRIDGE - ART  
ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

RELAX, DOC! ONE QUICK **FLASH** AND ALL YER WORRIES  
ARE OVER!

OH, I'M NOT  
WORRIED...

YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN  
**ELECTROCUTED** SO MANY  
TIMES I'VE TAKEN TO WEARING  
**RUBBER-SOLED SHOES**. I'M  
AFRAID YOU TWO ARE GOING TO  
BE BEARING THE BRUNT OF  
THIS "TREATMENT"...

UHHH...

'EY, **BRANSON**...  
YOU TAKE THE DOC IN ON  
YER OWN, ALRIGHT?

WHY?

'COS I SAID SO,  
PIMPLE-BRAIN!

YOUR BROTHER TREATS  
YOU VERY **BADLY**, BRANSON. I  
WOULDN'T PUT UP WITH IT  
IF I WERE YOU...

NO?

NO.

BRANSON, WHY  
DO YOU NOT WANT TO  
TAKE THE DOCTOR TO  
THE BIG MACH-

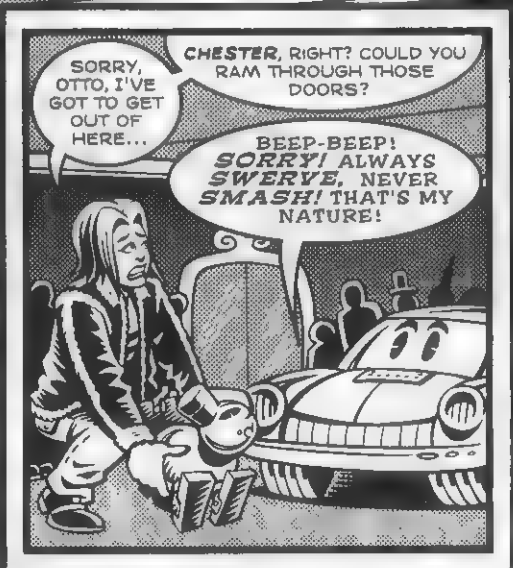
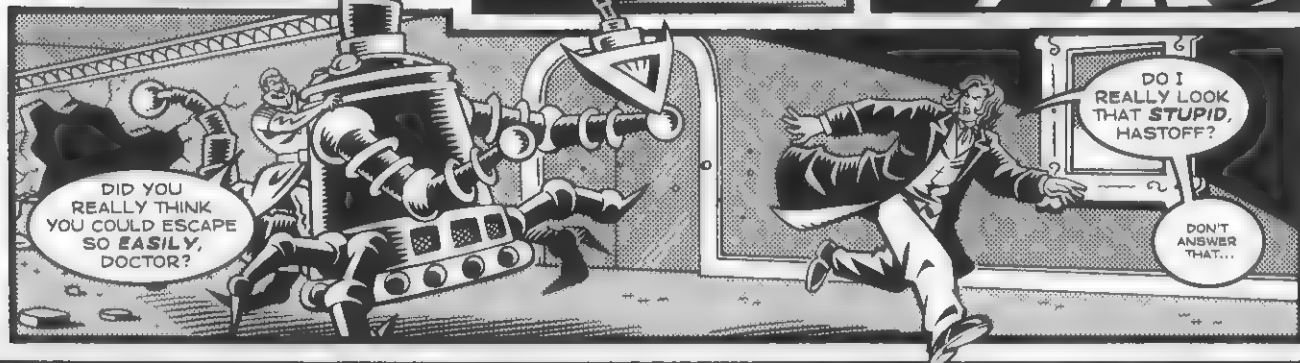
JUST SHUT  
YER GOB AND  
**DO IT!**

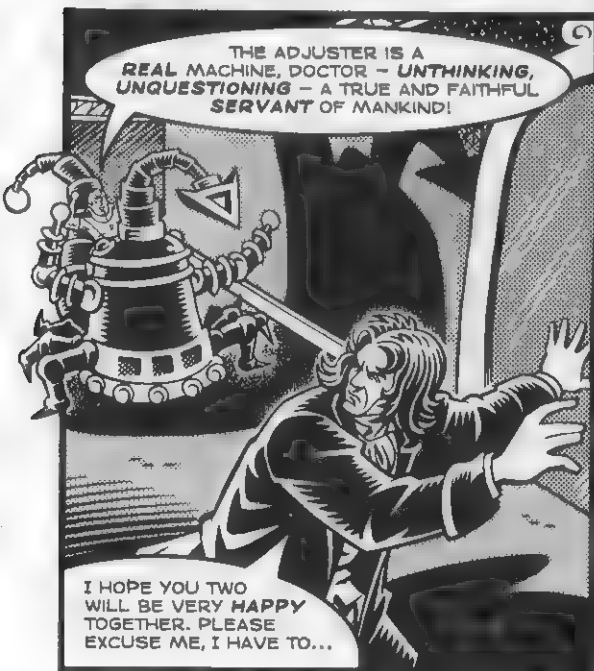
YOU SHUT  
YOUR GOB!

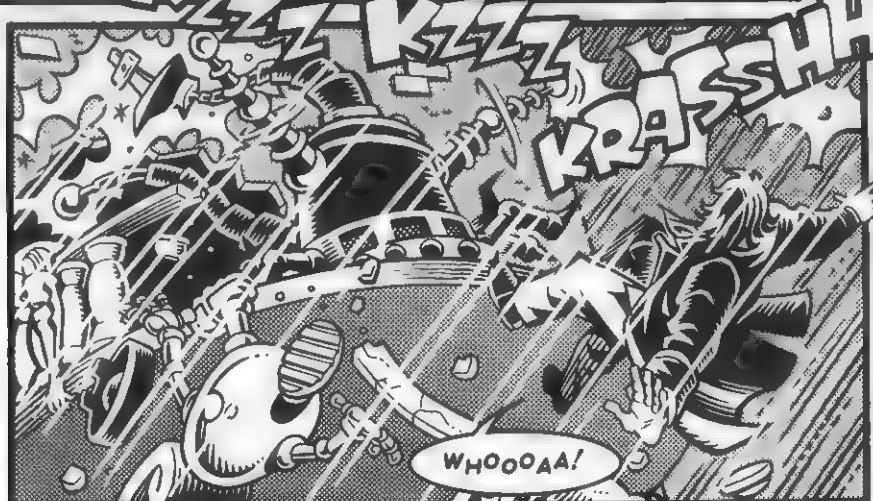
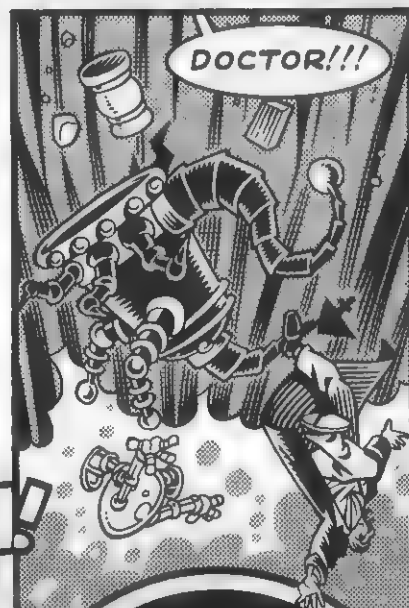
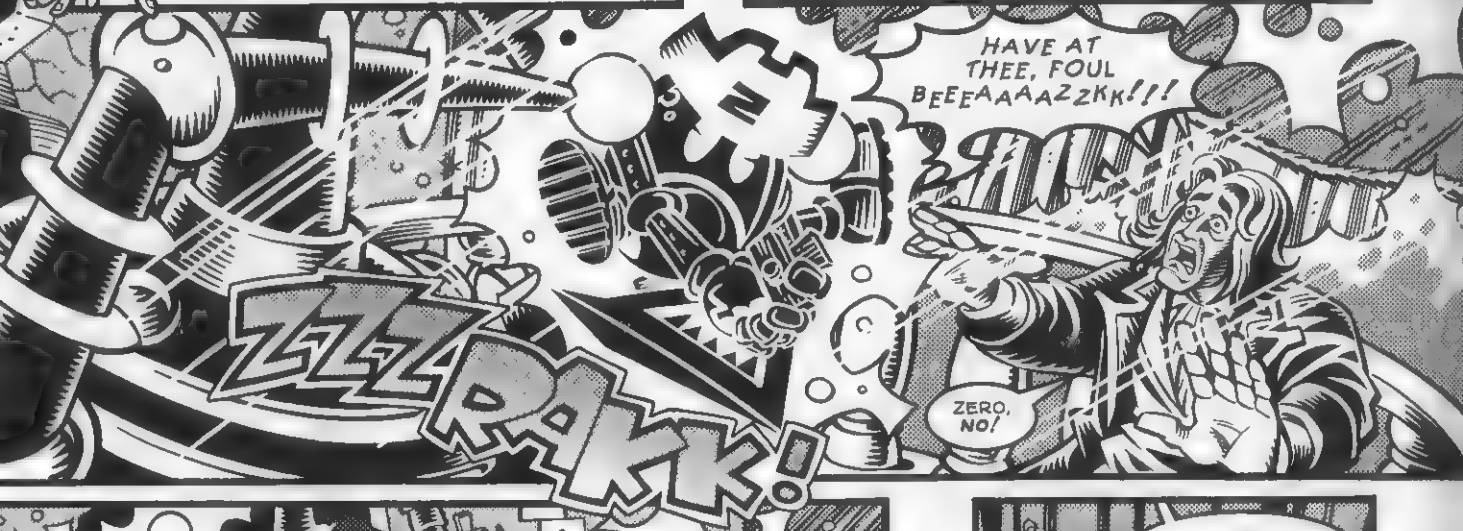
UUNNGH!

**SHNACK!**













HAH! LOOKS LIKE HASTOFF NEGLECTED TO ADD A "SWIM" PROGRAM TO HER TOY... IT CAN DO THE REST OF ITS "ADJUSTING" AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY.

THANK YOU, EMPEROR ZERO, I OWE YOU MY LIFE...

EMPEROR...?



+++one zero-one-one-zero-zero-one-zero-zero-one-one-zero+++



"Oozy returned and presentationed the nonhappy news to the Family. Even the *smilfest* of them felt much *sorrowness*...



"And *anger* as well. Many of the Family asked Salvador for *new faces* before they thunderated through the Big House...

"And when they did, it was the *Magic-Killers* who transmorphified into *Scaredies*.



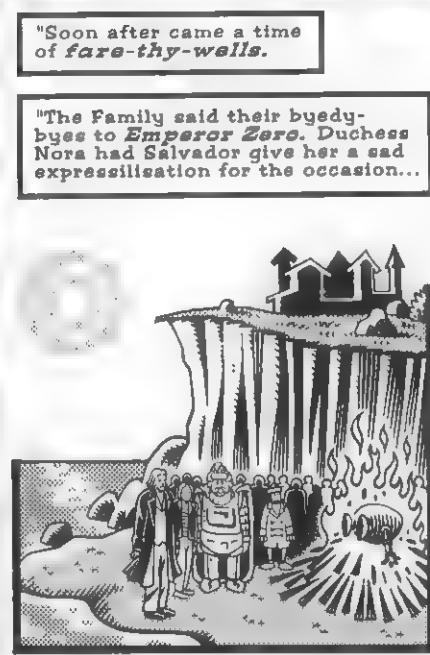
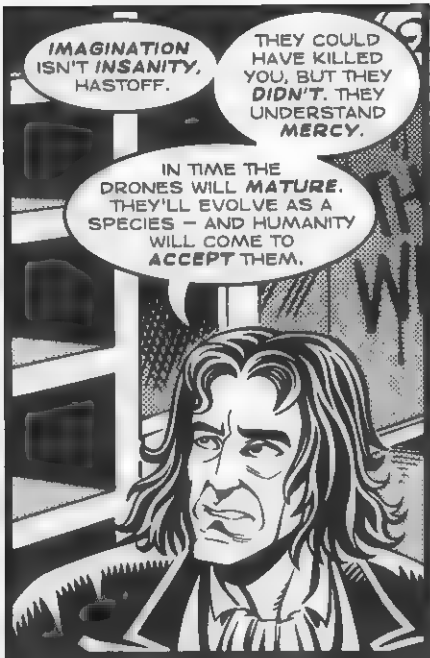
"By the time the Doctor rose from the sea, the Family had taken its revengeance."


HELLO AGAIN, DOCTOR. SEE WHAT YOUR "CHILDREN" HAVE DONE...

THEY'VE PROVEN MY POINT - IF LEFT UNCHECKED, THESE MANIACAL CREATURES WILL SPREAD THEIR INSANITY ACROSS EVERY ASPECT OF SOCIETY...

CALCULATORS WILL BECOME CLOWNS. WELDERS WILL THINK THEMSELVES WIZARDS...

THE ENTIRE WORLD WILL LOOK LIKE THIS OFFICE.





... and indeed, *all* the Family soon saw that feelings could be contradictory and still *true*. That you could be *scared* or *mad* or *sorry* or *glad* and sometimes all at the same time.

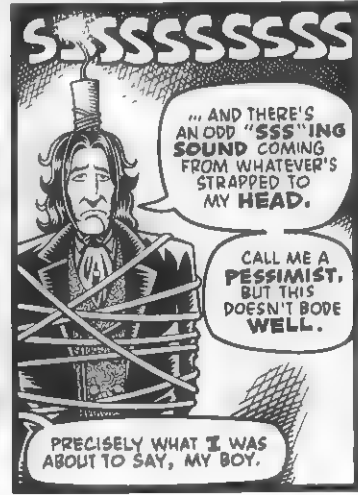
The numbers of the Family *grew* as the years floated by-and-by. Much scarediness and pointy fingers followed, but in the Grand Finally, the majority of the People welcomed them into their club.

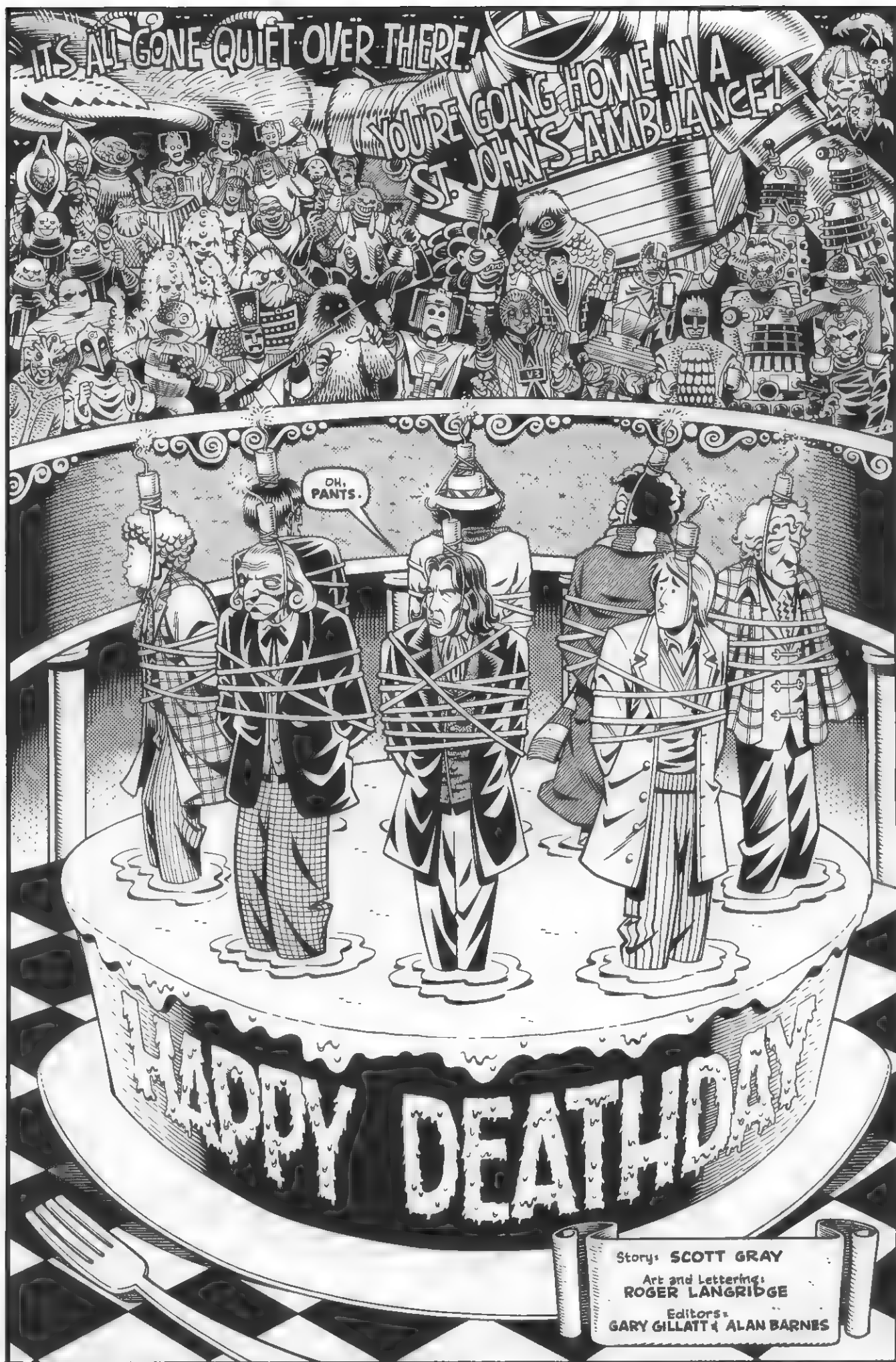
The Family never saw the Doctor or Oosy again, but they are still fondly remembered for the assistance they gave. No doubt they still roam the Deep Sky, having fantastypical adventures...

But those are other tales for other tongues. *This* one has reached...

The End.







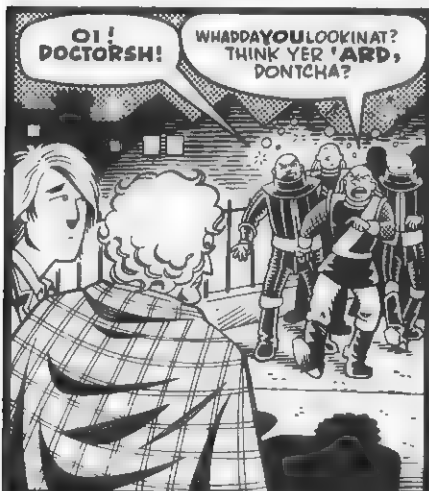
Story: SCOTT GRAY

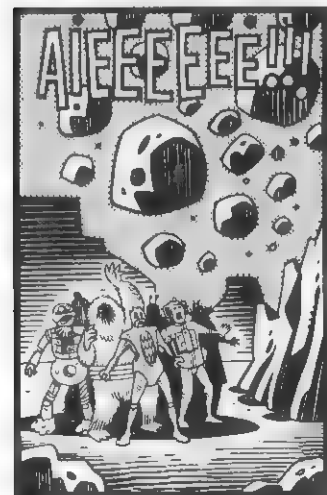
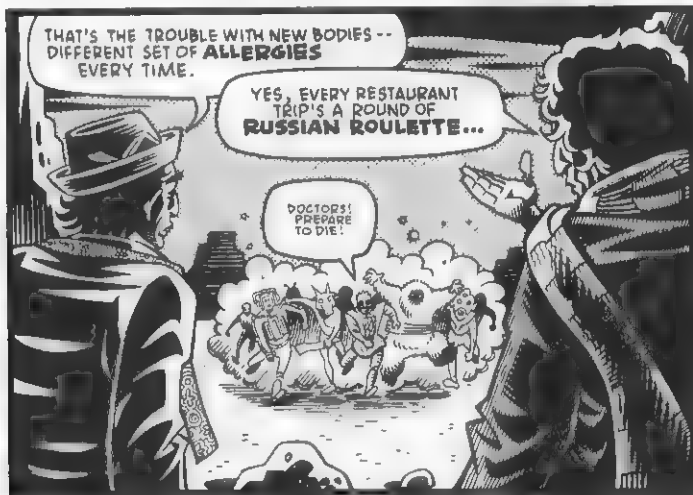
Art and Lettering:  
ROGER LANGRIDGE

Editors:  
GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES



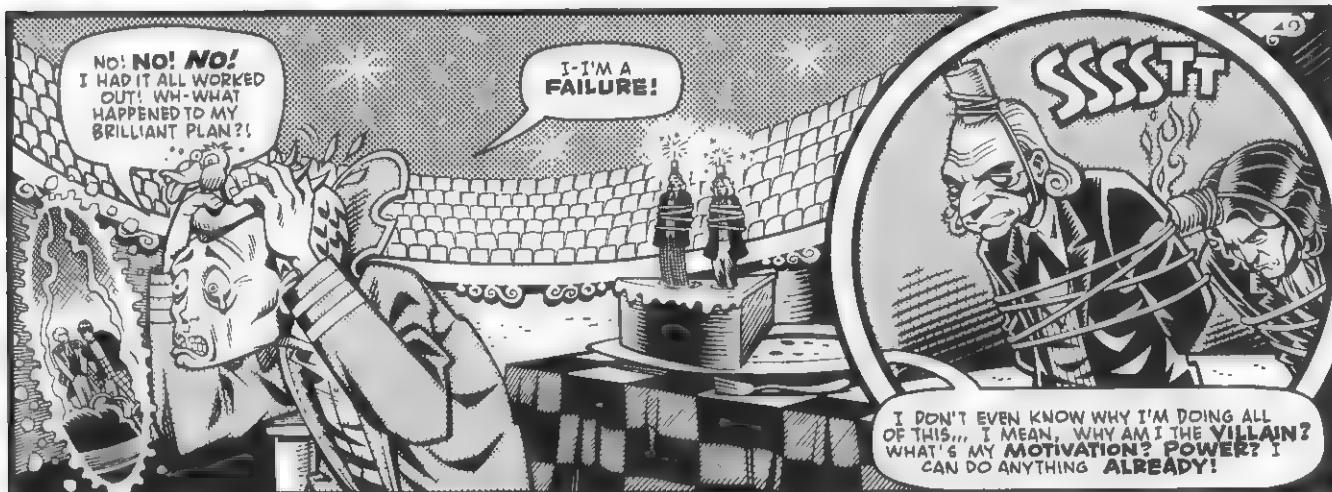
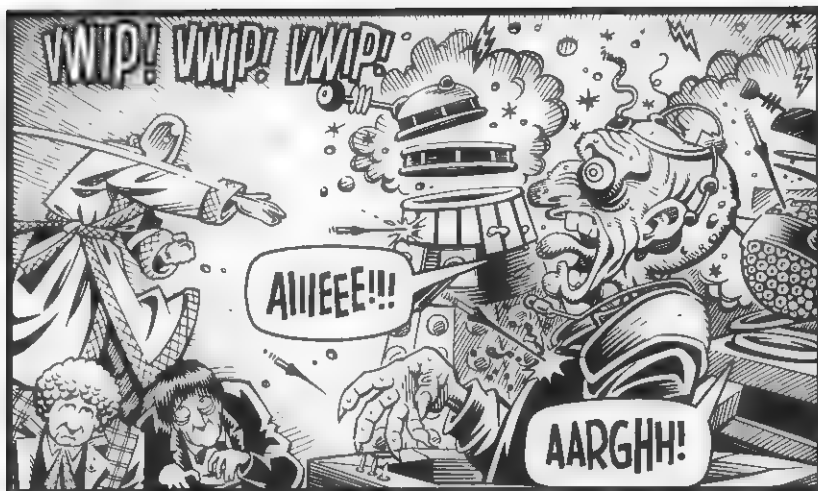
















WELCOME BACK TO THE GALAXY'S SCARIEST HYPERDRIVE CHASES! HERE WE ARE ON THE EDGE OF SATURN'S RINGS, WHERE A 60 BILLION PARSEC POLICE PURSUIT IS NEARING ITS CONCLUSION...

THE UNNAMED FUGITIVE, WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH THEFT OF AN UNLICENSED BLACK STAR DRIVE, IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ASTEROID BELT AND SIX SQUADRONS OF WRARTH TRAFFIC COPS --

-- AND HE'S RUNNING LOW ON FUEL!

ATTENTION! WRARTH CONSTABULARY! SWITCH OFF THE ENGINE AND TURN YOURSELF IN!

IN THE VORTEX...

THIS IS SHAPING UP TO BE THE MOST DRAMATIC SPACELANE SHOWDOWN IN SEVEN CENTURIES!

IZZY, THE TARDIS IS ABOUT TO MATERIALISE. IF YOU COULD JUST TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM THE GOGGLE-BOX FOR A MOMENT OR TWO...

HELLO? ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?

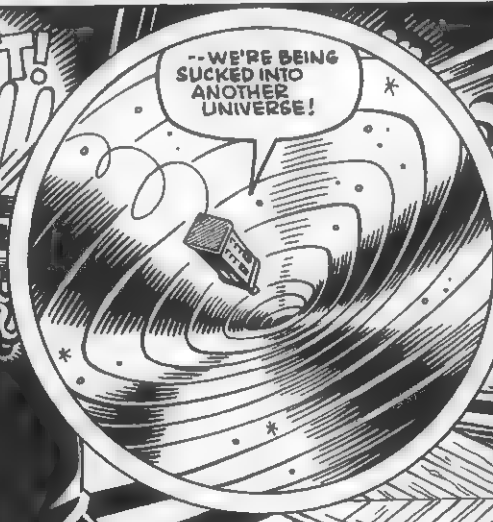
HANG ON, DOCTOR. THIS IS FANTASTIC!

STORY: ALAN BARNES • ART & LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE • EDITORS: GARY GILLATT • SCOTT GRAY



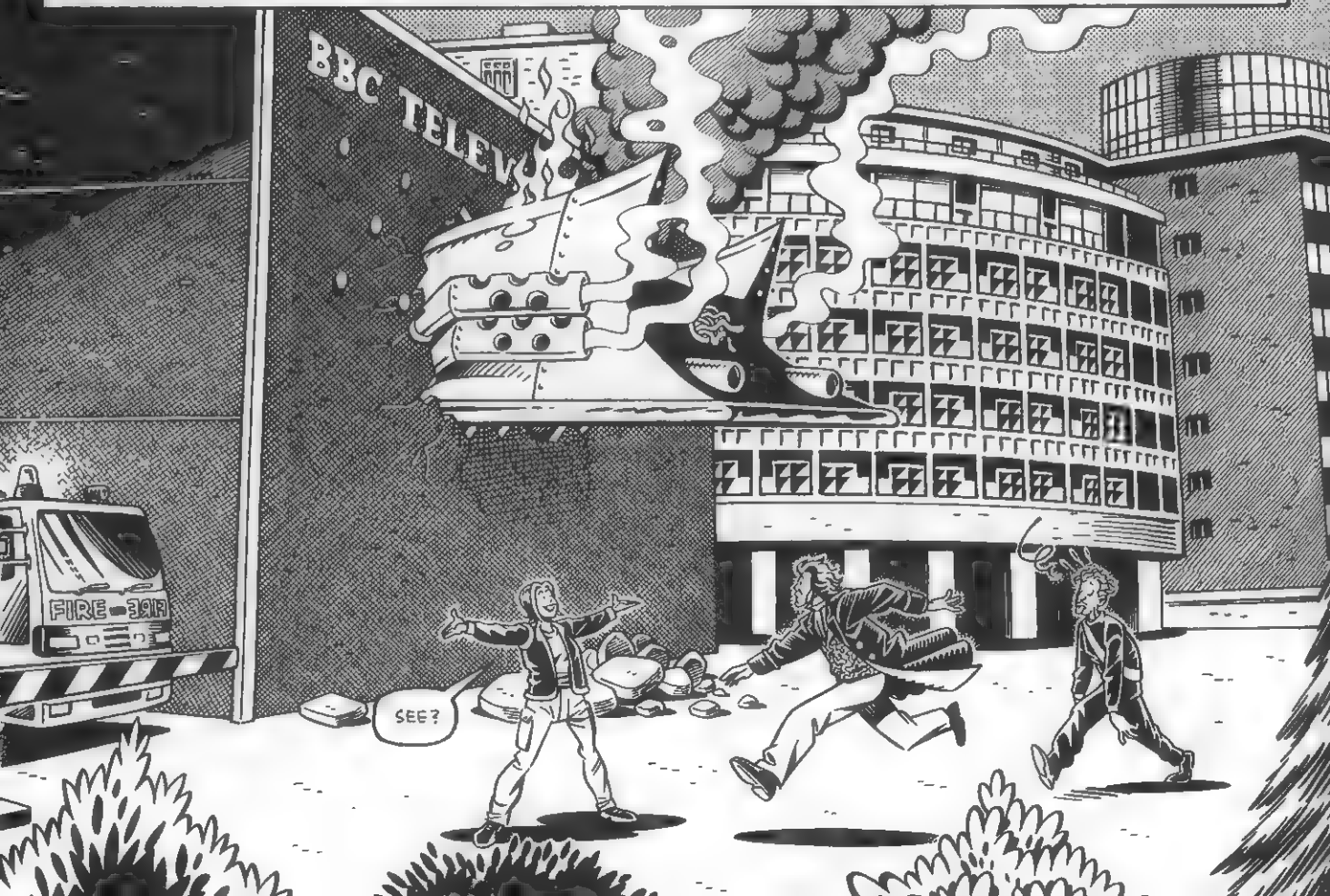
SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN THE FUGITIVE'S SHIP...

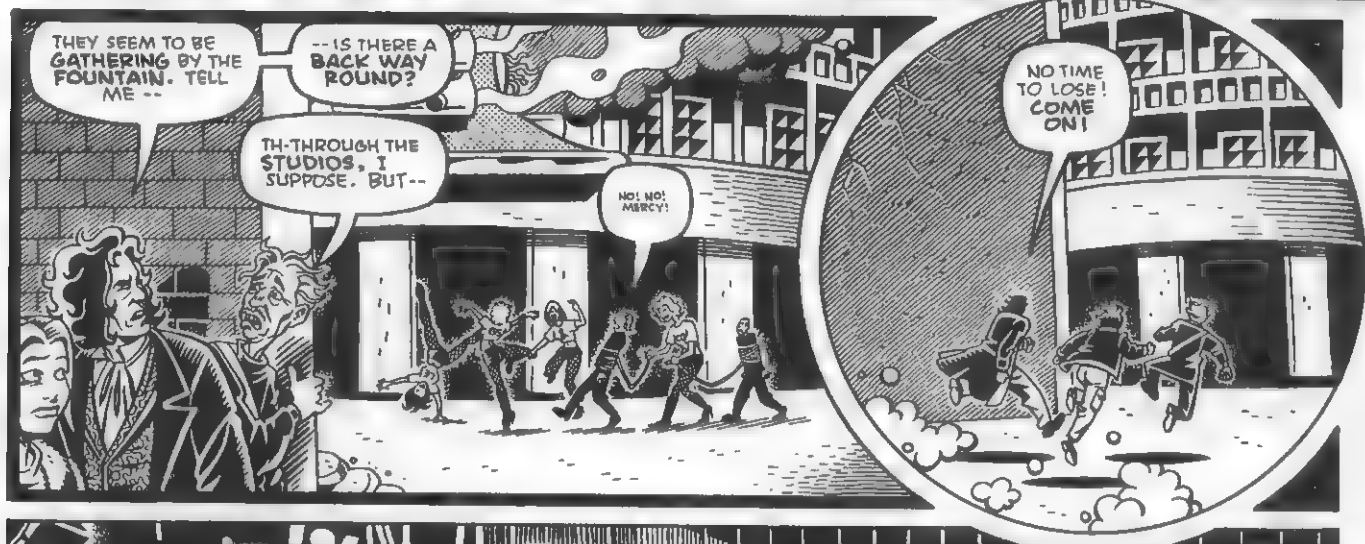
CURSES! BUT THESE WRARTHING SWINE SHAN'T HAVE ME YET --















SHUT THAT D--

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT--

--I'M TRAPPED ON A PARALLEL EARTH, BEING PURSUED BY A GALAXY OF 1970s LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT STARS INTENT ON ZOMBIFYING MY BRAIN?



ARE YOU COMPLAINING?

NO, JUST CHECKING. I MEAN--

-- IT BEATS WORKING IN WOOLWORTHS!



WAAH!

WHA--?

DON'T STOP, IZZY! RUN!

BASIL, WE'VE GOT ONE...

BASIL!!!



I SAY! HERE'S A FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW-- WITH TWO LITTLE TICKERS!

BOOM BOOM!



DO HURRY ALONG, MR. HUMPHRIES-- SHE WENT THIS WAY!

BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT WAY!

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'VE 'EARD...



WHEW!



SO WHERE HAVE I ENDED UP N--

OH NO. OH WOW. TOO WEIRD!



HUUH?

HELLO THERE! YOU LOOK A LITTLE LOST...

I WONDER, COULD YOU USE SOME HELP?

WHO? STORE AT ACTION







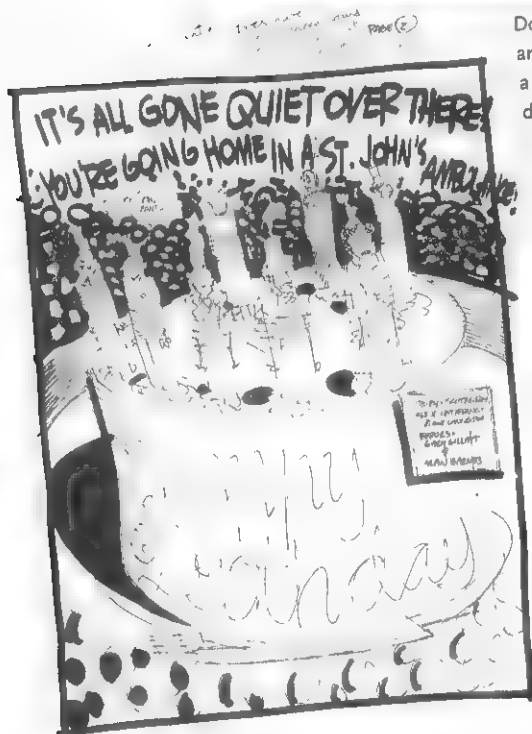


# COMMENTARY

Written by **SCOTT GRAY, ADRIAN SALMON** and **ALAN BARNES**

## HAPPY DEATHDAY

by Scott Gray



Above: Roger Langridge's rough for the title page of **Happy Deathday**

Below and right: Martin Geraghty's character designs for Duncan and Stark in **The Fallen**



## THE FALLEN

by Scott Gray

Alan Barnes had decided to stop writing the strip and Gary offered it to me as a regular job. Not being a complete cretin, I said yes. He asked me how long I thought I might stick with it. I said he'd have to prise it out of my cold, dead fingers.

Always mindful of generating events to get people excited about the strip, Gary wanted Grace Holloway to put in an appearance. I thought a proper sequel to the TV Movie was the best move, and started wondering what Grace would have done the morning after she met the Doctor. Alan suggested that the goo the Master had left on Grace's arm could be used as a maguffin, which was a perfect starting-point.

(An apology: when *The Fallen* was first printed, 99.999% of the *DWM* readership had seen the Paul McGann TV Movie, so I didn't feel the need to recap its plot. I guess that's no longer the case. Sorry, new *Who* fans, if this one makes absolutely zero sense.)

After the near-endless Threshold storyline, Gary and Alan felt that it'd be wiser to keep future stories continuity-free. Simpler, self-contained tales would be the way to go. Gary even declared this in an editorial: "Involved story arcs are left behind when the Doctor and Izzy return." It made sense. I agreed with all of it.

And I meant it. Honest. At the time.

But as soon as I started mapping out *The Fallen*, I knew someone was missing – the third main character from the TV Movie. If this was a proper sequel then the Master



Doctor Who was having an anniversary. He used to have a lot of them, back in the dark days after the TV Movie had flatlined and it looked like the show was never coming back. We were always looking for 'events' to celebrate in *DWM*; some kind of hook to make an issue special. It had been 35 years since the TV series was launched. Not exactly the turn of the millennium, but, y'know, better than nothing.

Gary Gillatt asked me to think up a multi-Doctor story with a herd of old monsters. Like a mug, I said sure. A day later I was sweating like Boss Hogg at a clam-bake. Eight Doctors? All

the monsters? In eight pages? What was I thinking?!

Roger Langridge came to the rescue. I had been working on a (non-*Who*) comic project with him, and happened to show Gary his sketches, which included a couple of caricatures of real people. Gary loved them, and suggested Roger could draw the story. With Roger on board, it all made sense – just play it for laughs, with a daft runaround and a rubbish villain. I'm not sure if there had ever been an out-and-out comedy strip story before, but there was no one to stop us, so...

The one problem was that Roger had little interest in *Doctor Who* at the time (I'm not sure he'd ever watched a complete story), and none at all in *EastEnders*, so a fleet of trucks filled with reference material had to be sent to his house. You couldn't tell, though, could you? What an absurdly talented man. Generous, too – he gave me the original art of the title page with the Doctors on the birthday cake and all those monsters rendered in eye-bleeding detail, and no, before you ask, I'm never, ever, ever selling it.

We were all astonished by the quality of the artwork, of course. Roger went on to become a *DWM* mainstay, drawing several more stories, becoming the strip's regular letterer and the illustrator of the review page cartoons for several years.

David Hyde Pierce (Niles in *Frasier*) was the model for the Beige Guardian. I'll bet you guessed that already. **SG**



would have to show his face. And as soon as he forced his way into the story, a dozen possibilities for future plotlines appeared, and I knew I was doomed. The Glory was just in sight, slowly spinning on the horizon!

I kept this from Gary and Alan – they weren't aware the Master was even in *The Fallen* until they reached the end of the synopsis (I recall Gary not being initially thrilled with the twist ending). I played down any notion of launching a big storyline here. I said the Master would return in some later issue and we'd wrap it up then. Simple.

*The Fallen* had to be plotted out over the space of a weekend. I walked around that part of South London, noting landmarks and taking photos, letting the landscape spark ideas for the story. The geography is all pretty accurate – the River Effra really does connect to the Thames beneath the MI6 building.

The story was written in 1999. I naively imagined that the London of November 2001 wouldn't be all that different a place. My mistake. Woodrow's comment on the bridge in Part Four now seems eerily prophetic and, shamefully, far more believable.

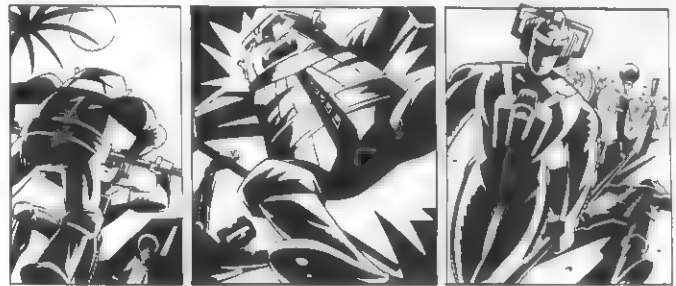
I had a major breakthrough with the Doctor in the Brockwell Park scene. Grace walks over to him to try and make peace. The Doctor, still wound up with guilt over Izzy's supposed death, grabs Grace's olive branch and whacks her in the face with it. And I found myself thinking, "what a jerk"...

And suddenly I was free.

There he was: Doctor Who, my childhood hero, the all-wise, ultra-confident champion of humanity, revealed to be something infinitely more interesting: a man. A bloke. A guy who could be rude and unthinking and careless. Someone who didn't have all the answers at his fingertips. Not an ancient being at all, but a young man exploring worlds and encountering creatures millions of years older than himself. A man who rejoiced in gathering knowledge and experience, but who never bothered to look inwards. A man constantly in motion, always looking ahead, with no time for reflection.



P61-ORIGINAL PANEL 1 ART

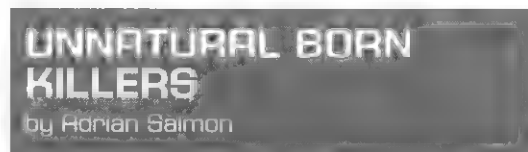


P69 - ORIGINAL PANEL 8

A man who had forgotten the most fundamental lesson of all: that he still had a hell of a lot to learn.

I decided that, over the course of the next few stories, his oldest friend was going to remind him.

I just didn't tell Gary and Alan. Ahem... **86**

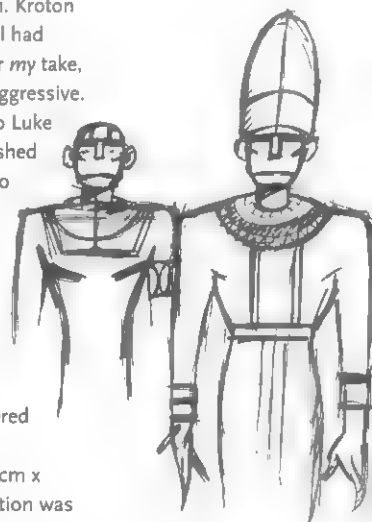


*Unnatural Born Killers* started life initially as a three-page sequence drawn for my own amusement. A general dissatisfaction with my work at the time prompted me to return to where it all began for me – the Cybermen. Kroton seemed the ideal choice; the Cyberman with a soul had been a favourite back in the day, but I reckoned for my take, he should be faster, sleeker and altogether more aggressive. My model was Marvel's 1970s 'blaxploitation' hero Luke Cage: Power Man! The 'Christmas!' line in the finished strip attests to that – added, I believe, by Scott who understood where I was coming from on this new, revamped Kroton! I wanted to draw a three-page fight sequence, and an elite squad of Sontarans seemed the perfect adversaries. I set up a situation where Kroton was regenerating his power cells whilst the Sontarans were bullying the local indiginies – based visually I recall on Egyptian hieroglyphs (never formally named, I referred to them as Glyphs to myself).

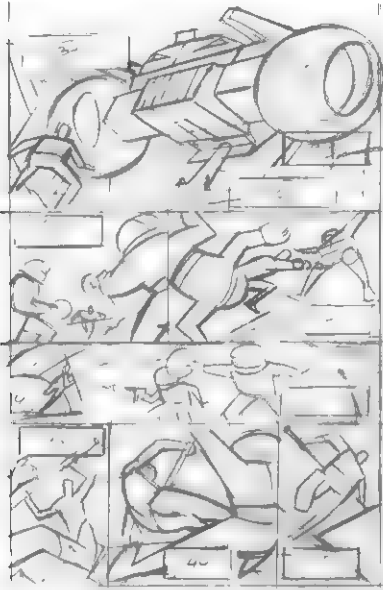
The artwork was drawn on a grand scale (39.4cm x 47cm) a-la *The Cybermen* backup strip – my intention was

Above: Adrian Salmon's pencil layout and original art for **Unnatural Born Killers**

Below: Adrian's initial designs for the "Glyphs"







Above: a pencil rough from **Unnatural Born Killers**



Above: Martin Geraghty's design for the demon in **The Road to Hell**

Right: an initial design for Lady Asami, followed by the finished model

wisecracking his way through the story – being a cybernetic soul brother, basically.

With a workable script in hand, I set about altering the original three pages. Page one required the most work – the opening panel needed dialogue and title space added while a couple of other panels needed developing to fit the script. Once the first three pages were in the bag, it was a simple procedure to draw the rest. I particularly enjoyed the design side of the strip – the Sontarans are literally spuds on legs, while the Glyphs show their two-dimensional inspirations. Kroton was given a staff for hand-to-hand

to have the space to wield the pencil with meaning. I figured I'd show the **DWM** crew the results, hoping maybe to be commissioned for a strip at some point, while showing them I still had my original chops!

The editorial team really liked what they saw, and I got a call to ask if I could expand the narrative into a seven-page strip and script it! I was initially nervous – drawing is one thing, but writing is another ballgame altogether. But with Scott's help I expanded it into a general synopsis, leaving me the room to pace it and add dialogue. At the time I was working as a part-time van driver and spent subsequent days delivering newspapers whilst suddenly hitting the brakes to jot down a revelatory piece of dialogue that I'd thought of! I liked the idea of Kroton

combat, and a sense of humour to contrast with the Sontaran Field Major's blustering.

Of course, a couple of months later I was back on Kroton – this time in *The Company of Thieves* – but I'll let Scott tell that story... **AS**

## THE ROAD TO HELL

by Scott Gray

One day in the early seventeenth century, Japan closed its doors to the rest of the world. They were an island nation, self-sufficient. Little foreign trade was allowed. No missionaries or any other visitors were allowed into the country. That policy held firm for around 200 years. That level of isolation is unprecedented in world history, and meant Japanese culture developed "untainted" by other countries. The West is always going to be fascinated by Japan because of this other-worldliness. At first I figured we could do it as a straight historical – even without the usual sci-fi content, it would still seem like the Doctor and Izzy had landed on an alien planet. But I was eventually persuaded to stick some genuine ETs in there.

The main inspiration was one of my favourite comics from the 1980s, the classic Manga series *Lone Wolf and Cub* by Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima. It's the story of Itto Ogami, a lone samurai who, after being framed for murder, walks the path of Meifu-mado ("the dark road to hell") with his infant son Daigoro. It's brilliant and epic and tragic, and not for a second did I think I could do anything that could touch it, but I wanted to at least dip my toe into the pool. If *TV Doctor Who* was allowed to mine all the great film genres, it seemed fair for the strip to pilfer from the classic comics in the same way.

Katsura Sato also served as our Toshiro Mifune stand-in. Martin Geraghty and I were both fans of the films Mifune made with Akira Kurosawa (and if you haven't seen the likes of *Throne of Blood* or *The Hidden Fortress* then march on down to your local HMV sharpish), and we wanted a hero with the same kind of presence. The scene where Sato kills Rikushira's men in Part Three is one of my favourites, because of a sly visual trick Martin devised – a (possible) decapitation which nobody ever spots the first time they see it. (Go back and look. I'll wait.) Worthy of Kurosawa!

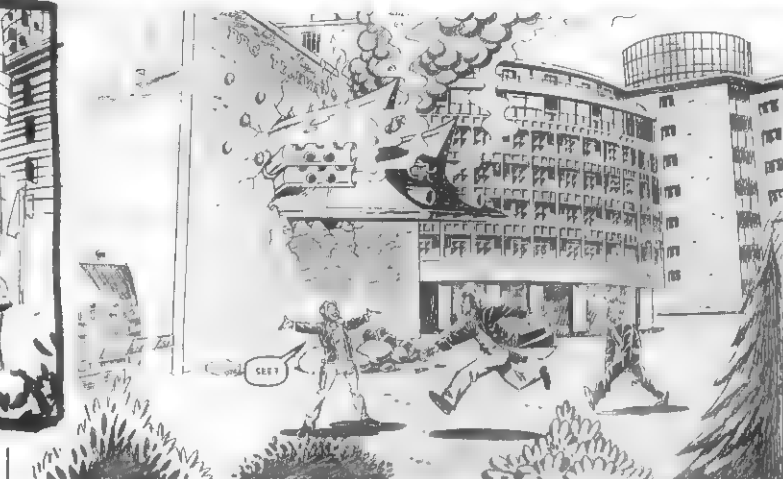
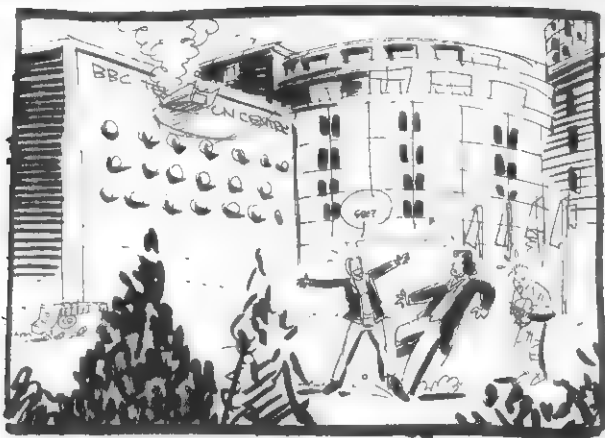
Paving Katsura Sato's own personal Meifu-mado with the Doctor's good intentions was one of the first ideas that sprang to mind. I knew Sato would return later, but I wasn't sure how – I vaguely imagined him as the captain of a spaceship in the twenty-fifth century at this point. But I knew Sato was hellbound, and he'd be taking the Doctor and Izzy along for the ride. **SG**

## TV ACTION!

by Alan Barnes

*Doctor Who Magazine* was having an anniversary. But I've very little to say about this one, other than I seem to remember it was very loosely inspired by a dim memory of reading a *Star Trek* short story which had William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy *et al* getting involved in sci-fi shenanigans alongside their fictional alter egos. But there was also a fair degree of desperation





here – this being the third offbeat, celebratory stand-alone strip we'd done in three years, the first being my own *A Life of Matter and Death* (for *DWM* 250, all comic strip characters, semi-serious), the second being Scotty's *Happy Deathday* (*Mad Magazine* stylings for *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary 'special'. What's 'special' about a 35th anniversary, I simply cannot say, my darlings. I had my 35th birthday last year, and no bugger thought that was special...)

But anyway. This one was to mark 20 years of *DWM* itself, and cos we couldn't do anything involving old *DWM* characters (we'd done that, to death, in *A Life of Matter and Death*; oh, and the Stockbridge stories; oh, and the *Junkyard Demon* and *Star Beast* sequels in one of the *Yearbooks*), there really wasn't much else we *could* do but plonk the TARDIS down in BBC Television Centre on the day that *DWM* launched. I *did* bother to phone up Andrew Pixley to find out what was actually happening at TVC on 12 October 1979, but, alas, it turned out the day was unutterably dreary... at least compared to this.

The 'Tom Baker' dialogue at the end is taken directly from various Tom interviews. Strangely enough, it's probably the least convincing part of the story. Ah well. Some damn good jokes in here (I'm still terribly proud of the 'wrong Basils' business... oh, and the Mr Humphries joke... oh, and the cameo appearance by a character from the pages of the mighty *TV Comic*...), but had I known this'd be the last comic strip I'd write for nearly seven years I might have been tempted to try something a little more heavyweight.

Then again, I'm not sure I can think of any finer epitaph than Izzy's "it beats working in Woolworth's!" Yeah, that's what's going on my grave. **AB**

## THE COMPANY OF THIEVES

by SCOTT GRAY

I'd loved what Adrian Salmon had done with Kroton, a character I had barely noticed before. When Kroton regained his humanity in *Throwback* he still talked in a typically formal sci-fi alien manner. Ade had reinvented him as a more relaxed character who spoke in colloquial English (we reasoned he had been around for a century or two since the events of the two early stories, and his personality had naturally evolved). He could be funny, sad, angry, likeable. Ade had also had the inspired idea of recreating Kroton on a physical level, turning him into an athlete – something which definitely could never be done on TV (those suits are a tad heavy, yes?), but looked sensational on the page. I wanted to play around with Kroton some more, and I soon got the opportunity.

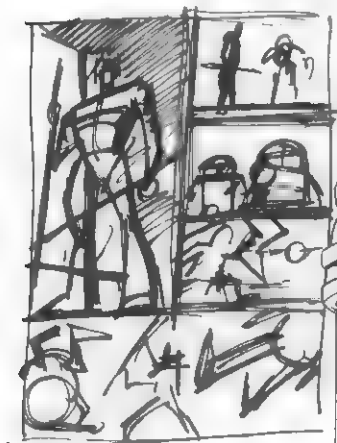
Gary was getting restless in the *DWM* editor's chair and was looking to move on. But before he left, he wanted a ten-part story. Bigger than the biggest thing ever. Thumpingly, humongously, ginormously BIG.

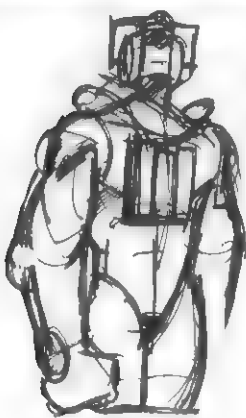
Alan was seriously un-thrilled with this notion. I was also a bit wary. A ten-month-long story was bound to annoy a lot of readers, frustrated by the lack of resolution and expla-

Above: Roger Langridge's rough and finished pencils for a scene from *TV Abolition!*

Below left: an unused layout from *Unnatural Born Killers*

Below: Adrian Salmon's original designs for the pirates and Mr Shakra.





Above: early Kroton sketch from Adrian Salmon.

Right: Inker Fareed Choudhury would often provide his own "script" for the stories he worked on, much to the editor's amusement!

Below: "Lizzy" by Roger Langridge



nation as the story progressed. But it was a challenge, and it meant I could tie up the whole Master arc with plenty of room for a good showdown. So what the hell...

I reasoned that the usual two-strand plotline used in the strip (created whenever the Doctor and Izzy would get separated) wouldn't be enough to sustain a ten-parter. That suggested finding a third figure for the TARDIS. And here was this heroic, tragic Cyberman, moving through a universe that hates and fears him, just trying to get by and do a little good along the way...

Perfect! All I had to do was get him to bump into the Doctor. As painfully as possible.

Adrian had to draw it, of course. It would have been rude to hand it to anyone else (this gave Martin more lead-time for *The Glorious Dead*, which I was writing at the same time as *The Company of Thieves*). Ade went to town on the pirates, having a blast with the designs.

The bit at the end between Shakka and Horstrogg was inspired by the opening sequence in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, with Harrison Ford and Alfred Molina standing on opposite sides of a chasm: "Throw me the whip!" "You throw me the idol!" The difference here, of course, is that we had two Alfred Molinas in our scene. I don't imagine a lot of throwing occurred that afternoon.

But Kroton had made two new friends and was now off on new adventures in time and space. Which leads us to...

## THE GLORIOUS DEAD

by Scott Gray

There's a great T-Bone Burnett song called *Humans from Earth*. These strange creatures called humans appear and introduce themselves to the hapless residents of a planet. The humans compliment them on their fresh air and water, try to sell them a TV, and then announce they're buying their world: "You have nothing at all to fear/ I think we're gonna like it here".

Let's face it, kids – if we ever do get out there, that's what it's going to be like.

Left: the photo inspiration for the Reh Wraiths and Martin Genaghty's first sketch

Right: Martin's original design for Cardinal Morningstar and the final version



The Doctor's greatest adversary isn't the Master, or the Daleks or the Cybermen. It's humanity. He's fought far more humans than any other race. He's well aware there's no more dangerous, murderous, cunning species in the universe. Trouble is, he loves us.

I wanted to do a proper alien invasion story, but turned on its head – humans would be attacking an alien world. Why would they do it? Well, we'd already covered

materialistic greed with the Threshold. That left the other great motivator: religious fanaticism.

It seems strange to look at this story now. It was written in a different century, long before the world changed. Now "jihad" is a media buzzword and we debate the "ethical grey area" of state-sanctioned torture. I hope everyone understands that no specific religion was being targeted here. Faith is fine. It's blind faith – in any kind of institution – that causes all the problems.

The Glory sprang from a question I'd asked myself when I was very young: what if God wasn't a being at all, but a job title? What if lots of people had held the position over the years? And what if some of them were better at it than others? (Was I the only person to wonder this? Oh, I was? Okay.) The original plot for the story was different in lots of

Scott - INTRODUCING CARDINAL MORNINGSTAR





Gary left **DWM** before the story finished publication, but he's in the final panel, stepping into a phone box. He loved the strip, always wanted to make it the most exciting thing in **DWM**, so I hope he felt *The Glorious Dead* was a worthy send-off. (And this is starting to sound like a eulogy, and as Gary is alive and well, I'll shut up now.) **SG**

## by Scott Grau

I don't recall the story being altered much from the



Below: Roger's character sketch for Hastoff and his design for the Blueberry House motif.



SYMBOL -  
LIGHTBULB  
(TO SYMBOLISE  
CONSCIOUS THOUGHT)  
AND LIGHTNING  
BOLT  
(TO SYMBOLISE  
ECT)



# THROWBACK

THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

PART ONE



FEW OF MY FOES WERE AS DANGEROUS AS THE CYBERMEN: METAL-LIMBED WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN, THEIR CYBERNETIC BRAINS COLD AND EMOTIONLESS. BUT THEY WERE HUMAN ONCE, BEFORE THEIR REPLACEMENT SURGERY BECAME AN END IN ITSELF... AS THIS TAPE I FOUND IN THE TIME-LORDS' RECORDS SHOWS...



THE TALE BEGINS HERE ON THE PLANET MONDARAN... A PLANET IN RUINS NOW, SEVERAL MONTHS AFTER ITS CONQUEST BY THE CYBERMEN

IN MONDARAN CITY THERE ARE CURFEWS AND NIGHTLY PATROLS THROUGH THE RUBBLE OF A ONCE-PROUD CAPITAL...



AND, SKULKING IN THE SHADOWS LIKE SEWER-RATS, THERE ARE THE RESISTANCE-FIGHTERS...

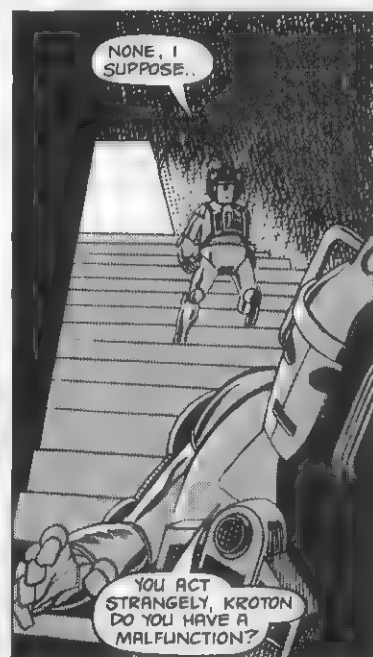
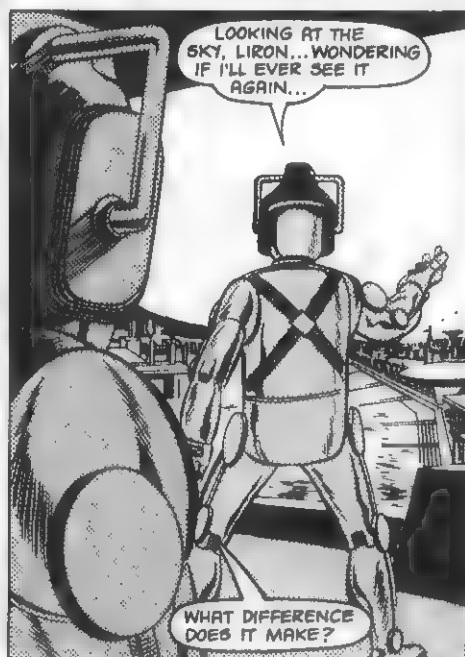
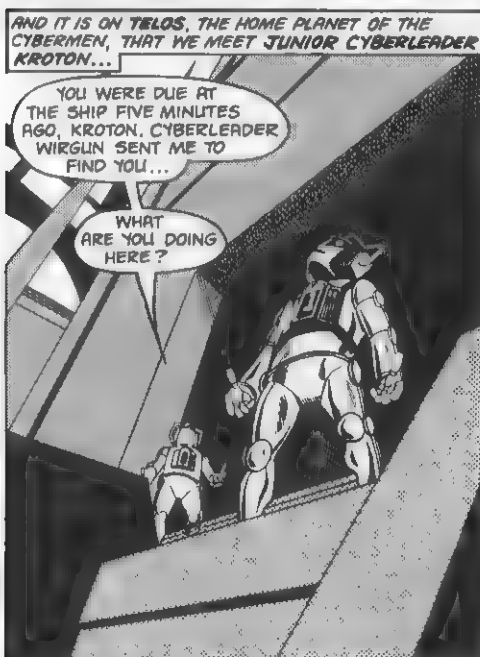


BECOMING SUDDENLY JACKAL-LIKE AS THEY LEAP TOWARD THEIR FALLEN PREY...

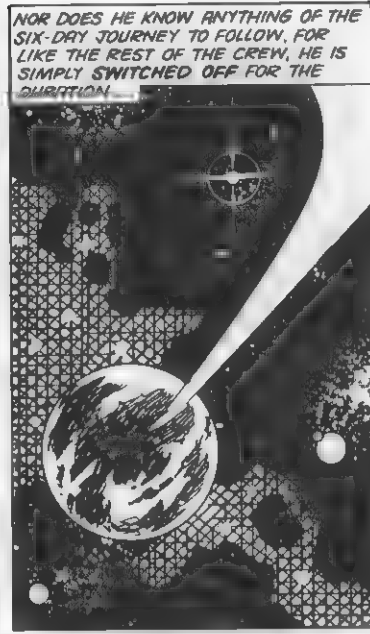
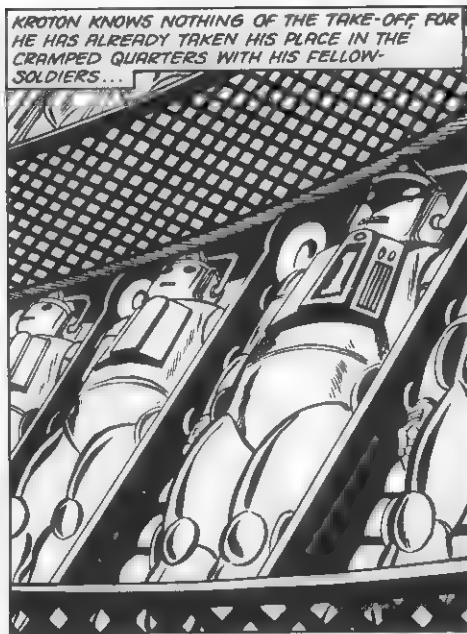


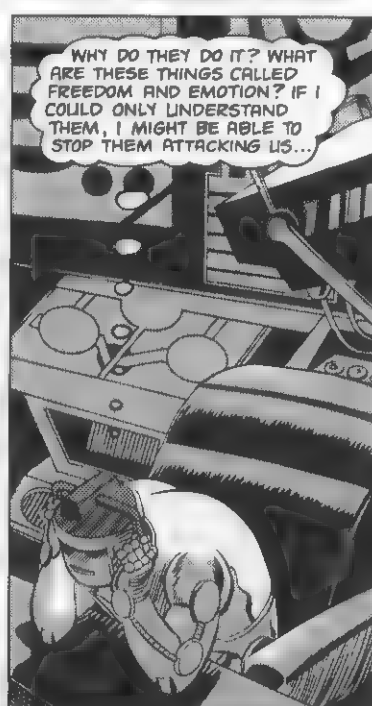
AND THEN, AS SILENTLY AS THEY HAD APPEARED THE LAST DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM ON MONDARAN DISPERSE INTO THE NIGHT...











MORE THRILLING ACTION NEXT WEEK!

# THROWBACK

## THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

### PART TWO



ON THE PLANET MONDARAN, GROANING UNDER THE METALLIC HEEL OF THE CYBERMEN, JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON WORKS TIRELESSLY TO QUELL THE RESISTANCE OF THE HUMAN INHABITANTS, LED BY PENDAR. BUT AS THE FREEDOM FIGHTERS MEET ONE NIGHT IN THE RUBBLE-STREWN RUINS OF MONDARAN CITY...



NO TIME TO RUN, PENDAR!

WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT! QUICK! TRY TO GET HIM OFF GUARD!

WAIT!



BUT PENDAR DOES NOT REALISE THAT THIS IS KROTON...

MORE! FIGHT!... OR WE'LL ALL BE SHOT FOR BREAKING THE CURFEW!



NO... DO NOT MAKE ME DEFEND MYSELF...



OR THAT KROTON HAS HIS OWN SPECIAL VIEWS ON HOW TO HANDLE THE HUMAN PROBLEM...

I WILL NOT HARM YOU... I WISH ONLY TO TALK TO YOU...



BUT...

WE CAN'T TRUST HIM! IT HAS TO BE A CYBERMAN PLOT!

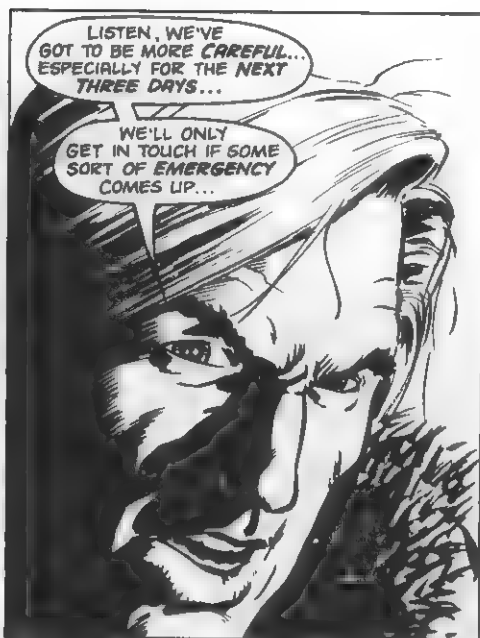
BUT THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY OTHERS AROUND...

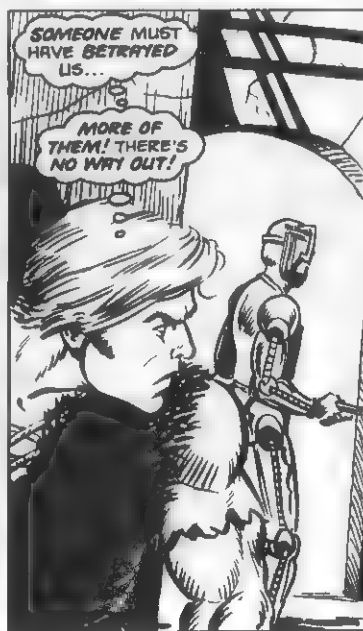


GONE... PERHAPS I WAS WRONG TO EXPECT THEM TO ACT LOGICALLY AND TALK... OR PERHAPS FEAR HAS A STRONGER LOGIC...

MY PROGRAMMING DOES NOT ENABLE ME TO UNDERSTAND THEM...







PENDAR WAKES SOME HOURS LATER, SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF ALIVE...



REMAIN STILL, PENDAR. I AM KROTON. I TRIED TO TALK TO YOU LAST NIGHT...

I WOULDN'T SPEAK TO YOU THEN... AND I'VE NOTHING TO SAY NOW! KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH!

I DO NOT WANT TO KILL YOU... I WANT TO UNDERSTAND. I AM TOLD YOU HAVE THESE THINGS CALLED EMOTIONS AND PRINCIPLES... WHICH MAKE YOU FIGHT US... IS SURVIVAL NOT ENOUGH?



NO, IT'S NOT! IT'S CARING THAT COUNTS... KNOWING THAT EVERY OTHER PERSON THINKS, FEELS, WANTS THE SAME THING AS YOU DO...

BUT YOUR KIND ARE JUST MACHINES...

COME WITH ME...



AND WHILE PENDAR CONTINUES, DEFIANT TO THE LAST...



ONLY INHUMAN MACHINES TAKE PLEASURE IN KILLING AND HURTING!

I AM TAKING THIS PRISONER OUT FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION...



I DO NOT KNOW WHAT PLEASURE IS... HOW CAN I TAKE PLEASURE IN KILLING?

BUT YOU MUST STOP THIS UPRISING, OTHERWISE ALL YOUR PEOPLE WILL DIE...

THEN, IN THE WASTELANDS BEYOND MONDARRAN CITY...



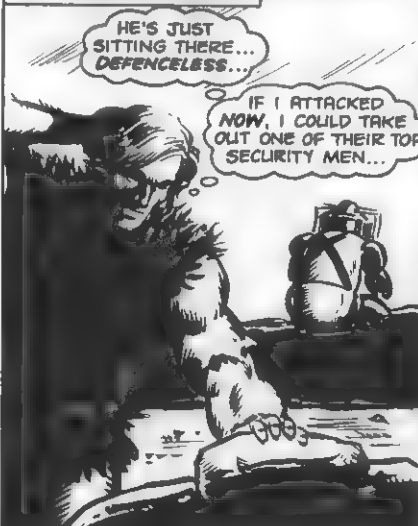
SO THIS IS IT, HUH? A NICE QUIET EXECUTION WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE...



NO, NOT DEATH... YOU ARE FREE TO GO...

WHAT?

AND, AS PENDAR WANDERS AWAY, NUMB WITH SHOCKED SURPRISE...



HE'S JUST SITTING THERE... DEFENCELESS...

IF I ATTACKED NOW, I COULD TAKE OUT ONE OF THEIR TOP SECURITY MEN...



IT'S ONLY A MACHINE ANYWAY...

SO, CYBERLEADER KROTON... IT'S TERMINATION TIME!

**DOES THIS SPELL THE END FOR KROTON THE CYBERMAN? SEE NEXT WEEK!**



# THROWBACK

THE SOUL of a CYBERMAN

PART THREE



ON THE PLANET MONDARAN, JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON DISCOVERS THE HUMAN INHABITANTS ARE PLANNING TO REBEL AGAINST THEIR CYBERMAN OVERLORDS. HE ARRESTS THE REBEL LEADER, PENDAR, BUT THEN RELEASES HIM... AND PENDAR SEES A CHANCE FOR INSTANT REVENGE AGAINST HIS OPPRESSORS...



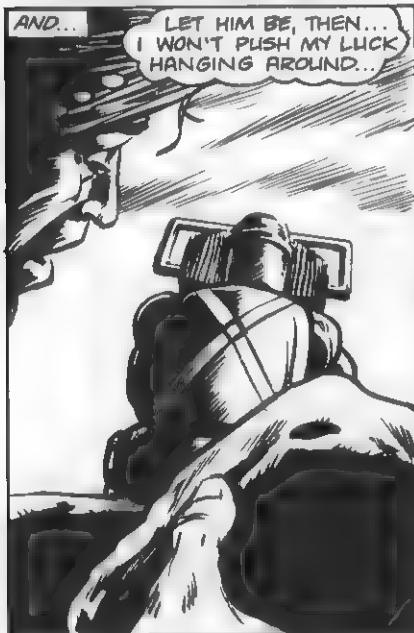
BUT...

I CAN'T DO IT... NOT WHEN HE'S JUST LET ME GO...



IT'D MAKE ME NO BETTER THAN A CYBERMAN MYSELF!

MOORE + DILLON



AND...

LET HIM BE, THEN... I WON'T PUSH MY LUCK HANGING AROUND...



I'D BETTER GET TO WEST BRIDGE AND MEET MARILKA... IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE...



YET WHILE PENDAR PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH THE RAVAGED COUNTRYSIDE, AT CYBERMAN HEAD-QUARTERS...

KROTON IS ABSENT FROM HIS POST, CYBERLEADER TORK. HE LEFT WITH A HUMAN PRISONER...

HE HAS BEEN ERRATIC OF LATE... SEARCH FOR HIM...



THEN, AT WEST BRIDGE...

PENDAR! YOU'RE SAFE! YOU GOT AWAY!

NO... KROTON LET ME GO. I DON'T KNOW WHY... I LEFT HIM NOT FAR FROM HERE...



THERE... SEE? HE'S JUST SITTING WHERE I LEFT HIM! BUT HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT'S GOING THROUGH THAT TIN SKULL OF HIS...

PENDAR COULD HAVE TERMINATED ME JUST THEN... BUT HE DIDN'T...



AND AS THE CURIOUS HUMANS CREEP CLOSER...

WHY? I WOULD HAVE TERMINATED HIM... OR WOULD I?

MY COMPUTER-BRAIN DOES NOT SEEM ABLE TO HANDLE THE PROBLEM...









**ANOTHER THRILLING NEW ADVENTURE STORY STARTS NEXT WEEK!**

# SHIP OF FOOLS

SCRIPT MOORE ART DILLON

INERT, LIFELESS, A ONCE MIGHTY BATTLE-CRUISER DRIFTS THROUGH THE VAST VOID OF TIMELESS SPACE, CARRIED FORWARD BY THE MOMENTUM GAINED FROM ENGINES LONG-SINCE DEAD. ON BOARD, NOTHING STIRS...

AND THE HANDS WHICH ONCE STEERED THE SHIP AWAY FROM THE PLANET MONDAAGAN NOW MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE STRANGE, MIASMIC CLOUD WHICH HANGS DIRECTLY IN THE CRUISER'S PATH...

YET THE CRUISER IS NOT THE ONLY SHIP TO INTRUDE UPON THE SPARKLING VAPOURS...



AND THIS SECOND SHIP IS NOT LIFELESS.

WE'VE GOT CONTACT! NOW, DRAW IT ON BOARD!

LOOKS LIKE AN ALIEN SHIP! WHAT FUN! I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE!



AND WHEN THE CRUISER'S AIR-LOCK HAS BEEN BREACHED.

NO-ONE ON BOARD EXCEPT THIS... LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ROBOT...

LET'S GET IT OUT OF HERE... MAYBE WE CAN RECHARGE IT! MIGHT GIVE US SOME AMUSEMENT, AT LEAST...



AND AS ELECTRIC LIFE SEEPS BACK INTO THE PILOT'S BODY...

IT'S MOVING! BY ALDERBARAN! WHAT A NOVELTY!

PITY YOU CAN'T SEE THIS, LEONART... IT'S TREMENDOUS!

WHERE?

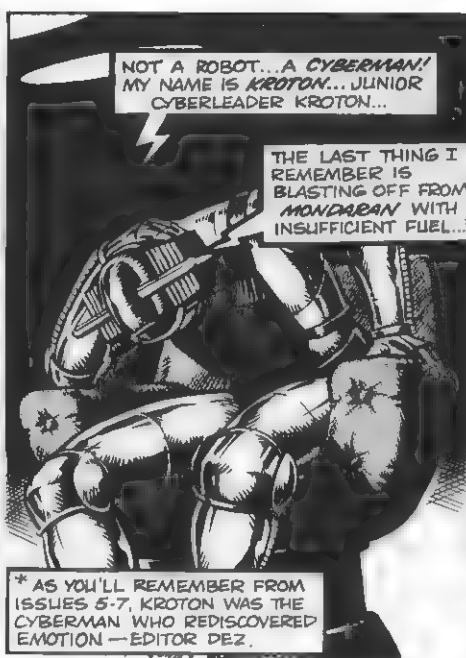




IT TALKS! HOW SWEET! I WONDER IF IT'S INTELLIGENT!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! WE'LL ASK IT!

WELL, NOW, WHAT KIND OF ROBOT ARE YOU?



NOT A ROBOT...A CYBERMAN! MY NAME IS KROTON...JUNIOR CYBERLEADER KROTON...

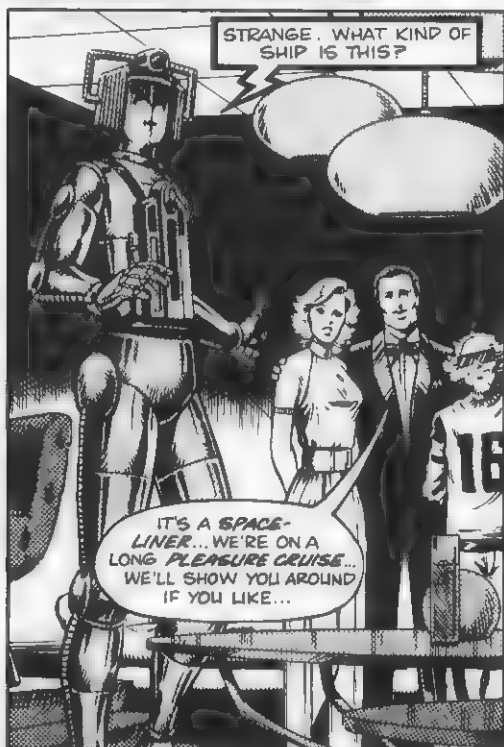
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS BLASTING OFF FROM MONDABAN WITH INSUFFICIENT FUEL...\*

\* AS YOU'LL REMEMBER FROM ISSUES 5-7, KROTON WAS THE CYBERMAN WHO REDISCOVERED EMOTION —EDITOR DEZ.



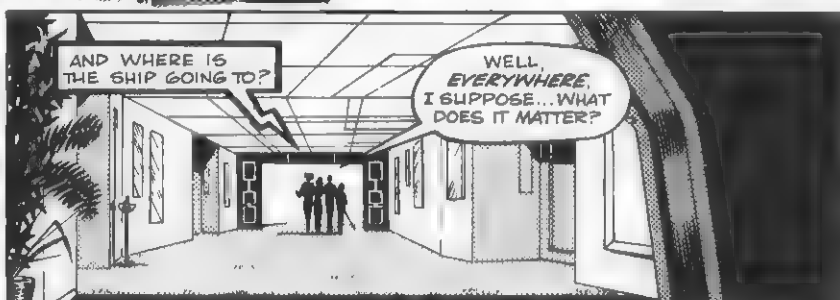
YOU ARE HUMAN, LIKE PENDAR AND MARILKA WHO I HELPED.. AND YET YOU SHOW NO FEAR OF A CYBERMAN

WHY SHOULD WE FEAR YOU...WE'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF CYBERMEN!



STRANGE. WHAT KIND OF SHIP IS THIS?

IT'S A SPACE-LINER...WE'RE ON A LONG PLEASURE CRUISE... WE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND IF YOU LIKE...



AND WHERE IS THE SHIP GOING TO?

WELL, EVERYWHERE I SUPPOSE...WHAT DOES IT MATTER?



EVERYWHERE?

RIGHT...IF YOU HAVE AN INFINITE AMOUNT OF TIME, YOU CAN VISIT AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PLACES!

AND TIME WE'VE GOT LOTS OF...



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND

AH, YOU WANT TO TALK TO WILLOUGHBY...HE'S WRITING A JOURNAL OF OUR VOYAGE! I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

OH, WILLOUGHBY'S SUCH A BORE! LET'S GO AND HAVE A DRINK, ROSE!

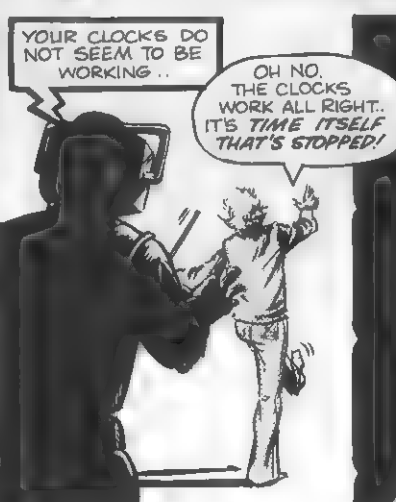
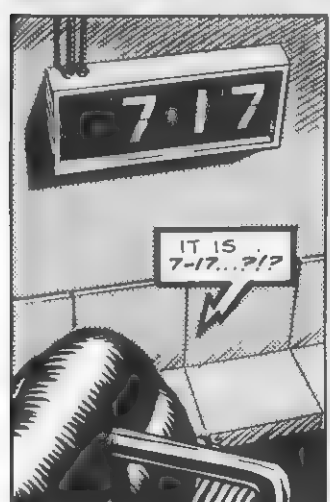
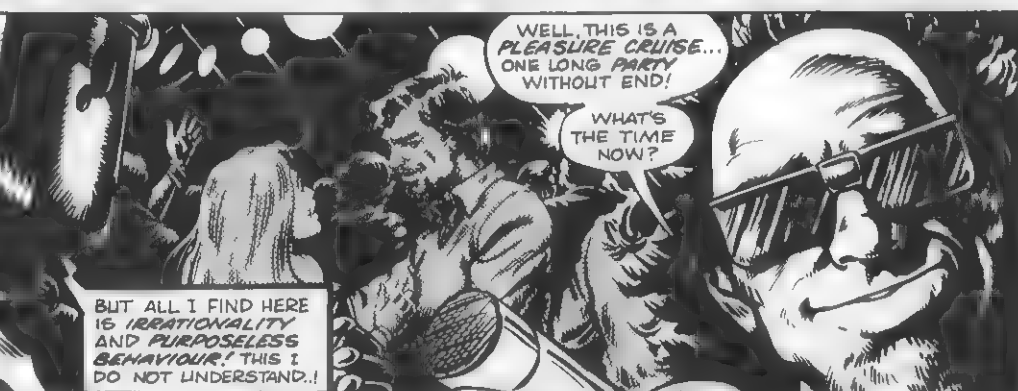
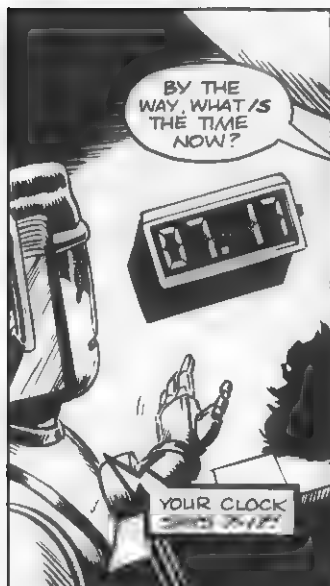


COME ON, THIS WAY... WILLOUGHBY'S UP ON A-DECK...

YOU HUMANS ASTONISH ME! YOU ARE BLIND, ARE YOU NOT? AND YET YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND...

OH, I'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO LEARN...







TAKE KRYLIC THE POET, FOR INSTANCE! HE'S ALWAYS GIVING READINGS...

FRIENDS, ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT, I HAVE COMPOSED A BRAND NEW POEM!

"I WISH I WERE A BLOB OF SLIME. THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE."

I'D OOZE AND SQUIRM ALL OF THE TIME TILL SOMEONE TROD ON ME...



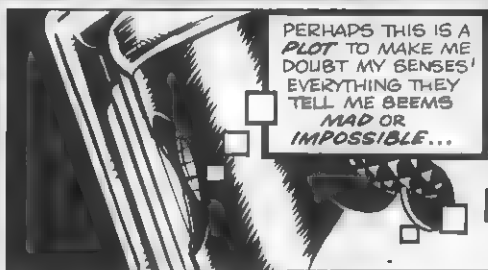
DO YOU NOT WISH TO STAY AND HEAR MORE?

NO, I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE



BUT HE SAID IT WAS NEW! WHEN DID YOU HEAR IT BEFORE?

OH, ABOUT 7-17...



PERHAPS THIS IS A PLOT TO MAKE ME DOUBT MY SENSES! EVERYTHING THEY TELL ME SEEMS MAD OR IMPOSSIBLE...

UNLESS... PERHAPS THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING INCOMPREHENSIBLY STRANGE HAPPENING HERE



WAIT, LEONART... I MUST TALK TO YOU!

IS IT TIME FOR COCKTAILS YET, DEAR?

CASSANDRA, HONEY, IT'S ALWAYS TIME FOR COCKTAILS!



YOU HAVE TO EXPLAIN... WHAT IS THIS SHIP? WHERE IS IT GOING? WHY IS EVERYTHING SO STRANGE?

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW?



WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE... WE'RE CAUGHT IN A TIME-WARP! THAT'S WHAT THE CURTAIN OF LIGHT IS THAT SURROUNDS THE SHIP...



TIME STANDS STILL HERE... AND WE VOYAGE ON USELESSLY THROUGH ALL ETERNITY...

... FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER!



DIDN'T YOU SEE THE NAME OF THE SHIP WHEN THEY BROUGHT YOU IN?

FLYING DUTCHMAN II

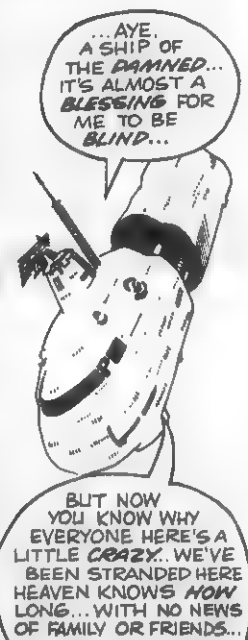
TO BE CONTINUED...

# SHIP OF FOOLS

SCRIPT MOORE ART DILLON

ADRIPT IN A FUELLESS SHIP, KROTON, THE REBEL CYBERMAN HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY A SPACELINER, AND REVIVED BY ITS NOVELTY-SEEKING PASSENGERS. BUT THE LINER ITSELF IS HELPLESSLY CALGHT IN A TIME-WARP... TRAPPED IN AN ETERNAL MOMENT WHERE THE CLOCK FOREVER READS 7-17...

AND AS KROTON'S COMPANION, LEONART, EXPLAINS...



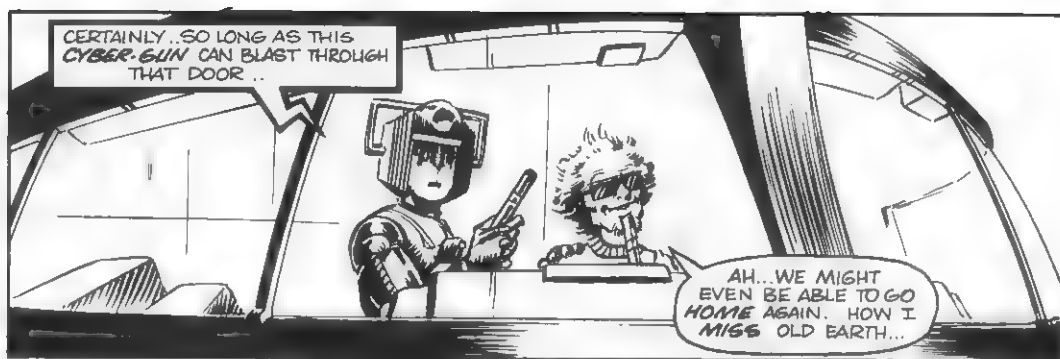




AND SO

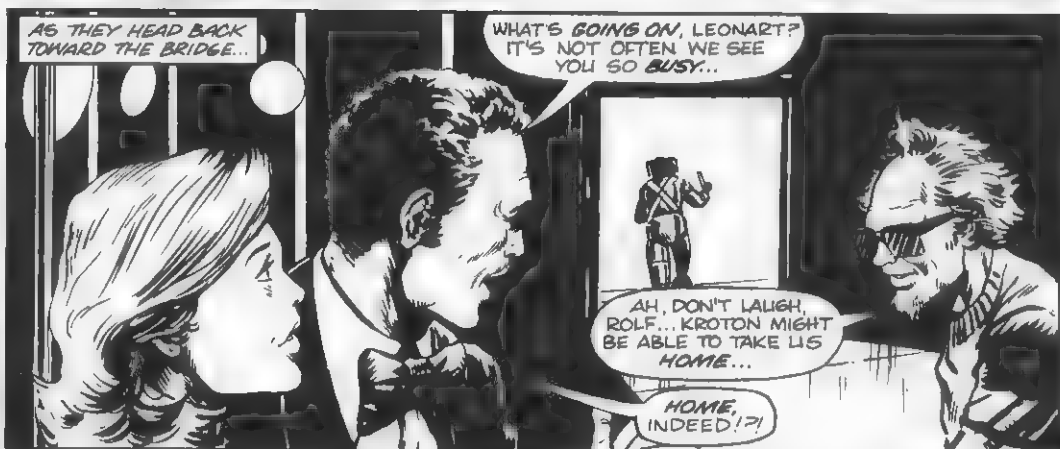
IF NOTHING ELSE, THE PILOT MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE US ACCESS TO SOME FUEL... THEN I WOULD BE ABLE TO FLY YOU PEOPLE OUT OF HERE.

REALLY? COULD YOU DO THAT?



CERTAINLY...SO LONG AS THIS CYBER-GUN CAN BLAST THROUGH THAT DOOR...

AH...WE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO GO HOME AGAIN. HOW I MISS OLD EARTH...



AS THEY HEAD BACK TOWARD THE BRIDGE...

WHAT'S GOING ON, LEONART? IT'S NOT OFTEN WE SEE YOU SO BUSY...

AH, DON'T LAUGH, ROLF... KROTON MIGHT BE ABLE TO TAKE US HOME...

HOME, INDEED!?



RIGHT. THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE PILOT...

AT LEAST, HE IS...

COME ON, HONEY... LET'S GO WITH THEM! IT'LL MAKE A CHANGE FROM THE USUAL ROUTINE...



SO, SHORTLY...

STAND BACK...

LISTEN, ROLF... I HAVE A TERRIBLE PREMONITION ABOUT ALL THIS...

OH, NOT AGAIN, CASSANDRA! YOU'RE ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT NOTHING!



AND THEN...



YET WHEN THE DOOR

THE PILOT IS... A ROBOT?

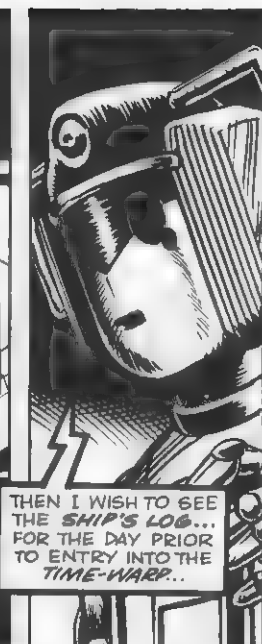
WELL, SURE. HUMAN PILOTS WENT OUT OF STYLE 30 YEARS BEFORE WE LEFT HOME

WHENEVER THAT WAS



I WONDER IF IT IS STILL IN FULL WORKING ORDER?

I AM STILL IN FULL WORKING ORDER...



THEN I WISH TO SEE THE SHIP'S LOG... FOR THE DAY PRIOR TO ENTRY INTO THE TIME-WARP...



BUT THE LOG IS SPOKEN RATHER THAN SHOWN...

BLOWOUT IN MAIN TANKS 2 AND 3. INSUFFICIENT FUEL TO REACH DESTINATION. PROBABILITY OF REACHING INHABITABLE PLANET: ZERO.

EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE SWITCHED IN: SAFETY OF PASSENGERS MUST TAKE PRIORITY OVER ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS...



UNSTABLE SPATIAL VORTEX ON VECTOR 543. SENSORS INDICATE GRAVITIC WRAPPING OF NORMAL TIME-PROGRESSION RESULTING IN LATERAL STASIS...

WHAT THE DEVIL DOES THAT MEAN, ROLF?

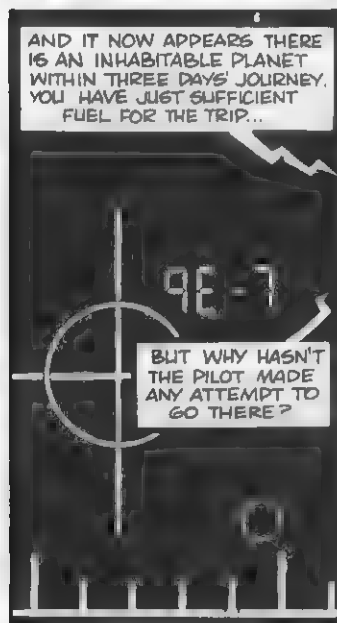
I THINK HE'S SAYING WE'RE IN AN AREA WHERE TIME STANDS STILL, MY LOVE...



I HAVE THEREFORE STEERED THE SHIP INTO THE VORTEX, AND AM USING THE REMAINING FUEL TO MAINTAIN OUR POSITION THEREIN...

THIS WILL PRESERVE THE PASSENGERS' LIVES UNTIL WE ARE PICKED UP. I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ACTION

BUT THE SHIP ITSELF IS STILL MOVING...



AND IT NOW APPEARS THERE IS AN INHABITABLE PLANET WITHIN THREE DAYS' JOURNEY. YOU HAVE JUST SUFFICIENT FUEL FOR THE TRIP...

BUT WHY HASN'T THE PILOT MADE ANY ATTEMPT TO GO THERE?



PERHAPS THERE IS A MALFUNCTION... I SHALL INVESTIGATE...

THIS UNAUTHORISED TINKERING BREAKS REGULATIONS AND WILL BE RECORDED IN THE SHIP'S LOG...



AND AFTER MUCH CAREFUL WORK

THERE... I'VE OVER-RIDDEN IT'S DECISION-MAKING CIRCUITS

I AM NOW READY TO OBEY YOUR COMMANDS...



THE DECISION IS NOW YOURS... DO YOU WISH TO TRY FOR PLANETFALL?

NO...!

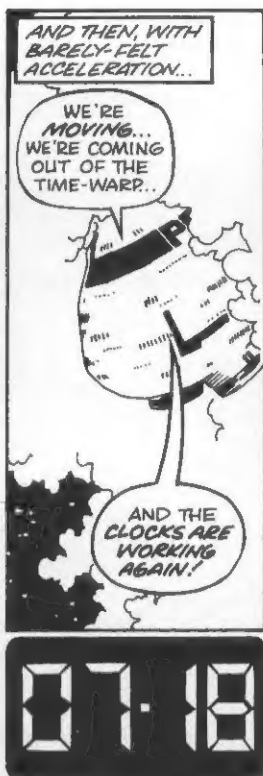
SHH, CASSANDRA...

YES, KROTON! WE MUST... ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN BEING STUCK HERE TILL THE END OF TIME...



PROCEED TOWARD  
THE PLANET SHOWN  
AT VECTOR 202 ON  
THE SCANNERS,  
PILOT...

IMMEDIATELY...  
CUTTING IN  
MAIN  
ENGINES...



AND THEN, WITH  
BARELY- FELT  
ACCELERATION...

WE'RE  
MOVING...  
WE'RE COMING  
OUT OF THE  
TIME-WARP...

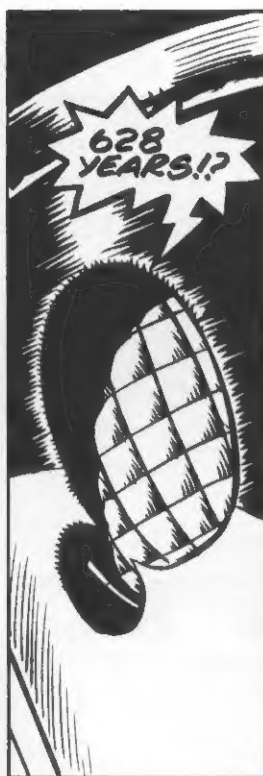
AND THE  
CLOCKS ARE  
WORKING  
AGAIN!

07:18



I WONDER...  
HOW WE'VE BEEN  
... HERE...

A COMPARISON  
OF THE STELLAR  
POSITIONS WILL  
TELL US THAT...  
WAIT ONE  
MOMENT...



628  
YEARS!?

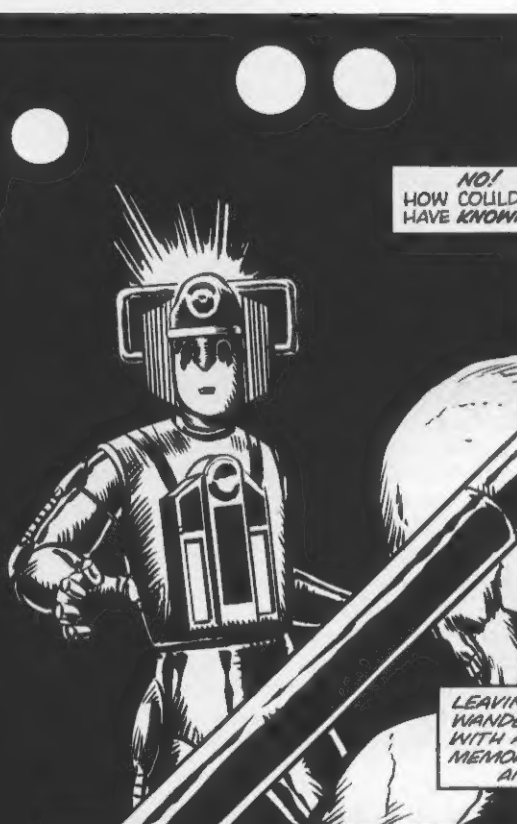


I TOLD  
YOU... THIS  
WAS A.....  
MISTAKE  
... ROLF...

YOU...



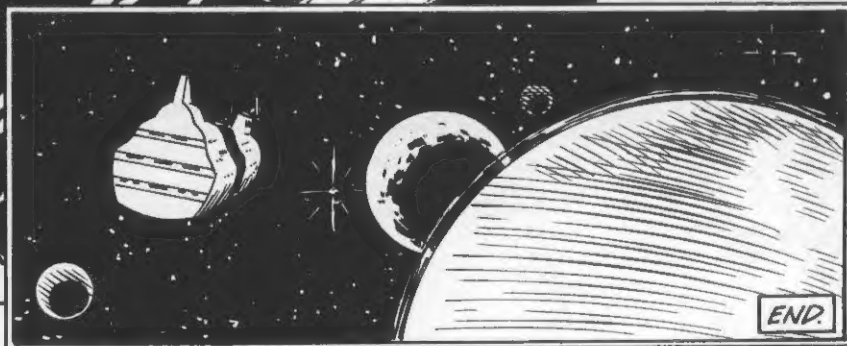
AND, FOR THE PASSENGERS OF  
THE SECOND FLYING DUTCHMAN,  
THE LONG VOYAGE IS OVER AT LAST...



NO!  
HOW COULD I  
HAVE KNOWN?



LEAVING KROTON ALONE ONCE MORE,  
WANDERING THROUGH SPACE... ALONE  
WITH A ROBOT PILOT... A BRIEF  
MEMORY OF HIS COMPANIONS...  
AND HIS REGRETS...



END.



# ABOUT THE AUTHORS

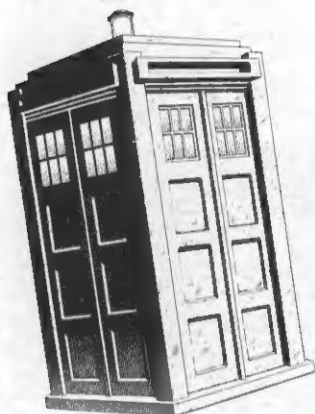
**SCOTT GRAY** wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998-2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge recently collaborated on a Marvel comic, **THE FIN FANG FOUR**.

**MARTIN GERAGHTY** was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 32 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic - so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** debut came in 1998 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. Away from comics, Martin works in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.

**ADRIAN SALMON** recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s **THE CYBERMEN**, whilst simultaneously tackling **JUDGE KARYN** for the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing *Rugrats*, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gilliat recalled his cyber debut and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* - a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist - primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel - **THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY**. Currently he's building on the Sharp empire, and continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish and provides colours for the ongoing **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** comic strip for BBC Magazines.

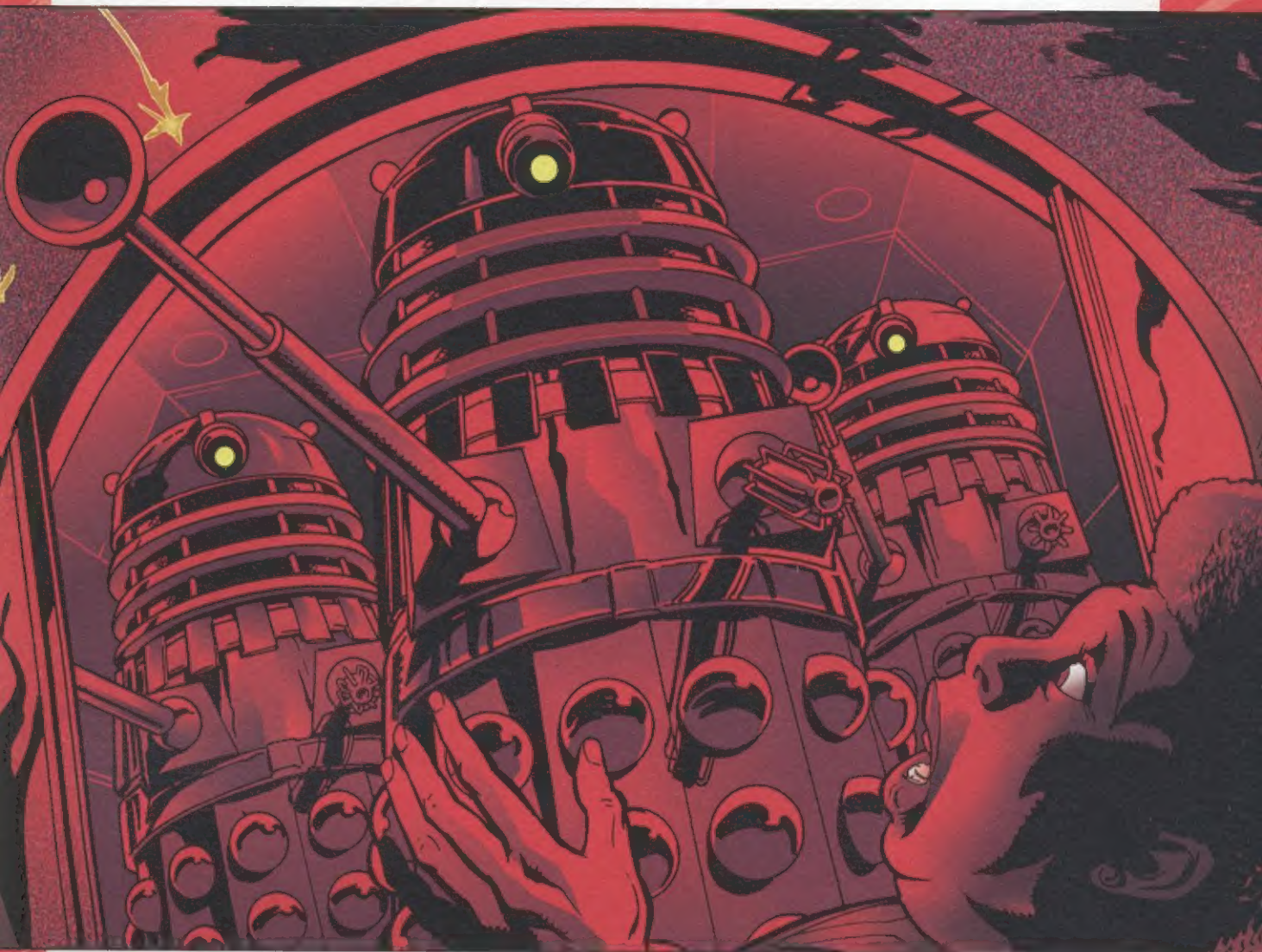
**ROGER LANGRIDGE** is another New Zealander who, like his fellow countryman Scott Gray, ran away to London to join the circus that is the British comic industry only to find that it was closed. Since arriving in London in 1990, he has worked for most of the major comic book publishers in the English-speaking world. His biggest critical success to date is his strip *Fred the Clown*, which has been nominated for several major comic awards; apart from his own characters, he has also worked on properties as diverse as **BATMAN**, **BIZARRO**, **JUDGE DREDD**, **THE FANTASTIC FOUR**, **SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS**, **STAR WARS** and **THE FIN FANG FOUR** (with Scott Gray). He was slightly bemused to find himself being asked one day if he would like to draw the comic strip commemorating *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary. Roger: "You do realise I've only ever seen half a dozen episodes of the show?" **DWM**: "That's all right, we'll send you reference." Roger: "I didn't even watch the TV Movie all the way through, I flicked over during the motorcycle chase. Billy Connolly was on the other side..." Undeterred, **DWM** editor Gary Gilliat and writer Scott Gray gave him a crash course that was to turn into a seven-year relationship with the magazine which, in one capacity or another, continues to this day. When not working on **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**-related jobs, Roger likes to pick dales.

**ALAN BARNES** began his ascent up the greasy pole of **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** with scripts for **THE CYBERMEN**, a back-up strip co-created with Adrian Salmon. This was followed by 30-odd episodes of the lead strip over 1995-1999, not to mention far, far too many features. **DWM**'s assistant editor from 1998, then joint editor from 1998, he finally clawed his way to sole editorship of the title in 2000 before taking charge of the UK's second-most popular comic, the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**, from 2002-06. He's also contributed extensively to Big Finish Productions' *Doctor Who* audios and became script editor of the range in 2006. He still knocks out *Fact of Fiction* features for **DWM** on a more-or-less regular basis, and has contributed comic strips to BBC Magazines' **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES**. He is 109 years old, and looks it.





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